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THE ENTENTE OF FREE NATIONS

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

JANUARY

The Old Year and the New
The Freedom of the Seas
The Significance of Victory

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEA

A FEW REASONS WHY

THE WAR WEEKLY

Will Be Continued

"CHARGE MORE MONEY FOR IT"

SIR,—Having been an enthusiastic reader of the WAR WEEKLY, I am fearing the day when it will be announced that because the war is over, the WAR WEEKLY will be discontinued.

There are few men who can say things the way you do and I would like to suggest that the WAR WEEKLY be continued by you after the time when its title becomes wholly a misnomer.

Charge more money for it if necessary, change the form if desirable and take on some advertising if such is a requisite to make it pay, but do not deprive the country of the pleasure and profit so many of us have when we read weekly what you have to say.

Rochester, N. Y. THEO. E. KNOWLTON.

HIS SINCERE HOPE

SIR,—I have just finished reading three recent issues of your WAR WEEKLY handed to me by a friend, the first that I have seen of this publication. My first act has been to send off my subscription to your business office, and my next to thank you for the very great pleasure I have experienced in reading your comment upon vital issues, set forth in the issue of Nov. 2d and earlier issues. I sincerely hope that the WEEKLY will continue publication.

Again thanking you for your courageous stand against a very real autocratic menace to our historical institutions, I remain

Medford, Oregon. ALAN BRACKINREED.

OUR PEN STILL NEEDED

SIR,—Is your splendid WAR WEEKLY to continue, now that peace is in sight? Surely we will have need of such a pen as yours during the trying days of reconstruction.

I cannot express to you our appreciation of your wonderful paper. We have come to think that "if you see it in THE WAR WEEKLY it's true."

Sparta, Ohio. RUTH C. CHASE.

"REFRESHING AND PERTINENT"

SIR,—Now that the war is over, let us hope that the WAR WEEKLY will not depart from our midst with the adjournment of the Peace Congress.

The need of your outspoken comment is not growing less, and under whatever title published, you will be cordially supported. Advance the rates as far as you like. It is enough to be under obligation for your refreshing and pertinent truths so ably expressed.

With appreciation.

F. J. B.

Binghamton, N. Y.

A LOSS IN CONTEMPLATION

SIR,—I construe your publication's title, WAR WEEKLY, as implying that such publication will close automatically at close of war. Am I correct in this?

If such is a fact, then even the end of the war has its losses.

W. MORRISON.

Eldred, Pa.

TILL DEATH DO US PART!

SIR,—I wish to congratulate you on the wonderful work you have been doing the past year through the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and the WAR WEEKLY.

I know of no better way of showing my appreciation of same than taking out a life subscription to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and a subscription for the life of the WAR WEEKLY.

Kindly let me know the amount of these subscriptions and I will be glad to send you a check in payment of same. I will be 58 years old next January, and any insurance man can tell you how long I will be expected to live.

J. D. LYON.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

"UNBRIDLED TRUTH"

SIR,—With best wishes, and trusting that you will continue the WAR WEEKLY not only in war but in peace times as well, giving us the benefit of the unbridled truth, I beg to remain,

An unknown friend,

DENTON C. CROWL.

Metamora, Ohio.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1919

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

NEVER before within our recollection have the American people been so fully warranted as now in confronting a New Year with the confidence begotten of faith in the great Republic. Never have they been more firmly knit together in mind and soul. Never have their feet been placed more fixedly upon the solid foundations of popular sovereignty. Never were their heads higher, their vision clearer, their prospects brighter. Well, indeed, as with Hezekiah of old, may their hearts be lifted up in joyful anticipation!

We laugh at the doles of dolts who foresee disaster in embarrassment of riches. Grant that we have problems, difficult and grave, to solve! Have we not the wherewithal in men and money? In spirit purified by flame? In wisdom born of seeing? In courage sprung from gallant deeds performed? In unity? In singlemindedness? In mutual understanding?

Surely no land ever leaped so quickly into comprehension of itself as this of ours in the year now drawing to a close. A short twelvemonth ago a Gulliver bound seemingly fast by official Lilliputians, sluggish, fat, incapable, derided; today, the fetters broken, a giant among nations, erect, alert, efficient, respected, ennobled by its baptism of fire, its sacrifices, its generosity, its fidelity to truth, its devotion to humanity! Assuredly a transformation of humans worthy of the gods! . . . . A wonderful, wonderful year!

It has been much more than a four years' war. We may omit prologue, preface, foreword, introduction; the generations of prenatal poisoning of the twentieth century Hun.

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Even so, we must date not the origin but the organization of Germany's design to achieve the conquest of the world at January 18, 1871, nearly forty-eight years ago. The place was the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, in the palace of the old French kings, conquered and occupied by the invading Germans. The occasion was the proclamation of William von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, as "Deutsches Kaiser," thus recreating the Germanic empire under the autocratic headship of the successor of the most ruthless of those old robber barons who waged war solely for pillage and for conquest. Forty days later, lacking one, an earnest of the predatory purpose of the new empire was given in the demand that France, as a penalty for being beaten, surrender to the Hunnish conqueror two provinces and one billion dollars in gold. With that the war was on: The Hun against humanity.

"Go forth, my son," said Oxenstiern, "and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." With how little vision men regard the progress of affairs was shown in that civilized peoples, our own among them, largely applauded the rise of the Hohenzollern empire as auspicious of peace and progress in the world.

The next significant date was that of June 15, 1888. On that day William the Damned succeeded to the Prussian and German thrones.

There followed a quarter century of such hypocrisy, intrigues and insidious aggression as the world never before had known; so shrewdly camouflaged that down to the very end it deceived the vast majority of the unvisioned world. In all sobriety and mature advisement it may be estimated that if a poll of humanity had been obtainable at any time before midsummer of 1914, a vast majority of mankind would have expressed confidence in the German Emperor and in the German Empire as pacific in purpose and as an irenic bulwark of the world. A few voices were raised in warning, here and there; only to be decried and condemned like that of Laocoon. It is to be remembered grimly that responsible British statesmen threatened to deprive Lord Roberts of his pension if he did not refrain from urging the need of preparation for defence against a German attack. "Go forth, my son; and see with how little vision the world is governed."

At Serajevo, in a province which Austria had stolen

and held subject, an Austrian subject assassinated the Heir Presumptive to the Austrian throne, on June 29, 1914. The unvisioned world regarded that as nothing but one of the not unusual incidents in the business of sovereignty; not being awakened even by the indications that the tragedy had been half anticipated at Vienna and Berlin, and was regarded at those capitals with satisfaction ill concealed behind pretensions of official wrath. But nearly a month later, on July 24, came the awakening shock of an Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, couched in terms of such insolent arrogance as the world had not heard before. There were a few days of agitated diplomacy, the purport of which was not even yet appreciated by the half-awakened world; ending on August 1 with Germany's declaration of war against Russia, and her invasion of Luxemburg and ultimatum to Belgium preparatory to her attack upon France.

The storm had broken. In what plight did it find the world? "Never for one moment," writes Professor John Bach McMaster, "had Germany intended to keep the peace." There is documentary proof that before the assassination at Serajevo the German Government took steps toward beginning war that very summer, and that early in July, more than a fortnight before the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, the definite decision for the war was made in Berlin. In consequence, Germany began the war in the completest possible state of preparation. All others, France, Russia, Great Britain, were unprepared and were taken by surprise, with a single exception. The British fleet was ready; and it saved the world. Indeed, all still unrealized by the majority of mankind, the world had within a few weeks triple salvation. The British fleet held the high seas against the Hun. The little Belgian army at Liège and the little British army at Mons, by courting self-destruction delayed the onrush of the Hunnish hordes for the few days needed to enable some little preparation on the part of France. And then France, with British aid, achieved the Miracle of the Marne. Thereafter through weary years the Allies held the line for freedom and humanity, until America should enter by their side.

What of America? Our annals bear no more astounding chapters than those which tell of our early attitude toward the war; our persistent unpreparedness; our purposed blindness to the issues and to the menace; our astound-

ing tolerance of the enemy within our gates; the puerile pretence that we should be neutral in thought as well as in word and deed, and should not so much as concern ourselves to know what the war was all about; our indifference to the rape of Belgium, to the scrapping of treaties and international law; our national echoing of the pseudo-exculpatory demand of the world's first murderer, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Even the *Lusitania* massacre, away back on May 7, 1915, failed to rouse us from the lethargic obsession of keeping out of war. "Go forth, my son, and see with how little vision the world is governed."

But the crisis had to come at last. It was on February 3, 1917, that diplomatic relations were severed with Germany, and that the treacherous criminal who had made the German Embassy at Washington the centre of hostile plots against the United States, was sent home to his master. Two months later the climax was reached. On April 2 the President recommended and on April 6 Congress voted recognition of the state of war which Germany had long before practically instituted against us. But not yet was the nation fully awake. The unpreparedness of years, the happy-go-lucky habits of thought and action, the sordidness of many, and even the potential treason of not a few, hampered and all but hamstrung the nation as it struggled to arise to its vital needs. There was an army to be created. There were rifles and cannon and airplanes and what not to be manufactured. There was the whole industrial and commercial system of the nation to be reorganized on a war basis. And all had to be done in the face of pacifism in high places and Bolshevism in low places.

It was done. But it was done with agonizing slowness, while those who had for three years been our defenders and our saviors stood with their backs to the wall in a last desperate resolve to do or die. After the formal declaration of war it was nearly seven months, it was October 27, before the first shot was fired at the foe by Americans under the American flag at the war front. It was a week later, on November 3, that the first American lives, under the American flag were sacrificed in the great war that democracy and civilization might live. Enright, Gresham, Hay: Let their names be held in everlasting remembrance.

Even then our war dragged wearily. The official head of our military establishment regarded it as three thousand

miles away and therefore as not demanding any specially energetic or expeditious efforts. Not until we had been engaged in it all but a year did we begin to make our presence really felt. It was on March 21, 1918, that the Battle of Picardy, the Beginning of the End, began; and one week later General Pershing placed under Marshal Foch's command all the American forces then in France. They were not many, but they counted; and thereafter their numbers were swiftly swelled, as the "bridge of ships," protected by the British fleet and by our own, bore an incessant stream of American soldiers flowing eastward, ever eastward. The summer saw scenes of glory: Belleau Wood, Chateau-Thierry, the second Marne, the St. Mihiel salient; until American guns were thundering at the walls of Metz, and from the Alps to the Silver Streak the "long battle came rolling on the foe." At the beginning of November there were 750,000 American soldiers fighting in the Argonne, and a million more behind their lines. On the morning of November 11, 1918, the Day of Days in the world's modern history, the United States had in France 78,391 officers and 1,881,376 men.

On that day, Germany surrendered.

It had cost us approximately 55,000 men killed and 180,000 wounded and missing; lighter losses by far than even little Belgium or Serbia suffered. Great Britain's casualties were more than thirty times as great as ours—3,049,991, of whom 658,665 were killed outright. French casualties were 2,719,642, of whom 559,612 were killed. The losses of Germany are still largely a matter of estimate. Well informed and conservative reckoning puts the total in killed, wounded and prisoners at nearly if not quite 7,000,000, of whom at least 1,800,000 were killed. The money cost of the war to all the belligerents has thus far been approximately $200,000,000,000, or fifty times that of our Civil War. Of this cost probably one-eighth has fallen upon the United States, and by the time the treaty of peace is signed and all our troops are brought back home, our expense account will probably equal thirty billions.

A stupendous cost, that, in life and treasure; from one point of view to gratify the insane ambition of a criminal paranoiac, from another to abolish the fiction of "divine right" and to confirm forever the rights of man. Are they confirmed forever? We shall see what answer the Peace

Conference essays to make to that question. "Go forth, my son, and see with what wisdom the world applies its greatest and its costliest lesson."

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE

SCARCELY any phase of the post-bellum situation in Central Europe is more auspicious than the impending dissolution of the German and Austro-Hungarian empires and the formation in their stead of a more or less numerous group of separate states. We refer now not to the creation of independent states from the non-Teutonic and non-Magyar peoples long held in bondage, but to the division of Teutonic Germany and perhaps of Austria, too, into such commonwealths. Such a consummation is devoutly to be desired, for generous as well as for retributive and prudential reasons.

Without mere exultation over the internecine quarrels among our enemies, however, there is this serious and important cause for gratification, that the dissolution of the German Empire abates the chief menace to the peace of the world. We must now recognize the fact, which formerly we tried so hard not to perceive, that from the very beginning that empire meant war. It had its origin in war. The war was provoked and fought for the sake of forming the empire, and then reciprocally the empire was formed and maintained for the sake of war. It is aggressive war of conquest and rapacity, too, with which the empire and before it the Prussian kingdom have been intimately and inseparably identified. We must bear in mind the historic fact that every war waged by Prussia or by the empire of which Prussia has been the head, from the time of Frederick miscalled the Great to the present has been a war deliberately and treacherously begun by that Power for the sake of seizing a neighbor's territory or exacting tribute, or both.

It is an interesting historical fact that Prussia, or the Hohenzollerns, did not seek and indeed would not accept the headship of the German Empire until that kingdom had grown so strong as to be able completely to dominate that organization. We must remember that away back in 1848 the German people through their chosen representatives offered the imperial crown to the King of Prussia, and that he declined it. Why? For two reasons. One was that the offer

came from the people and therefore if he had accepted it he would have been recognizing the right of the people to select their own rulers. He preferred to wait until he, or his successor, could take the crown without reference to the people, and could claim a " divine right." The other reason was, that Prussia was not yet big enough and strong enough to dominate the empire. He preferred to wait until in a couple of wars waged for the purpose Prussia could be aggrandized by the annexation of the Danish Provinces, Hanover, part of Saxony, and various other states, so that " German Empire " would be merely a euphemism for " Greater Prussia." It is interesting to recall that the then King of Prussia was the crowned criminal who distinguished himself with the official dictum: " All written constitutions are only scraps of paper "; thus giving to his last successor the cue for applying to international treaties the same contemptuous epithet.

But we must not blind ourselves to the great achievements of Germans in past generations and the immense contributions which they have made to human knowledge, human progress and human pleasure. But neither must we forget the fact that these things were done, and the great men who performed them were born and flourished, during the ages when there was a German Empire in name only, and when the Teutonic race was divided into a multitude of small states. Petty and contemptible as were those Dukedoms and Principalities from a military or political point of view, they developed culture, they developed men of spiritual vision, they achieved those deeds which caused it to be said that while France (under Napoleon) ruled the empire of the land and England (under Nelson and his successors) the empire of the sea, God had given to Germany the empire of the air—that is, of the mind and spirit. But those days passed with the coming of the empire.

The last of the true intellectual and spiritual leaders of Germany disappeared at the middle of the last century; some dying and leaving no successors, others fleeing from the hardening hand of despotism and finding refuge in America, where many of them contributed an element of sterling worth to our mixed population. Not in threescore years has Germany produced one great spirtual leader or indeed one great and free intellectual leader. Her achievements in material science, industry and commerce have indeed been enormous; yet in them she has chiefly appropriated and

adopted as her own the inventions and discoveries of others, her own original work and initiative being contemptibly small. We venture to hope that, freed from the deadly incubus of the sordid, predatory and despotic Hohenzollern empire, the German mind and soul will have "a new birth of freedom" and will measurably regain that former high estate which once made them no small part of the light of the world. If so, the dissolution of the Empire will be no less beneficent to the Germans themselves than to the rest of the world which it frees from the menace of further attempts at conquest.

But whatever is done will not and cannot alter to the extent of one iota the relations between Germany and the rest of the world arising out of the war, nor lessen by so much as the small dust in the balance the responsibility of Germany for the crimes against international law and against humanity that have been committed. The indictment rests, and the judgment will stand, against Germany as it existed at the beginning of and through the war. It will make no difference whether Germany remains a unit as an empire or a republic, or is dissolved into a number of separate states. The penalty of the war must be paid just the same. No state can escape its share by seceding from the empire, any more than the Kaiser could escape responsibility by absconding and abdicating.

Nor can any German state or any part of the German people by leaving and repudiating the empire establish any valid claim to moral sympathy or to rehabilitation in the esteem of mankind. We may recognize a difference between Bavaria and Prussia in favor of the former; we may agree that the Bavarian Government in charging the Imperial Government with lying at the outbreak of the war; and we may regard with approval and with hope the withdrawal of Bavaria and other states from the empire, if they do withdraw. The damning fact remains, however, that Bavaria and all the rest stood firmly with Prussia in the empire during the war; that the Bavarian Government was privy to and acquiesced in the Prussian lies which it now denounces; that Bavaria and all the German states shared willingly in the war and shared eagerly in its loot; and that not one of them would have thought of withdrawing from the empire if the empire had been victorious in the war. So too Hungary stood with Austria in the war, and would have stood with her to the end if Austria had been successful.

We shall welcome the disappearance of the despotic and militaristic German Empire and the rise of a group of free and independent German states, and we shall hope that thus the Germany of the Hohenzollerns and Bernhardis and Tirpitzes and Hindenburgs will be transformed into the Germany of Goethe and Schiller and Lessing and Richter. But the former is the Germany with which we have practically to deal, and we shall deal with it inexorably, regardless of whether it mends its ways or remains incorrigible and contumacious in its sins. Repentance might indeed command consideration and commutation of sentence if our policy toward Germany were merely punitive. But it is not. It is not intended to demand one cent of punitive fine, but merely reparatory indemnity. The purpose is to restore the victim, not to punish the criminal, and that purpose cannot be balked in any degree by any eleventh hour reformation on the part of Germany or of any of its members. On the contrary, we must hold it to be essential, in order to make Germany's repentance real and worthy of recognition, that she "bring forth fruits meet for repentance"; and such fruits must comprise not merely renunciation of the criminal empire but also payment of the fullest possible indemnity for the empire's crimes.

ARE WE TO HAVE A "REPTILE PRESS"?

THE question should be uncalled for. It should be so superfluous as to be offensive. But it has been forced upon us by recent incidents and utterances in a way which it is impossible to ignore. Hint after hint has been given, step after step has been taken, until at last the culmination is seemingly reached in the direct suggestion—from a source which we are not prepared to identify but which was certainly not devoid of plausibility—of the organization of an "official press." Are we, then, to have a "reptile press" as the consummate flower of a paternal government?

We cannot ignore the significance of the President's action more than two years ago, when he abandoned the long established and salutary practice of giving collective interviews to the representatives of the press in Washington. His predecessors had been glad to show themselves to the assembled correspondents, sometimes as often as every day, and to

say a few words upon matters of public interest; and even on some occasions to talk at length personally with individual correspondents. But in the very midst of the Great War, at a time when our own relations with Germany were becoming so strained that our entry into the war became daily more probable, and when a single phrase or word from the President would have been of inestimable interest, he shut himself absolutely away from all contact with the men upon whom the nation had to depend for information concerning the progress of public affairs, and a little later ceased to receive individual newspaper men. We have it upon the authority of that writer who is perhaps his most earnest advocate and most ardent defender against hostile criticism, that not once since May, 1916, has the President met correspondents collectively, and that not once in the past year has he received one of them individually.

This attitude of aloofness cannot be attributed to any reluctance toward publicity, since the President has repeatedly assured us that a desire for the fullest possible publicity for all governmental business is one of the dominant passions of his life. Neither can it be explained on the ground of lack of time, for he has often been engaged in trivialities at the very hour when such a meeting with correspondents would have been most desirable. There remains, then, the explanation which has been given by his journalistic eulogist already quoted, to wit, that he does not think the people are—or, shall we say, ought to be?—interested in public affairs. For we are explicitly told that he refuses to consider the activities of the press as manifestations of the desire of the people for information on public affairs, but rather of the mere idle curiosity of individual reporters.

There may be, also, this explanation of an explanation, that he thinks that the people ought to be satisfied with the creelings which are officially emitted from the Committee of Public Information, and ought not to ask more. We remember that at about the time when he adopted the policy of shutting himself away from newspaper men the President, deliberately discussing the war which had then been going on for nearly two years, declared that " With its causes and objects we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore." Perhaps he applied that same rule to the public in its attitude toward his adminis-

tration and its policies; holding that with them it was not concerned, and that it should not search or explore beyond the boundaries of the "Official Bulletin" provided by his creel.

The unfortunate impressions which were inevitably produced by this course of the President were recently much deepened by two almost simultaneous incidents, of official origin. One of these was the sudden and unexpected taking over by the Administration of the various transoceanic cables and wireless telegraph systems. This was done, of course, as a war measure. It could not have been done otherwise. Yet it was not done until the President himself had assured us that the war was ended. There had apparently been no need of it during many months of strenuous warfare, when need of most cautious supervision of all means of communication with Europe was plausibly manifest. But as soon as the enemy surrendered and the armistice was signed, the President, or his Politicalmaster General, perceived a most imperative need for it. It may, of course, have been the purest coincidence, absolutely accidental, that it was just at that time that the President decided to go to Europe to impress his policies upon the Peace Conference. It may be that between the two there was not the slightest relationship. But this is an incredulous and skeptical world, containing many former residents of Missouri.

The other incident was the sending of Mr. George Creel and his staff abroad to be in Paris during the President's visit and during the sessions of the Peace Congress. There was an instant and natural assumption, which we cannot regard as either extravagant or unwarranted, that this Committee on Public Information was to exercise some sort of censorship, control or supervision over the transmission of news to this country. If not, indeed, why should Mr. Creel go over there at all? True, it has since been announced that there will be no censorship and no bar on news. Official government business will have the first place for transmission; news will stand second; and commercial and miscellaneous business will come last. That is as it should be. Yet we assume that messages sent by Mr. Creel, as of the Committee on Public Information, will be classed as official business and will thus have the preference over mere newspaper correspondence; and we can imagine a possibility of his having so much to send at a given time that press matter would be badly delayed.

It is further announced that " the machinery of the Committee on Public Information will be used entirely to facilitate the work of the American newspaper representatives in Paris." If, for example, the Congress should decide to hold its meetings in secret, excluding the correspondents, Mr. Creel might, as a sort of *ex officio* member of the Congress, serve as the medium through which accounts of its doings, " elaborated " in his well known and justly esteemed style, might leak out to the otherwise baffled pressmen. For such service the representatives of what he calls " nasty newspapers " would doubtless be most grateful. Even our Congress would rejoice to get its news of the peace-making deliberations by the grace of the courteous gentleman who publicly likened its heart and mind to slums.

We repeat that this train of incidents, colored throughout by the attitude of the President himself, irresistibly and quite warrantably provokes wonderment as to whether the Socialistic and paternal policy of the Administration, in addition to Government ownership of railroads, ships, telegraphs, telephones, coal and iron and copper mines, oil wells, water power, forest, and Heaven knows what not, comprises also government control of the newspaper press. If so, more than ever we demur. The American people demur to any proposal for a " reptile press." It was not for nothing that the founders of the Republic placed the freedom of the press among the fundamental principles upon which the nation is based; and we do not believe that the nation to-day is any more minded to abandon that principle than it is to abandon trial by jury or the electoral franchise.

THE ENTENTE OF FREE NATIONS

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

In every period of warfare since modern nations came into existence, there have been serious reflections upon the cost and the horrors of war which have culminated in schemes for preventing it altogether. Some of these have been merely abstract theories regarding the manner in which international conflicts could be obviated or rendered impossible; while others have been of a more pragmatic character, aiming to create in the realm of actuality a situation which would safeguard the interests of peace and possibly of justice.

Among the devices of a purely theoretical order, one of the most notable, suggested by the struggle between the House of Hapsburg with the rest of Europe, was the "Great Design" which the Duke of Sully, in 1634, attributed to Henry IV of France, but which it is now clearly established was not conceived by that monarch and appears to have been invented by the fallen minister himself as a means of procuring his own recall to the administration of the affairs of his country. All Europe, according to this plan, was to be organized into fifteen states, which together should constitute one Christian Republic in which wars were to be prevented by a General Council, composed of forty delegates, meeting annually in the most central cities of the different countries in rotation. The Thirty Years' War, which was ended by the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 had already elicited Emeric Crucé's *Nouveau Cynée,* written in 1623, in which the Republic of Venice was proposed as a place where a permanent corps of ambassadors should reside and by their votes settle all international affairs. Hugo Grotius, perceiving that such settlements could not be made except upon the basis of previously accepted rules or principles, in 1625 had given the world his *De Jure Belli ac Pacis,* the first con-

siderable treatise on the Law of Nations; and to this he had added the proposal of " some kind of body in whose assemblies the quarrels of each one might be terminated by the judgment of others not interested ", and that " means be sought to constrain the parties to agree to reasonable conditions." In like manner, the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, was accompanied by the elaborate *Projet de la Paix Perpétuelle* of the Abbé Saint-Pierre, in which he proposed the formation of a universal alliance of sovereigns to secure them against the misfortunes of war by abolishing the separate use of force, perfecting their laws, and submitting their differences to judicial decision; with a provision that a refractory sovereign who violated a treaty or refused to accept a judgment, should be brought to terms by the others arming against him and charging to his account the expense of the operation. The Napoleonic Wars also brought their contribution of plans for international peace, the most conspicuous effort being that of Immanuel Kant, in 1796, in his essay on " Eternal Peace ", in which the solution offered by this Prussian philosopher was that all states should become republican in form; a condition, as he thought, which would enable them by some kind of general federation to unite their forces for the preservation of peace.

It is not surprising, therefore, that, as a result of the defeat of the aggressors in the Great War now, as we hope, happily terminated by the united efforts of a group of advanced and liberal nations, these plans, or modifications of them, should again receive attention, and that a general desire should be created for " some kind of body ", as Grotius expressed the aspiration, which could prevent the repetition of the experience through which the world has passed.

What was impossible before the Great War, it is believed by many, could be easily accomplished now; and that, therefore, even before a peace is finally concluded, and as an essential part of it and a condition of its perpetuity, a " League of Nations " should be formed.

There are, it is true, wide differences of opinion regarding the objects, the methods, the organization, and the obligations of such a league, varying from the creation of a World State by the federation of the existing nations into one vast political organism including all, both small and great, to a limited compact confined to a few Powers with no function beyond the peaceable adjudication of differences by an inter-

national tribunal without power to enforce its judgments.

The occasion is, no doubt, opportune for a thorough discussion of these widely differing plans, and it is timely for their advocates to express their views and support their conceptions by argument; but it is by no means to be taken for granted that any one of these projects, however honestly and earnestly its supporters may believe it should be at once adopted, is either practicable or desirable. The stress of insistence should not be placed upon the means of forcing the acceptance of a particular plan, however meritorious it may be in itself, but upon the intelligent comparison of different plans and a patient examination of their probable effects.

It is not the intention here to discuss exhaustively any special plan, much less to propose one, but to direct attention to the course of procedure most likely to secure the ends which are in the minds of all who entertain convictions upon this subject.

That which needs, first of all, to be emphasized is, that no one Power can expect, or should desire, to impose upon others a system which they do not all heartily approve; and, in the next place, that if any plan is to be permanent and effective, it must have the support not only of the leading governments but of the great masses of the people whom those governments represent. It is, therefore, greatly to be desired that the public should be fully informed before any decisive step is taken, that nothing should be urged until it is well understood, and that no theorist, however competent and trusted, should be regarded as a trustee of a whole people in a matter of such import and consequence. The true principle that should be invoked for guidance in this matter was well and forcibly enunciated by the President of the United States when, in 1912, in his first electoral campaign, he dwelt upon the value of " common counsel ", and, as one of the people, seeking leadership, expressed his attitude regarding public policies in the words: " I am one of those who absolutely reject the trustee theory, the guardianship theory. I have never found a man who knew how to take care of me, and, reasoning from that point out, I conjecture that there isn't any man who knows how to take care of all the people of the United States. I suspect that the people of the United States understand their own interests better than any group of men in the confines of the country understand them."

It may, of course, be thought that it is not the " interests

of the people of the United States" that should prevail in the formation of an organization so general as a "League of Nations", but the interests of humanity. This may be true, but the "trustee theory, the guardianship theory", is perhaps even less applicable to humanity as a whole than it is to a single people, who in ordinary circumstances may at least have an opportunity to choose, and to some extent direct, their trustee or guardian.

It would, however, be a fatal error to overlook the fact that the interests of the people of the United States, as well as the interests of other portions of humanity, are deeply involved in any plan to form a "League of Nations". Great benefits might accrue, or serious disadvantages might result from occupying a place in it. It is the duty of the people as well as the statesmen of the nations that may enter into such a league, to consider for themselves the alleged benefits and the possible disadvantages; and this, speaking generally, they will, no doubt, do. It will be done in Great Britain, in France, in Italy, and in Japan,—to mention only a few of the co-belligerents,—and their interests, which will be different, will be carefully considered. The signs of this are evident to those who are familiar with the contemporary comments of the European press upon this subject, especially the great British quarterlies, which have already discussed the "League of Nations" with a candor, a seriousness, and an understanding that have not been equalled by American periodicals of the same class, which have inclined to take the complimentary speeches of Lloyd George, Lord Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Balfour as a complete and authoritative expression of British opinion, but this is far from being the case.

No discussion of the subject has been published in America to compare in amplitude of knowledge and solidity of judgment with the treatment of it under the title "The Greatest League of Nations", by Lord Sydenham of Combe, in the August number of *The Nineteenth Century and After,* which concludes: "We shall not win the war by planning Leagues of Peace to meet circumstances which we cannot yet foresee. Like the paper constitutions of Sieyés they may prove impracticable; but the Holy Alliance against the forces of evil remains, and when it is crowned with victory it can be turned into a powerful agency for maintaining the peace of the world. Then, in some happier future, the vision of Isaiah may be fulfilled, and 'Nation shall not lift up sword

against nation; neither shall they learn war any more'."

Nor has anything appeared in the American periodicals so searching and so well informed as the article by J. B. Firth, under the title "The Government and the League of Nations", in *The Fortnightly Review* for September. He points out that the British Government some months ago appointed "a very well chosen Committee",—as Mr. Balfour described it,—"on which international law and history were powerfully represented", to examine and report on a "League of Nations". "The report has been drawn up, but its contents have not been divulged. Neither Lord Curzon nor Mr. Balfour alluded to it; they did not even say that it had been considered by the War Cabinet. By a curious coincidence the same official reticence is being observed in France. There, too, an authoritative Commission, presided over by M. Bourgeois, was appointed by the Government, and issued its report last January; but it has not been published in France, and, according to Lord Curzon, no copy of it had reached the British Government on June 26th. Why this secretiveness, both in London and Paris? If there had been practical unanimity in favor of the project there could be no reason for reserve."

There is, no doubt, however, an excellent reason for this discreet silence. It is the desire of the officials of both England and France not to wound the sensibilities of the Americans, who are credited with being the sponsors of the "League of Nations". The British leaders, always without definition, but in a fine spirit of courtesy, have taken up the watchword, a "League of Nations",—for it is so far nothing more,—and Lord Curzon has been able to say in the House of Lords, that opinion in England in favor of the League was "rather in advance of the opinion of any of our Allies save the United States"; and he added, that "if the British Government went ahead too quickly, or too abruptly, there was danger of a rebuff." As a confirmation of this danger, Mr. Firth remarks, that, "although the report of the French Commission has not been published, it is an open secret that its judgment was adverse to any proposal for establishing an international force which shall be always ready to enforce the decisions of the League upon a recalcitrant member."

In an admirable historic summary, Mr. Firth illustrates with instances the tedious wrangling in the so-called Concert

of Europe over the simplest and most necessary forms of co-operative action, and asks: " How can these idealists talk airily about the establishment of an international army or the dispatch of an international expedition to deal with an aggressor against the ' League of Nations ', when they see how long it has taken Japan and the United States to come to an understanding on the subject of joint action in Siberia? Every hour was of priceless value . . . Yet days and weeks were suffered to slip by for political reasons which are perfectly well known and thoroughly understood. Will it be any different when there is a ' League of Nations '? "

A passage as instructive to Americans as it is characteristic of English thought is found in the October number of *The English Review,* in which its editor, Austin Harrison, illustrates what he conceives to be a general principle by what he regards as a conspicuous example. " There is and can be no such thing ", he says, " as democratic government, as loosely understood; for every democracy is controlled by an oligarchy, whether of intellect, of interest, or of mere popularity, and the purer the democracy the greater would seem to be the authority of its oligarchy, as we have all seen in the astonishing singleness, discipline, and elasticity of the heterogeneous masses of America at war under what is nothing less than the sovereign will of the President. It is this acceptance of oligarchical authority in America that differentiates the democracy of the New World from that of the Old, as particularly exemplified in Britain. Take the case of conscription, which in America became law overnight, though three thousand miles of sea divided America from the theatre of the war, and in no case was any motive put forward for war but that of principle. Here it took us two years, because our democracy does not accept its oligarchy, does not recognize acquiescence, is intellectually and traditionally antagonized by the very idea of authority, whether of government or opportunity."

It is true that the people of the United States have been singularly united and singularly obedient to leadership, but the comment fails to find a true interpretation of the fact. This nation has never bowed to " the sovereign will of the President ". It has respected the voice of individual conscience. It beheld in the conduct of Germany an inexpressible wrong of gigantic proportions. It shuddered, but it did not hesitate to judge or condemn. Millions, tens of mil-

lions, of men in America wanted to fight Germany when the will of the President was not yet for war, and chafed under the neutrality of their Government. Thousands of our young men went to Canada and to France, in order to help in defeating Germany before any " sovereign will " had expressed itself in the United States. Here was a peaceful nation that did not want peace, but victory; a nation that would have accused and cursed itself if it had not been allowed to fight. The " oligarchy ", if there be one, responded to the " sovereign will " of an aroused people, not to the leadership of a President. It adhered to him in war, not because he commanded it, but because it had commanded him. There is the explanation of conscription. It was, indeed, based on a " principle "; but the principle was not a governmental enunciation, it was a deep-seated and almost universal declaration of the national mind.

It took England, Mr. Harrison says, " two years to adopt conscription, because English democracy does not accept its oligarchy ". In the result the advantage is with England. It took us much more than two years to prepare for war, because our oligarchy did not appeal to its democracy.

The error of this brilliant writer regarding our "oligarchy " and its influence has led him more seriously astray on some other points. Without our intervention, he thinks, the Great War would have had to be settled on the principle of " the balance of power ",—a peace without a victory; and from this he argues that " the message of America is democracy, her mission is union ". America is thus held responsible for proposing a " League of Nations ". We have been fighting, he thinks, " not Germany; not, in the historical sense, the Germans; but the German idea of mastery, the German feudal system, the Kultur of imperial and dynastic ambition. America is thus fighting against the attitude of the balance of power ".

This is a total misapprehension, which proves how inadequately British perception has comprehended our real motives as a people, and how insufficiently we have thus far expressed them. It assumes that we have been fighting for " fourteen points " of European and world reconstruction; and that the success of those, including a " League of Nations ", was what we have had in mind. There is probably not one soldier or even one officer in the American Army, either in the field or at home, who ever thought for a moment

that he, or his country, was carrying on this war " against the attitude of the balance of power ", or to establish a " League of Nations ". Not one in a hundred thousand ever dreamed that the war had anything to do with " the balance of power "; and few would have known what it meant if it were suggested to them. They were fighting *the Germans,* because the Germans were brutalizing mankind, violating international law, and destroying people's homes. And there is not a man of them who would not fight again for the same reason.

We do not wish to be misunderstood in Europe by the representation that we went into this war with the purpose, or for the end, of creating a " League of Nations." We have not, as a people, studied the project. We do not all even know what it is. There are many full-fledged and very ingenious schemes for a " League of Nations " which palpably contradict one another, and no "oligarchy " has yet informed us which one it prefers. Of one thing some of us are sure, we do not wish, or intend, to be bound in the dark, or to be controlled by abstract terms that would make us shrink from keeping our obligations in a concrete way; and we know that nothing is more illusive than the requirements of a treaty, unless it is very precise and treats of matters clearly and definitely known. We, as a people, went into this war to prevent Germany from throttling the world, as she had done to Belgium, and Serbia, and whoever else opposed or did not aid her. It was not to secure for her a place of equality in a society whose laws and whose material interests she had deliberately planned to destroy, that two million peaceful American citizens put on their uniforms and went to Europe over seas in whose waters torpedoes lurked and mines floated. It was to render this savagery forever impossible.

We have not, however, to read far before we discover that it is not a league in the sense of a mere legal compact, with minutely specified obligations, that Mr. Austin Harrison has in mind. " The real problem in a League of Nations is, to my mind ", he says, " not the sanction—that the soldiers will see to on their return—not the machinery, not the tribunal, not the immediate dispensation of justice, but the creation of a regularized co-operation capable of the necessary flexibility and progressiveness, which alone can give it the life of durability." In brief, it is not a treaty signed by diplomatists, but a union of consciences in a common cause of justice

that is to save the world. Of this no American soldier, I think, would need to be convinced. It was a consciousness of this in his own understanding that made him accept gladly his marching orders.

In another article in the same Review, Austin Harrison, to illustrate his meaning, cites the words of the President of the United States uttered on September 27th, 1918: "It is the peculiarity of this great war that, while statesmen have seemed to cast about for definitions of their purpose and have sometimes seemed to shift their ground and point of view, the thought of the mass of men, whom statesmen are supposed to instruct and lead, has grown more and more unclouded, more and more certain of what it is they are fighting for. National purposes have fallen more and more into the background, and the common purpose of enlightened mankind has taken their place. The counsels of plain men have become on all hands more simple and straightforward and more unified than the counsels of sophisticated men of affairs, who still retain the impression that they are playing a game of power and playing for high stakes. That is why I have said that this is a people's war, not a statesman's. Statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken."

These are words as true as they are nobly spoken. They have given to the man who uttered them an unprecedented prestige. In words equally true and noble, Mr. Harrison expresses the expectations which they inspire. "In place of diplomacy acting in secrecy for purely selfish or national motives, Europe is bidden to regard the opportunity of the whole, bidden to the law of a commonwealth." This is assumed to be the message of America that is to save Europe.

Unfortunately, this message is enveloped in a nebula shot through with seeming contradictions. "It is not", Mr. Harrison continues, "a question of juridical form and formula. Its sanction must be inborn, induced—the evolution of harmony. Peace can never be established on a durable basis through the organization of international councils of control; by police machinery; still less by penal or constrictive impositions. That is the old—the Napoleonic, the German—way. . . . All must go to the table of peace ready to give and to give up; to found a charter of international rights based not on force, but on the sanction of free peoples."

This might well be the message of America. It sounds well, and may be true; though perhaps rather puzzling to the

members of the League to Enforce Peace. But what is the authority for it? Who has been charged to deliver America's message? Who has formulated it? Who has explained it?

In glowing words, Mr. Harrison reiterates the thought that Europe is to be somehow saved by America. "Either an attempt to restart Europe on some accepted law or morality of co-operative utility instead of competitive force with the object of removing the causes of war, or we shall achieve nothing permanent", he declares. And it is America that is to give the start. And he tells us in what manner. "I can only repeat," he says, "what I have urged again and again, that national conferences should be convened, charged to offer their concerted advice upon the problems of the subject peoples; that these conferences should consider concurrently a common agenda; that the proceedings of all these conferences should be made public, and that they should be in daily telegraphic communication with one another. Something of the kind has been done in France, but here (in England) we have heard of no such assembly of intellect. A Declaration of Rights can hardly issue from a bureaucracy; it must come from the clash of the best minds of democracy, thinking aloud. . . . For the problems are not only international, they are also national, and the danger to the constitution of the new fabric of laws will be found in their application. That is why the collective wisdom emanating from these National Conferences would seem the indispensable condition of the success of any permanent international law. . . . Now the antecedent condition to such a Law of Nations must be a Declaration of Rights."

What progress have we, the American people, made in this direction? We are assumed to have felt,—we are said even to have imparted to Europe,—the impulse toward a better international adjustment; but what channel for its expression, what mechanism for its effective operation, has been deliberately even discussed either by or before the people? "The voice of the people must make itself felt, directing the voice of the Conference", we are told; "for only so can there be any 'demonstration' of the new thought essential to release, or any manifestation of sacrifice." What an opportunity then has been missed, to say openly what sacrifices are expected of us? What obligations are to be incurred by us? What legal forms are to be accepted by us, in the great process of creating an international government

which, in important matters, will supersede our own? for that is what is implied in a " League of Nations ".

I shall not attempt to enter here upon any analysis of the various ingenious drafts of an international constitution, as the fundamental law regulating the legislative, judicial, and executive powers of such an international government,—a government which, within its sphere, will control the governments of the nations that subscribe to it. One thing, however, is plain, that to possess any efficiency these powers must detract in important ways and in large degree from the powers of the National Governments and involve a considerable sacrifice of their sovereignty. It is true, on the one hand, that sovereignty in what are called the " democracies " has been gradually transferred from a personal absolute monarch to the people, or to some portion of them; and it is also true, on the other hand, that the conception of sovereignty in constitutional States has been to some degree modified by the recognized limitation of the irresponsible use of force and the addition of ethical elements in its exercise. In brief, no people can rightly claim to possess rights in proportion to their power, and sovereignty cannot, in a juristic sense, be longer regarded as strictly absolute. In every state founded upon the rights of persons, which is the basis claimed by democracy, the rights of the whole people cannot exceed what is necessary to the maintenance of the right of each.

In proportion as they become republican, as Kant contends, States may find it easier to combine in federations than was the case with absolute monarchies; still, even republics are jealous of their sovereign powers, and they are not disposed lightly to surrender them. Every scheme for a League of Nations requires this surrender in some degree, for every such league creates in some form a supernational body of control, to which the members agree to submit. Membership in such a league, of necessity, implies the renunciation of any independent foreign policy.

In a world composed of nations varying in culture, character, education, and honor, as well as in numbers, strength, and military traditions, such a renunciation cannot wisely be made without unusual assurances, and it cannot be universal. If made at all, it must be made for the sake of advantages not otherwise attainable, and for an association that is beyond suspicion. A league which had for its object to enforce peace, without specific foreknowledge of the occasions that

might call for its exercise of the war-making power, could not be wisely created except between nations of the highest moral responsibility and mutual confidence, and could never safely be allowed to include any nation that could not be trusted to accept and obey the decisions of a tribunal to which it might consent to submit a difference.

A league professing to be composed only of " free nations " would rest upon a basis of an extremely ambiguous character. What nations are to be classed as " free "? Certainly no nation that holds in subjection any people not permitted to enjoy self-government. And the mutability of nations must not be overlooked. The expression " free nations " is especially equivocal in a period of revolution and transition, like the present. Neither Russia, nor Austria-Hungary, nor even Germany could claim a place in it, nor could the fragments into which they may possibly fall before the movements of revolt or secession are completed. And what is to be said of the suppressed nationalities which are aspiring to independence but have not yet attained it?

Is it not a little singular that the course of events and the effort to control them by general principles should have led men to claim that the coming peace should include such logical antinomies as a partial renunciation of national sovereignty and the complete attainment of self-determination?

The origin of the problem is more evident than its solution. On the one hand, some nations are regarded as too independent, too powerful, and too aspiring, to be considered safe for the rest of the world, unless they are willing to have imposed upon them certain restraints which equality seems to require; while, on the other, some nations are too much oppressed, too feeble, and too submissive, to assert the national rights which even-handed justice would assign to them.

We are here confronted with the indisputable fact of the natural inequality of nations, and this disparity extends to every circumstance of national life, except one. Juristically, all independent and responsible States, whether large or small, have equal abstract rights to existence, self-preservation, self-defense, and self-determination; but culturally, economically, and potentially, they are, and must remain, unequal. If they enter a " League of Nations ", they must enter it upon terms which the strong are disposed to grant to the weak and which the weak are obliged to accept from the

strong. It is evident who will make the laws. But if self-determination is a right, and its realization is possible only through the exercise of force, who shall say that a suppressed nation may not plan and achieve its own development, as the greater States have done? Shall the great empires impose upon the world an unchangeable status of their own devising; or shall the Balkan States, for example, agree upon their own boundaries and affiliations?

The problem of adjustment is further complicated by the fact that the modern nation is no longer a merely juristic entity, having for its only object the maintenance of order and justice among its own inhabitants. It has become an economic entity, a business corporation, looking for markets for its commodities and for raw material from which to manufacture them. The State owns mines, railways, steamships, colonies, and uses them as means of increasing its own power of control over the products and the markets of the world. Will it open its house to the passer-by, invite him to its banquet-board, and share with him its accumulated treasures?

This is a question which time will answer. And a very short time has sufficed for a partial response. Every one of the Powers is now planning how it may increase its trade, and how it may extend its control over natural resources.

In so far as the object of a " League of Nations " is to prevent this rivalry from becoming dangerously acute, its purpose is no doubt commendable; but the danger it involves is, that, in striving to enforce a legal compulsion, it may be felt to be oppressive,—a new type of multiplex imperialism in place of the old. In one respect, at least, this danger is imminent. If a " League of Nations " proves to be a device to compel independent nations to make economic sacrifices for the benefit of others, and establishes a central control of resources which becomes a dispenser of benefits which the beneficiaries have not aided in creating, then the League will prove a bondage that will be resented, and will not be endured. It is very appealing to our better natures to inform us, that the future is to be " a life of service ", in which we must perform a generous part. If this is voluntary, the call may well be a spur to action. But if the " League of Nations " aims to obtain these sacrifices, not by such voluntary action as the associated nations have freely offered to one another during the period of war, by supplies of food, loans of money, free medical service, and gifts of a magnitude which

the world has never before known, but by the enforced operation of a legal contract, the call is different. In one scheme at least, the world's supplies, the world's credit, and the world's military strength, in the name of equal economic opportunity together with the "freedom of the seas," whatever that may mean, are to be placed under the control of a central authority,—an International Ministry or Council of Delegates, whose decisions shall be paramount and final in the great questions of trade and war.

England cannot surrender her defense of the sea, nor France be forced into economic community with a convicted burglar, nor America obliged to open her ports on conditions imposed by a supernational control predominantly composed of foreign representatives.

If nations had not developed into business corporations, and had confined their activities to the realm of protecting the rights of their individual citizens, a "League of Nations" might have meant something quite different from this. Laws of a universal character might have been readily assented to for the uniform protection of individual persons which it is now difficult for sovereign Powers to accept as applying to themselves. This is particularly true when international restraints are directed against perfect freedom in national fiscal policy. No nation whose citizens are required by their habits and climate to maintain a high standard of living, or suffer deterioration by lowering it, can afford to bind itself to grant equal terms to imports, especially manufactured articles, from all countries alike. They would soon find their working classes reduced to starvation wages accompanied by the total paralysis of many lines of industry as a consequence of an enforced competition with lower races, living in climates and under conditions where the customary standard of life can be maintained at a trifling cost, while foreign employers were reaping rich harvests of profit by exploiting practically subject peoples.

Under such a régime, the people of the United States would suffer more than any others, for the reason that their standard of living is the highest in the world. It is on this account that by voluntary sacrifice the United States has been able to rescue from starvation and to supply with needed commodities the impoverished nations of the world. This has been one of their chief contributions to the Great Understanding, the Entente of Free Nations, in saving from ruin the

countries overridden by centralized economic power. It has been possible because personal initiative and enterprise, protected and left free to achieve its own development without absorption by the State, had accumulated forces and agencies which, being free, were in reality the most efficient in the world. Without that freedom and without that protection, the contribution of America in the war would have been impossible. Our country would have been in a state of colonial dependence upon the great manufacturing centers of the European nations.

Our interest and our policy are, therefore, plain: first of all, to hold fast to our freedom; and, next, to prevent from falling into desuetude that unwritten charter of union which constitutes the Entente of Free Nations, cherishing its unity of purpose as the most precious of human achievements. It is a moral, not a legal unity, that has given us the victory. Uncovenanted armies have gathered from every quarter of the globe to assert the determination of the free nations that the rule of arbitrary force shall be ended. Our sons and brothers have been among them. Together they have faced death and have shed their blood, and men of many nations sleep in common graves. It is the most splendid assurance for the peace of the world and the rule of justice that can be imagined. The sense of comradeship in a holy cause cannot perish. A new Brotherhood of Men has come into being. Let us not mar its simplicity by distrust or controversy, or try to force upon any of our co-belligerents any untried theory of legal union which might be honestly rejected, or accepted with doubt and reluctance. The battle has been fought in the name of freedom. Let us remain free in the hour of victory.

But in our freedom there are certain principles which must not and will not be forgotten. They will control the practice of the Entente of Free Nations, which must continue with its present provisions for conference, discussion, and united action. A marked step of advancement has been taken in the recognition of the principle that all international engagements and undertakings must be justified by the moral law and must have publicity. A formal covenant in this sense may be found possible, and it may take a solemn legal form; but, whether this be the case or not, the war has established a few precepts that will, undoubtedly, be admitted to a permanent place in the code of international right. No

treaty between nations should be considered binding unless it is published when it is made. No negotiations affecting the destinies of peoples should be conducted without their knowledge of the fact and of the obligations to which they are to be committed. No war should be begun without a public statement of the reasons for it and an opportunity for public mediation between the disputants, which should never be considered an offense. No territory occupied in war should be claimed by right of conquest without a public hearing of all who are affected by it.

The attempt to state these, or any, definite principles, illustrates how inadequate a strictly documentary form of engagement of necessity must be. It is, however, the spirit, not the form, that must be depended upon for the security which a formal treaty of alliance or an understanding can afford. The whole structure of international peace and justice rests upon the character of the peoples who form the Society of Nations. The Great War has subjected the combatants to a fiery test. It cannot well be doubted that the Entente of Free Nations will stand also the test of peace. A solidarity that has been only strengthened by the dangers of battle will certainly not be broken in the attempt to revise the Law of Nations, to make it the basis of clearer understandings, and to increase the confidence with which the co-partners in victory will bring before the judgment bar of reason the differences that may tend to divide them. But the perfection of this understanding is a matter of growth and of gradual adjustment. What cannot be accomplished by a stroke of the pen at a given moment of time may prove an easy task if the spirit of the Entente, and especially the sense of freedom which brought it into being, can be retained and matured. But this can be done only by a renunciation of the desire to force any favorite plan to an issue within the Entente. For a considerable time, unless new dangers are to be incurred, armies and navies will be necessary to guard the peace that is to be signed at Versailles. It will be wise to maintain the supremacy of the forces that will have made it possible. For this the responsibility rests upon all, according to their strength. And because they are strong they may, by the constancy, justice, and unselfishness of their conduct, prove to all mankind that really free nations alone can preserve the peace of the world.

David Jayne Hill.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

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THE term Freedom of the Seas well illustrates what Professor James meant by " power-giving words,"—it is a phrase to conjure with. When Dr. Dernburg arrived in this country in the autumn of 1914 to instruct us in the German version of the war, he pounced upon this phrase with great avidity. We were told that the war was at bottom a war for the Freedom of the Seas and against " British Navalism," which was as bad as if not worse than militarism. Indeed, if Americans were alive to their interests they must prefer the success of Germany, whose army could never assail the United States, while American overseas commerce must always be subject in war time to British attack. Thereupon, Dr. Dernburg made a proposal: the sea was to be neutralized; navies were not to be abolished precisely, but they were to be retained only for purposes of coast defense, and were not to leave their own territorial waters. If they did, a *casus belli* was the result.

Coming from the representative of the nation whose armies had just overrun Belgium the suggestion sounded somewhat humorous. Nor could the oily doctor's aspersions on British navalism be taken over-seriously by those who recalled Germany's scornful rejection of Mr. Winston Churchill's " Naval Holiday " scheme a few years earlier. The fact is, of course, that since the late nineties Germany has done her utmost to treat the world to a double dose of militarism *and* navalism, while the British Navy has never until the present war had a considerable army back of it. Moreover, many of us felt that if it was really desirable to repeat the experiment of neutralization—at any rate, until the invasion of Belgium was successfully avenged—the air rather than the sea should be the region thus immunized from the terrors of warfare. But that was a subject regarding which

Dr. Dernburg had nothing to say. Presumably he was fearful of intruding upon Count Zeppelin's department.

Today Freedom of the Seas is up for discussion under very different auspices. In his " peace without victory " address to the Senate of January 22, 1917, President Wilson said:

> The paths of the sea must alike in law and in fact be free. The Freedom of the Seas is the *sine qua non* of peace, equality, and co-operation. No doubt a somewhat radical reconsideration of many of the rules of international practice . . . . may be necessary in order to make the seas indeed free and common in practically all circumstances for the use of mankind. . . .
>
> The free, constant, unthreatened intercourse of nations is an essential part of the process of peace and development . . . . it is a problem closely connected with the limitation of naval armaments and the co-operation of the navies of the world in keeping the seas at once free and safe.
>
> And the question of limiting naval armaments opens the wider and perhaps more difficult question of the limitation of armies and of all programmes of military preparation.

Here, in other words, we find Freedom of the Seas presented as one item of a general scheme of world peace; and it is the same in the President's Fourteen Points of last January, which we shall have occasion to consider later on in this paper. Even in this connection the phrase has met with sharp challenge from an important quarter. In his note to the German Government of November 5, Secretary Lansing quotes from " A Memorandum of Observations " of the Allied Governments as follows:

> They (the Allied Governments) must point out that . . . . clause 2, relating to what is usually described as the Freedom of the Seas, is open to various interpretations, some of which they could not accept. They must, therefore, reserve to themselves complete freedom on this subject when they enter the Peace Conference.

In what sense Freedom of the Seas is to appear as a part of the new order of things growing out of the war is clearly a question of moment.

Freedom of the Seas in time of peace—which strictly speaking is the only Freedom of the Seas there is—has a fairly definite connotation. It means the denial of the right of any state to assert jurisdiction over the vessels of other states outside its own territorial waters. This meaning of the phrase derives from Grotius's celebrated pamphlet on the Mare Liberum, which appeared in 1609. During the Middle

Ages the small portions of the sea which were known and navigated did, in fact, fall for the most part to the jurisdiction of particular states, which were thus charged with the duty of mapping their coast lines, of charting their shoals, and keeping them free of pirates. On the whole, therefore, it was to the advantage of everybody that Freedom of the Seas did not exist,—indeed, the idea had not yet dawned.

Nor did the discovery of America at first shatter the old notions. When, accordingly, in 1493, Pope Alexander VI drew a line through the Atlantic and assigned to Spain the exclusive right to trade, explore, and colonize to the westward of it, and to Portugal a like monopoly to the eastward, his action was hardly challenged. On the contrary, the other two principal maritime states of the day, France and England, set promptly about plotting spheres of influence on the face of the Atlantic for themselves, and as an incident of this enterprise John Cabot began in 1497 that age-long search for a northwest passage to the Indies which was ended only the other day by the Norwegian Amundsen.

The spell of acquiescence was first clearly broken by the Dutch, who demanded the right to voyage to the East Indies in defiance of the Portuguese pretentions, and it was for his countrymen that Grotius spoke. His argument was twofold: First, that as a matter of fact no state could effectively appropriate so vast an area of water as the Ocean—for it was to the High Seas that he confined his argument—and secondly, even if a state could appropriate the Ocean no legitimate good could accrue to it from doing so, the Ocean being susceptible of unlimited use without diminution of value to any user of it. In short, the sea was like the air, a *res communis,* a *res publica,* " designed for the use of all."

Grotius's pamphlet was a vast success. His follower Bynkershoek reiterated his contentions, and fortified them with the today generally accepted doctrine of the Marine League, that littoral states may assert jurisdiction over the sea for one marine league out from shore, provided they accord the peaceful merchant vessels of other states a right of passage through such waters. Later writers have extended Grotius's principle to the great arms of the Sea, the so-called " Narrow Seas," till one by one the exclusive pretentions of states over these too have disappeared. One of the latest episodes of this phase of the struggle for Freedom of the Seas was the abolition by Denmark of the tolls which she had for-

merly levied upon vessels passing to and from the Baltic. This was brought about in 1857 largely in consequence of the vigorous attitude of the United States. And meantime, the United States had also taken a hand in uprooting two other venerable institutions which stood in the way of the unhampered use of the seas for the purposes of peaceable trade, namely, the pretended right of the Barbary States to prey upon the vessels of any nation refusing them tribute, and the right of search which was claimed by various European States even in peace times. The Barbary Pirates were forced to yield their pretentions, so far as American vessels were concerned, by Commodore Decatur in 1815. The same year witnessed the end of the war of 1812, which had been fought over the impressment question; and while the Treaty of Ghent was silent on this vital topic, American vessels have never since then been subjected to search except in time of war and for the purpose of enforcing well-recognized belligerent rights.

We may say, therefore, that for those States which have natural access to the sea or one of its principal branches, Freedom of the Seas today exists in very complete measure in time of peace. What, however, of those States which are not so favorably situated? Their disadvantage is of course due in the first instance to geographical accident, but that does not signify that it may not be removed by law and treaty. On this point President Wilson has said:

> So far as practicable . . . . every great people now struggling toward a full development of its resources and of its powers should be assured a direct outlet to the great highways of the sea. Where this cannot be done by the cession of territory it can no doubt be done by the neutralization of direct rights of ways under the general guarantee which will assure the peace itself. With a right of comity of arrangement no nation need be shut away from free access to the open paths of the world's commerce.

He apparently had Poland especially in mind, but since the above words were written Czecho-Slovakia has been erected into a State and Hungary has been reconstituted, and both these countries are land-locked. The same, moreover, would be the case with South Germany if it should secede from the former Empire. The Peace Conference will not improbably have its initial tussel with the problem of the Freedom of the Seas in providing for such communities.

We turn now to the much more complex questions raised

by the suggestion that there should be Freedom of the Seas even in war time. Hitherto war and Freedom of the Seas, in the strict sense of the term, have been mutually contradictory ideas. For under the existing rules of international practice, the moment war breaks out in any quarter of the globe, the whole ocean becomes shrouded with belligerent rights. Thus each belligerent has the right to capture the merchant vessels of its enemy and the enemy-owned goods aboard them, and the further right to prevent neutral vessels from carrying contraband of war to its enemy or from entering the duly blockaded ports of such enemy. Also, in order that it may exercise these rights effectively, each belligerent may authorize its public vessels to approach all merchant vessels encountered in non-territorial or belligerent waters and to subject them to visit and search. But if the principle of Freedom of the Seas is to be applied in war time in the same sense in which it is applied in times of peace, all such belligerent rights must be extinguished. This is clear. However, the idea of " Freedom of the Seas " has often been invoked with a less rigorous connotation in mind. It has meant the recasting of the rules of international law with a view either to enlarging the privileges of neutral trade or with a view to adjusting the balance between inferior and superior naval strength. Let us again turn to the history of the question.

Until the Civil War our interest in the question of Freedom of the Seas in war times was that of a neutral trading state; at least, we thought, if we should ever become involved with a European State, it would be with our " hereditary foe," the predominant naval Power of the world. From the time of the American Revolution, accordingly, our Government championed the notion of " Free ships, free goods," the idea that contraband should be limited to munitions of war, and the further idea that blockades as strictly military operations must be confined to places under investment also from the land side. Then in 1785, in a treaty with Prussia, our Government took a farther step. It agreed that if the two contracting parties should become involved in war with each other.

> All merchant and trading vessels employed in exchanging the products of different places and thereby rendering the necessaries, conveniences, and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested; and neither of the contracting Powers shall grant or issue any commission

to any private-armed vessels empowering them to take or destroy such trading vessels or interrupt such commerce.

This revolutionary proposal seems to have been the suggestion of Franklin. Frederick assented to it because, as he afterward explained, he had thought the likelihood of war between the two countries so slight that he had felt warranted in indulging his sentiments on this occasion.

Thus was the *American Doctrine* of the Freedom of the Seas first brought to the light of day. It may be well to pause at this point to consider the arguments that have been offered in support of it. The most persuasive is that so long as private property on the high seas is exposed to enemy attack, superior naval power enjoys an unfair advantage even in peace times. But, on the other hand, the weaker naval power may enjoy some equally artificial advantage, as for instance superior military power. Another argument consists in urging the alleged fact that private property on land is exempt from confiscation in time of war, and it is asked, why should not private property on the sea be as well situated. Unfortunately the alleged fact is not a fact. Pillage has been abolished but so has privateering. For the rest, as the present war has shown, private property on land is subject to destruction, devastation, and all sorts of uncompensated burdens, when it occurs within the range of hostile operations or in territory under enemy occupation. Finally, it is urged that it would be humane to exempt private property on the sea from capture. This argument is not very convincing either. As war goes, it is difficult to conceive of a more humane method of bringing pressure to bear upon an enemy. It is only as the part of a general plan of world peace, or at least of disarmament, that the American contention has much force.

Nevertheless, the view which our Government thus developed for the first time in a treaty with the House of Hohenzollern has since remained, with a single though significant interruption, its characteristic interpretation of Freedom of the Seas. By the Declaration of Paris in 1856 the principle of " Free ships, free goods " was written into international law. Indeed, the immunity thus conferred on enemy goods aboard neutral vessels was also extended to neutral goods aboard enemy vessels. On the other hand, enemy vessels and enemy goods aboard the same still remained subject to belligerent capture, while as a concession to Great Britain

privateering was pronounced abolished, with a tremendous resultant consolidation of naval force in the hands of that Power. Our Government accordingly declined to assent to the Declaration. The United States, it urged, was a weak naval power with a large overseas commerce carried on in great part in American bottoms. Until, therefore, the American principle of withdrawing all innocent private property on the high seas from the operations of warfare should be adopted, our Government must retain the right to assail an enemy's commerce through recourse to privateering.

Five years later the Civil War broke out, and the attitude of the United States on the whole question of Freedom of the Seas in war time was reversed almost over night. Not only was American commerce swept off the seas in the course of the war, but throughout its progress our national interest was that of the stronger naval belligerent. Instantly our naval commanders, and following in their wake our Prize Courts, took over the entire baggage of British doctrine with reference to the rights of a naval belligerent, and what is more, added several Yankee improvements. Contraband was extended to "articles of double use." In the case of absolute contraband, like munitions of war, the doctrine of Ultimate Destination was devised to trap goods intended for transshipment from neutral Mexican ports into the interior of the Confederacy. But the great contribution of this phase of the war was the commercial or "starvation blockade," in enforcing which, we adopted the British practise of subjecting vessels suspected of intending a breach of the blockade to capture the moment they left their home waters. Then in the case of the *Springbok* the Supreme Court upheld the condemnation of goods consigned to a British West Indian port whence it had been intended to transship them in another vessel to blockaded ports of the South. This was the American version of the doctrine of Continuous Voyage.

But the Civil War being over, American policy promptly returned to its earlier groove. Partly this was due to the inertia of tradition, but partly also it represented a new situation. We still held aloof from European affairs, and deduced from that fact the conclusion that any considerable naval war would probably find us neutral. At the same time, with a rapidly expanding foreign commerce, we found ourselves largely dependent upon a foreign merchant marine which the first breath of European war might sweep from

the seas, leaving us commercially stranded. When, therefore, our Government undertook to formulate the instructions of our delegates to the first Hague Conference in 1899 it felt the time ripe for urging the American Doctrine upon the world once more. At this Conference, at the succeeding conference of 1907 and again at the London Naval Conference some months later, the American delegates urged that private property on the high seas, unless contraband of war or intended for a blockaded port, should be exempt from belligerent capture. Nor did the American delegates stand alone in this matter. Opposed by the representatives of the Entente and of Japan, they found their stand supported by the delegates of the Triple Alliance.

It must be pointed out, however, that even at this moment Germany's attitude and interest, while coinciding to the extent just indicated with our own, were at base opposed thereto. Our attitude was still, as just stated, that of a nation planning neutrality; that of Germany was the attitude of a nation plotting war against superior naval power. The further propositions of Germany on these various occasions make this quite clear. Thus she insisted upon the right to lay mines in the open sea, though under restrictions meant to curtail as much as practicable their possibilities for mischief to neutrals. Again she insisted upon the right to convert peaceable merchantmen at sea into war vessels,—a new species of privateering. Lastly, she demanded the right, which she was later to exercise in the case of the *Frye,* to destroy neutral vessels carrying contraband without having to bring them into port for purposes of adjudication. In short, Germany's effort throughout was directed not toward making neutral commerce more secure, but toward cutting down the advantage which Great Britain derived under the existing rules of law from her superior fleet and her numerous coaling stations scattered over the globe. And obviously Germany's conduct of naval operation in the present war has simply proceeded along the line of this endeavor, though as it chanced, she found in the submarine a weapon singularly adapted to her purpose. So Freedom of the Seas became at her handling anarchy of the seas, its motto "*spurlos versenkt.*"

And what meantime has been the history of England's attitude toward the problem of Freedom of the Seas? Till the outbreak of the present war it has been for a century past a history of steady, and for the most part uncoerced,

concession. In the course of this period England has abandoned non-belligerent visit and search; she has sacrificed the old doctrine of indelible allegiance—" Once an Englishman, always an Englishman "—which had supported her earlier policy of impressment; she has accepted the principle of " Free ships, free goods." Also, speaking broadly, the British Fleet has been during this time one of the great forces making for liberalism, as the liberation of Greece and of Italy and the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine eloquently testify. Finally it was England who in 1908 issued the invitations for the London Naval Conference, the work of which, the Declaration of London, recorded still further notable concessions on the part of sea power.

But this time the policy of concession over-reached itself; the House of Lords refused to assent to the legislation necessary to put the Declaration of London into operation. When, moreover, at the outbreak of the European War President Wilson proposed to the belligerent parties that, notwithstanding that the Declaration had not yet been generally ratified, they should treat it as a part of the law of nations, while Germany assented outright, Great Britain accompanied her assent with material conditions, and the proposal fell through. A few months later the British Government proclaimed its embargo upon all trade with Germany, a proceeding which made a " scrap of paper " of the Declaration of Paris and overrode even more ancient restrictions upon naval warfare. The central feature of the British " blockade," so-called, was its stoppage of all goods, innocent and contraband alike, passing to or from Germany through neutral ports. The extraordinary character of the measure was somewhat concealed by the fact that comparatively few neutral ports were affected by it, but had the war been confined to Great Britain and Germany and had the former then sought to stop all goods destined to Germany through neutral ports, the remarkable character of the attempt would have been evident at once.

Why, then, it will be asked, did we finally enter the war on England's side? In the first place, we had a decided preference for England's type of law breaking, which though it touched our pockets, did not wring our hearts as did Germany's. But more than that, as Germany's designs became plainer, we discovered that for the time being at any rate the question of Freedom of the Seas had become subordinate to

the question of the freedom of the earth, and not being amphibians we naturally felt more concerned on the latter score. Nor had we meantime necessarily any thought of abandoning permanently our views of a free sea, as President Wilson's Fourteen Points of January 8 indicated. Accordingly, now that the battle for free institutions has been won—so far as it can be won on the battle field,—now that military power has been broken, and the prospect for a general disarmament on land is good, our Government again presses for the limitation of naval power.

In this connection let us consider some aspects of the Fourteen Points. Nine of these deal more or less specifically with certain details of the immediate peace settlement, and may be dismissed without further mention. The five of broader import read as follows:

I. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at; after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

II. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

III. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

IV. Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety. . . .

XIV. A general association of nations must be formed, under specific covenants, for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike.

So far as this language bears upon the problem of the Freedom of the Seas, its meaning seems fairly clear. There is to be a League of Nations vested with a certain control over the highways of commerce, which it may exert in support of international covenants. But notwithstanding the League of Nations, there will remain the peril of war, and when war comes freedom of navigation on the high seas is to be absolute except so far as it is restricted by action of the League. Individual belligerents, therefore, will have no right to assail their enemy's commerce in any way. So far as they are concerned the right of blockade will be abolished, the carriage of contraband will go unmolested, private prop-

erty on the high seas will be exempt from capture. In short, the American doctrine of Freedom of the Seas will be realized and surpassed. Moreover, individual naval forces will be " reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety." Of course the crucial question is, Will Great Britain subscribe to such a programme?

We have already had something of an index to the British point of view regarding this question in the caveat of the allied Governments which was quoted earlier in this article. It is also an ominous fact that since that caveat was filed, while numerous British statesmen have been crying up the League of Nations idea, not one has uttered a word favorable to Freedom of the Seas, and few have said anything about it. This silence, however, has not been maintained by British pamphleteers, with the result that we need remain in no ignorance regarding the British position. In a word, it is that sea power is the backbone of the British Empire and essential to its defense; and it is asked with some asperity whether England should be expected to surrender her historic protection in reliance upon a plan of world organization which has not yet been even launched? The query is further pointed by reference to the great part which the British Fleet has played in the defeat of Germany.

Any fair man must feel considerable sympathy with this position. At the same time, it must be remembered that the most frequently offered apology for British so-called " navalism " throughout the past four years has been that it was necessary as a defense against German militarism, an apology which at the moment has lost much of its cogency. Some measure of concession from her triumphant sea power is bound therefore to be demanded of England by the rest of the world, if only in proof of her sincerity respecting the project of world organization. Also, there are at least two more material considerations counseling such concession even from the point of view of England's own security.

The first of these may be stated in words borrowed from an English statesman, the late Lord Courtney of Penwith:

> An open-eyed recognition of the relative development of ourselves and the United States . . . should at once set aside the dream, if it were ever entertained, of a naval predominance on our part to endure from generation to generation. . . . Having regard to population, accumulated resources and physical power, the notion of challenging the United States to a running competition in ships of war is seen to be idle.

One hundred and forty years ago the Count De Vergennes, Louis XVI's foreign minister and the author of the French-American Alliance in the War of Independence, predicted that the time would come when America would be an "overmatch for the whole naval power of Europe." It is perhaps the purpose of Secretary Daniels' recently announced programme of construction to convey a hint that the hour foreseen by the French secretary is at hand.

The second consideration is, however, at the moment perhaps even more persuasive. It is epitomized in the word "submarine." There was a moment in the present war when the submarine stirred some very unpleasant feelings in the hearts of British officials; there was never a moment from the autumn of 1916 to within a few weeks of the end of the war when it ceased to be formidable. Of all the great Powers Great Britain is by far the weakest in the matter of provision, the most dependent upon the uninterrupted flow of supplies from the outside world. As Mr. Balfour expressed it, in opposing certain of the features of the Declaration of London: "Starvation not invasion is the danger of this country," and the suggestion has certainly not lost point since then. Nor is this to imply that the submarine will ever again be used with the outrageous disregard of humane considerations with which Germany used it. But it is a comparatively new weapon, and its possibilities for legitimate warfare may yet undergo great development.

Prophecy is proverbially a hazardous business. Nevertheless, in light of the facts just mentioned and of the further fact that for some years Great Britain has been endeavoring to ease the burden imposed by competition in naval armaments, it ought not to be surprising if her delegates at the Peace Conference should be willing to accept a compromise arrangement which would represent on the whole a very considerable concession to the principle of Freedom of the Seas; for instance, a compromise along the following lines: First, a great limitation of building programmes. Secondly, a general curtailment of existing armaments on a scale sufficient to leave the British Empire secure,—a matter of which Great Britain herself would have to be the judge. Thirdly, a radical remodelling of the rules of practice with reference to contraband, involving the outright abolition of the right of destruction and the substitution (worked out by Great Britain in the present war) of preëmption for confiscation.

Fourthly, the abolition of the belligerent right of blockade. Fifthly, the retention of the belligerent right of capture of enemy's commerce as defined by the Declaration of Paris.

The advantages of such an arrangement are fairly apparent. Great Britain would lose her right of blockade, it is true, but as has been already indicated she could probably never again hope to distend this right as she has done in the present war. On the other hand, because she is an island, she must always remain most vulnerable to the exercise of blockade by an enemy. Again, the appeal which the suggested compromise would make to neutral interests would guarantee its observance in any ordinary war, in which a limited number of belligerents would be bidding for neutral favor. For while the superior naval Power could speedily expel its enemy's shipping from the sea, the gap would be soon filled by neutral shipping; and by the same sign the control which superior naval strength exerts today even in peace time over a rival's commerce would be appreciably diminished. There is one point at which the arrangement just outlined might be improved from the point of view both of the British and the neutral interest, and that would be by adopting the British suggestion at the Second Hague Conference to throw overboard the whole doctrine of contraband. This, however, is a suggestion to which our own Government would be most likely to file a *non possumus*. Not to give the thing too fine a point, we have always to remember that to the southward we have a dangerous and treacherous neighbor. Should we become involved in war with Mexico, we should hardly relish the prospect of having to stand by and see other countries stock our enemy with munitions.

One point, however, remains, and it is an exceedingly delicate one. The wording of the second of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, particularly when read in the light of his earlier Address to the Senate, seems to indicate an expectation that the control of such waterways as the Straits of Gibraltar, the Dardanelles, the Bosporus, the Suez Canal, and the Panama Canal should be handed over to the League of Nations, with power to close them against a recalcitrant State. Would Great Britain agree thus to internationalize the route to India? We may answer the question with rather a confident negative. It is true that by the Convention of Constantinople of 1888 the Suez Canal is "always. . . free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to every vessel of

commerce or of war, without distinction of flag," but as Mr. Curzon admitted in the House of Commons in 1898, this convention has never "been brought into practical operation", and throughout the present war the Canal has constituted a British base of operations unrestrictedly. Nor do we have to rely upon inference in this matter. Mr. Winston Churchill has just informed us that "the League of Nations is no substitute for the supremacy of the British fleet". What clearer intimation could we demand that England does not propose to hand over the sources of her control of the seas to an international commission, at any rate in the near future?

The final question raised by President Wilson's proposals with reference to the Freedom of the Seas comes down apparently to this: What kind of a League of Nations are we to have? President Wilson has evidently pictured to himself an association of equal states—"a community of power" to use his own phrase—which should begin to function immediately peace is made, on the basis of the utmost good will and confidence. The British view is quite different. They proceed upon the assumption that for some years to come at least international affairs, if they are to have a unified guidance, will be subject to the direction of those nations which have just brought their common cause to a successful issue. From this point of view it follows that the voluntary coöperation of these nations is a matter, certainly at present, of far greater importance for peace and good order in the world, than new and untested constructions can possibly be. Clearly they are right. But it may still be hoped that the policy of the Allies will steadily tend toward the production of a state of affairs not unlike that dreamt of by the President.

But it must be many years before the suggestion of a real internationalization of the seas can seem other than chimerical. Meantime, however, there can be a measure of disarmament at sea,—provided, of course, there is also an equivalent disarmament on land; and further a recasting of the rules of naval warfare. And these three points sum up what is today demanded in the name of Freedom of the Seas.

Edward S. Corwin.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF VICTORY

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE moment victory became a fact, the fact of victory ceased to be in itself either significant or interesting. Indeed, once the outburst of thanksgiving and elation had spent itself, victory as such sank into the background and the public mind turned instinctively to the astoundingly difficult and dangerous problems of peace and reconstruction. On both, victory could not fail to have a direct influence. The immediate results of the war, so far as both were concerned, took their character from the moment at which victory came and the precise nature of the situation from which it proceeded. For the future student, the eventuality itself, once assured, possessed literally no significance compared to the fact that it came at a definite moment and in precisely such and such a way.

For the United States, indeed, the moment was the all important fact, for it defined the character of victory. That established its immediate significance, which in turn determined our international position for the present and perhaps for a generation, if not for a century. That the war was won was the great fact of significance to us who are now alive; that it was won this year and not next or five years hence; that it was won on French and not on German soil; that it was won without a victorious march across Germany to Berlin; these will be the facts of vital importance to our children and grandchildren.

The significance of victory was determined in the first place by the reasons for German collapse, by the facts it revealed about the attitude of the German people toward their own Government, and about the internal condition of Germany. It had been clear from the first that seventy millions of people could not by any sort of military victory be literally annihilated or crushed, could not by any army of occupation be coerced and policed, if they remained strong

and unrepentant. The attitude of the German people toward their own Government, toward the war, toward victory or defeat, toward the future, had been hidden by clouds of propaganda and deceit which only the end of the war could dispel. From a military victory, the result of the superior numbers of Germany's enemies, one sort of a peace and one kind of a settlement became inevitable. Drastic territorial guarantees would be essential to assure even a moderate measure of relative security for France and Belgium and the continuation of armament, fleets and debts for the future. Such a victory signified a foe beaten but strong, crushed but united, defiant, arrogant, unrepentant because still able to resist. It meant victory with qualifications, victory with conditions, safety without security, and peace impermanent and unstable. But if the victory should be due not merely to a military defeat but to a military collapse, itself produced by an economic collapse, by a political revolution, or by the loss of morale in army or people or both, it would have an utterly different significance for the future and provide for both peace and reconstruction premises of the utmost consequence.

Victory was in truth the result of a defeat in the field simultaneous with economic exhaustion, loss of morale, and the first throes of political revolution. It was victory with the foe surrendering in regiments and battalions; with the Reichstag clamoring for the Kaiser's abdication; victory with a republic proclaimed in Munich, with the fleet mutinous, with the "glorious allies" ingloriously deserting, with the Kaiser and Crown Prince in flight. There were those—indeed there are still those—who vividly regretted that Marshal Foch should not have dictated the terms of armistice on German soil, that the Allied army should have had no chance to give the Germans a little taste of their own medicine. But the significance of victory is greater, the outlook for the future brighter because the end of the war did not witness a defeated people doggedly selling their lives on the banks of the Rhine in a vain effort to save the Fatherland. Unconditional surrender in Berlin would have been vastly different from unconditional surrender with the Allies still a measurable distance from the German frontier and far from the final line of German defense, the Rhine. It stood for a lack of national cohesion, for a lack of national faith in their own cause, in their own strength and resources. It stood for a

national unwillingness to die for the cause which is all but the most significant fact possible for the future. It proved the aggression of the war: when the moment for self-defense came, they threw up their hands and cried, " Kamerad." If the war had been begun in literal self-defense, there would have been at its end no weakening but rather a stiffening of morale as the enemy approached the frontier. The Government and not the people cried, " Kamerad." The officers, snugly ensconsed in luxurious parlors around mahogany tables, and not ragged men in trenches nor starving peasants in the fields, cried " Kamerad." There they convicted themselves of the true meaning of the war and gave real significance to victory. Yellow will out: the stain of aggression is uneffaceable.

They did more, they gave us the first unmistakable clue to the real attitude toward the war of the masses in Germany, the first irrefutable evidence that the German people have been more sinned against than sinning. The leaders knew the hearts of the nation were not in the war; that the nation had not willed it; that its confidence had never been theirs in the highest sense. They counseled no desperate defense; they made no attempt to rally back to back; they proclaimed no resistance till death as preferable to slavery for free men. They did not deem the German people capable of any such magnificent response as the French made in 1870, with their army crushed, the emperor imprisoned, the state itself overthrown, and Paris surrounded. Was there then talk of surrender with or without conditions? Armies arose from the soil over night like the crop from the sowing of the dragon's teeth. A government was extemporized; generals appeared as if by magic; national leaders were found and followed. Bismarck grew day by day to wonder whether victory was possible even after the war had been won.

Nor did the German leaders believe possible any such stubborn resistance as the Belgian nation had displayed, silent, contemptuous, unconquerable, even though crushed beneath the heel of a foreign army and incapable of the least physical resistance with a breath of hope for success. But who in Belgium spoke of capitulation, who talked of defeat, who gave up hope? Even Serbia, crushed by overwhelming odds, decimated by disease, its territory occupied by the invader, fought on. And Italy! Trembling on the verge of collapse, its armies in rout from the most dire catas-

trophe suffered by Allied arms, Italy rose as one man and held the invaders in a military position which their own military authorities believed could not be maintained. But the Germans were different and they knew it. Their leaders were different and they knew it. Their cause was different and the leaders knew that their own people knew it. So they surrendered! There is the crowning significance of victory: the confession of the German leaders that the nation was not and never had been behind them; that it had not and never did have heart for their magnificent schemes of world dominion; that the Germany of Luther, of Beethoven, of Goethe, was not dead but drugged into insensibility. There is another Germany than that of 1914, and they knew themselves incapable of winning its confidence.

II

The significance of victory was determined by the price paid for it. Here lay its importance for the issue of reconstruction: it did not cost the Allies more in men and in resources than they could afford to pay. Their limit was dangerously near. France, Canada, and England in particular lost full as many men, dead and crippled, as they could spare without sacrificing the physical strength of the nation needed to maintain its economic prosperity in the future. But the limit was not reached, certainly not passed, and more was not paid than so sweeping a victory was worth. Victory came in time. There is another significant fact. From the first it was clear that its eventual meaning would lie in the relative price paid by Germany and by the Allies. If the condition of Germany after defeat was not worse than that of the Allies after victory, the war would have been fought in vain; the price would have been too high. But the condition of Germany is beyond measure worse than that of any Allied country, worse perhaps than her greatest enemies have wished for her. The loss of men, the wastage of material has been extreme. Financially the war could not have been handled worse: Germany is bankrupt.

There was, too, a serious danger that the expulsion of the Germans from France and Belgium might unavoidably result in laying waste the entire country and destroy throughout that broad and rich area the permanent gains of civilization for a thousand years, as it had in the districts over which the conflict had previously raged. Victory won at such cost

would clearly have complicated beyond measure the economic and physical recovery of France and would have imposed heavier burdens upon the material resources of the Allies. The war was won before the submarine was able to destroy Allied shipping beyond the point which could be promptly replaced. There were many days when it seemed hardly possible that the success which the Germans promised their people from unrestrained submarine warfare should not reward their perfidy. The war was won before the resources of raw materials and of live stock had been depleted beyond the possibility of immediate repair. True, for two years the Allied countries have been in sorer straits by far than has been revealed. France and Italy in particular have known a destitution greater than perhaps for a century, and even England, its soil untouched by war, knew a degree of privation which intelligent observers had supposed, previous to 1914, would never be possible again.

The difficulty, however, was superficial rather than fundamental, the result of an insufficient number of ships to tap the great supplies in Australia and South America. The submarine did successfully circumscribe the economic area on which the Allies could rely, compelled them to fight the war on the basis of what existed or could be produced in Europe and in North America. In both, the reserve supplies of food and raw materials of all sorts were soon entirely exhausted, and only the intelligent increase of production prevented calamity. But the world's reserve supplies of wool, wheat, hides, nitrates, and metals are not depleted. South America, Australia, and the Orient have accumulated vast amounts which will be available as soon as the necessary shipping can be diverted, and will promptly, with a continuation of the increased production in Europe and North America consequent upon the cessation of hostilities, make good the deficiencies of the Allied nations and still enable us to succor with caution Eastern Europe. Another year of war would have meant extreme suffering in Europe, privation here, and the exploitation of the economic resources of England and the United States beyond the point of safety for the future.

III

Victory emphasized the glorious unselfishness of the part which America has played in the war and will, unless we ourselves destroy it, make permanent the European impression

of our disinterested conduct. There could be for the future relations of the United States with the rest of the world no more unassailable cornerstone than this. There were from the first those who maintained that from the selfish point of view, the United States had everything to gain from the maintenance of an imperceptibly delicate balance of power in Europe. So long as Great Britain, France, and Italy had Germany to fear, so long might the United States hope to hold the balance herself, with all of those attendant material gains in non-European sections of the globe which the old diplomacy had taught would follow from that sort of position. *Per contra,* from the clear preponderance in Europe of any coalition, the United States had everything to lose. Obviously, it was much to our interest to prevent the victory of Germany. That would have been indeed fatal. But, argued from the old diplomatic point of view, there was much to be said for the contention that it was equally our interest to prevent a sweeping victory for the Allies, certainly to prevent too sweeping a victory. For, once Germany was really crushed, the balance of power in Europe would incline toward the Allies and the United States would lose the advantageous position due to the necessity of calling upon her physical strength to redress the balance disturbed by the physical preponderance of the Central Empires.

Not a few of the old school diplomats in Europe and America thus interpreted President Wilson's ideas of a league of nations and his talk of peace without victory. They put their tongues in their cheeks at the mention of the idealistic aims of such diplomacy. It was two for ourselves and one for Germany and the league of nations. Once Germany was beaten, they said, the league would be needless to fetter her, but exceedingly useful to enable the United States to interfere in European policies and to control the Allies themselves. Only by the creation of such a league, indeed, pointed out the diplomats, could the United States by any possibility expect to exert an influence upon European issues. Our concern for the restraint of Germany, for internationalism, for idealism, was thus a neat and effective camouflage for the advancement of our own self-interest. We proposed to prevent the Allies from beating Germany too badly. We proposed if possible, once the victory was won, to prevent the Allies from utilizing it except by our consent and permission.

But the old school diplomats were confounded by the

consent of the United States to a sweeping victory, by the heartiness with which we threw into the breach an extended effort, which not only was certain eventually to achieve a sweeping victory, but which could have had no other purpose. The United States entered the war for reasons the most nearly disinterested and impersonal which any great nation ever possessed for an act of such magnitude. We have ended the war upon a similarly high plane. Judged by any standards except those of idealism and disinterestedness, we have contributed to a sort of victory which can only result in detriment to our own position. We have won the war and hurt ourselves. We have lost what some supposed we fought for —the physical possibility of interference in European politics. Yet unquestionably the moral gain must outweigh a thousand-fold any conceivable influence the United States could have exerted as the result of its physical size. Separated as we are from Europe by three thousand miles of ocean, we should never be able to exert physical influence upon European affairs which could not be justly interpreted as aggressive and offensive. Our true influence must be moral, and the true greatness of the United States in the future will come from the fact that our situation enables us to espouse the idealistic even at the cost of our material interest.

We have thus once and for all laid low the suspicions industriously sowed by the Germans, that America would join the war in order to become herself ruler of the world, that the Allies would lose the war thrice over should they depend upon American assistance. The aegis of empire would rest then in the hands of a nation whose physical size and physical position made her unassailable from Europe. The moral splendor of the position of the United States at the moment of victory is for the American people the fact of greatest significance.

IV

It is therefore imperative that we, as a people, should remember the clearest, most obvious, most salient, most fundamental fact about the victory: the United States did not win it. It was won by the French, the British, and the Italians with American assistance. By this cardinal fact international relationships will be conditioned when the new settlement is made. Herein lies the significance of the moment

of victory. Had the war lasted another year the American army would have itself formed the major part of the victorious army. These are well known facts, but just at this moment they cannot be too often emphasized.

The danger is still great, and grows perhaps greater as time elapses, that a natural and pardonable pride in the prowess of our men will unintentionally exaggerate the part we played in the war and thus injure the reputation for magnanimity and unselfish action which the American nation today enjoys abroad to an extent equaled by no nation in history. What we did was so great and so significant that it is easily overstated, but *noblesse oblige* forbids. The French, British, and Italians ransomed their own soil, not we. We lent economic support without which surely the war could not have been continued. We brought at the darkest moment an indispensable moral support without which it is possible the gallant French and the stubborn British might have faltered. But these were indirect factors in victory; and so of our army. The mere presence of our men in France, even though not ready to enter the battle, made possible the use of the trained French and British armies for the great offensive which ended the war. We became the Allied reserve army, and the presence of so many Yanks in France and the knowledge that more Yanks were coming was a decisive though indirect factor in victory. Our share was great, indispensable, significant, but it was a share only.

V

The fact that victory was won by the Allies and not by the United States possessed promptly definite significance for the negotiations of peace. There were an infinitude of specific and detailed arrangements to be made in Europe proper regarding internal and territorial questions which were not and could not be as vitally significant for the United States as for the European nations. Indirectly we are unquestionably interested in their solution; directly they do not concern us. Our Allies will now expect that same generosity and disinterest on our part in the negotiation of peace which we have displayed in the war. They will expect us, and rightly, to acquiesce in their decisions regarding European arrangements which primarily concern them. If the United States sits mute at the Congress, declines to accede to the decisions which they agree are expedient, they will feel a

just cause of umbrage. Primary decisions of essentially European questions the United States will not be expected to influence. We were not and are not now in a position to dictate the boundaries of Alsace-Lorraine, of Poland, or of the Balkans. Our disinterested record, the splendor of our moral position will lend a peculiar weight to such counsel, advice, or warning as our accredited representatives may address to the European statesmen, but the character of victory is such as to foreclose dictation by the United States at the peace conference on European or internal issues. Nevertheless, on all international questions involving nations outside Europe or issues not directly European, or even European issues which might indirectly concern nations outside Europe, the direct and active participation of the United States is certain, and it may be that we shall hold the casting vote. So much the degree of our participation would seem to assure.

ROLAND G. USHER.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN AERONAUTICS

BY EARLE REMINGTON

(President of the Aeronautical Society of California)

THE Hughes Aircraft Report is a strictly legal recital of facts, and does not go into the practical question of the programme or make any recommendations for improvements. It is known that more than a billion dollars has been spent for aircraft; but as our Government has not taken the people into its confidence regarding the aircraft programme, the condition of the public mind is extremely uneasy. Americans are fearful that the censorship enforced to protect military secrets and prevent the breaking down of army morale may have been extended to cover up a deplorable condition of affairs.

Government statistics show that appropriations for the year ending July 1, 1918 were nearly one billion dollars, and that approximately one half of this amount was for airplanes and motors. For this we have received something less than ten thousand planes, mostly of the type used for training aviators, and about twenty-five thousand motors.

There has been so much talk of the aircraft scandal that the public is now interested in knowing what salvage can be obtained from the wreck; or, in other words, what we shall have to show when the war is over for the expenditure of a billion and a half of dollars. There is reason to fear that the cancellation of the contracts given to the aircraft manufacturers will demoralize this infant industry, and that the mushroom growth will disappear as quickly as it has appeared.

We are now producing in this country large quantities of training planes which compare favorably with anything in

use in Europe. We are able to produce copies of English and French types of bombing and photographic planes. The progress that has been made in adapting these planes to American factory methods has been painfully slow, and we are today about where we should have been six months ago.

In aerial warfare the bombing, photographic, and observation planes are protected or convoyed by small fast combat planes. We have been compelled to depend during the entire period of the war upon France and England to supply us with these planes. At this time we are about ready to produce two successful types, namely the S. E. 5, an English plane adapted to the Liberty motor, and the LePere, which is a design that Captain LePere, of the French Army, worked out in this country. This latter plane is probably the best prospect of our entire aircraft programme. It probably would have been ready and on the firing line in the spring offensive; but now that the war is over, the contracts for its manufacture are being cancelled.

We are producing in this country the Curtiss motor, which is satisfactory for training purposes; the Hispano-Suiza motor, used for advanced training and photographic planes; and the Liberty motor, which is suitable for bombing, photographic work, and certain types of combat planes. The Buggati motor, which is a European type, is about ready to be produced in this country.

The layman cannot understand why it should take so long to copy successfully a European type. It must be remembered that European and American methods of manufacture are totally different. In Europe the work is done by hand, employing highly trained mechanics. In America it is performed by specially designed machinery, which can produce in great quantity when once in operation. The difference in materials and in method of operation make an exact copy impossible. The Wright Brothers in 1910 were unable to have their motor copied in Europe so that it would operate successfully. The Hispano-Suiza motor required two years of experimentation before it operated successfully as made in America.

The public probably does not realize the vast amount of money that has been spent by this Government in the production of raw materials for aircraft. We entered the war at a time when the raw materials of our Allies had been practically exhausted. In the shortest possible length of time

we had to supply their needs as well as our own. Over $200,000,000 was spent in building railways, sawmills, re-saw plants, and kiln-drying outfits for the production of spruce and fir lumber for airplane purposes. Approximately $70,000,000 was spent to produce "cellulose-acetate," generally known as "cloth dope." It is applied to the cloth surfaces of the wings, etc., and leaves a deposit of celluloid, which stretches the cloth tightly and also waterproofs it. This material is a decomposed by-product of gun-cotton. For certain airplane motors castor oil was required, and money was expended by the Government to import beans and arrange for plantings with farmers in various sections of the South. This crop is now available.

A great deal of money was spent in acquiring and equipping aviation fields, wherein to train our aviators and mechanics. Of the original $640,000,000 appropriation, approximately $40,000,000 was used in acquiring and equipping flying fields. Practically every large factory operating for the Government has in its vicinity a Government testing field, where the airplanes can be given a rigid flying test before they are shipped abroad. In the neighborhood of Los Angeles the Government now has one of the finest balloon schools in the world. In the South we have one flying field specializing in aerial gunnery; in another they instruct in bombing and in another in aerial observation work. It is true that some of these fields have been located in places where, from a military point of view, they should not be. It is to be hoped that, since the war is over and fewer fields will be required, the Government will elect to abandon those that are not properly situated.

The first step in training aviators after they have passed their physical examination has been to send them to one of twelve universities for a course in theoretical aviation and for military instruction. The course given to our fliers is superior to that afforded by foreign countries, and it is to be hoped that these universities will be subsidized by the Government so that they may maintain a department of aerodynamics, including well-equipped laboratories, wind tunnels, etc., so that there may be developed in this country a large group of technically trained engineers having a thorough knowledge of the basic principles of flight and aerofoil design.

This country was in the war for a period of nineteen

months. At the outset, well informed military authorities stated that it would be two years before we would achieve our maximum power. Remarkable progress has been made in our air programme, but this country would not have been in a position for another six months to oppose successfully the aerial forces of the Central Powers. We have been forced to depend upon England, France and Italy for the advance training of many of our aviators and for all of our combat planes. The first of our aviators, also the first of our mechanics sent to England, were incorporated into English air squadrons. They fought as an integral part of the English Army. The American Army, even when operating independently, has been largely dependent upon Allied air squadrons for protection.

Airplane production, like the construction of a battleship or of a heavy piece of artillery, takes time, and can be done efficiently only by experts who are afforded every opportunity for keeping up to date in their own special subject. To do this we must have ample appropriations and the proper governmental machinery for the development of our air service. This can best be accomplished by the establishment of a Department of Aeronautics, having a secretary equal in rank to the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy. The Aerial activities of both the Army and Navy should be consolidated and placed under this department. It would then be necessary for the Department of Aeronautics to co-operate with the Signal Corps on problems of signaling for the perfection of the wireless telegraph, wireless telephone, and other methods of transmitting messages from the air. They should co-operate with the Ordnance Department in provision for the arming of our fighting planes. In addition to trained fliers we must have skilled mechanics, inspectors, aeronautical engineers, production supervisors and intelligence officers, so that we may maintain a well rounded organization, in keeping with the importance of the work.

The gradual development of commercial aviation should immediately be fostered by the Government. This need not be a total financial loss to the Government, but there should undoubtedly be subsidized companies who will establish passenger-carrying aerial routes, also routes between important cities for the carrying of express packages. The Post Office Department has already commenced the carrying of mail, and this should be rapidly expanded, particularly in vicini-

ties where transportation by rail or automobile is a matter of several days' time at present, and where the use of the airplane would make it a matter of a few hours.

According to my best advices, military authorities agree that the day of the "fixed gun" is passed—that is to say, a piece of artillery, no matter how well protected by fortifications, is certain of destruction if the enemy has once accurately determined its position. It is probable that our coast defences, which are the fixed type, will be so modified that, by means of special railways running parallel to the coast, the big guns, which at present defend only the immediate vicinity of our harbors, can be made mobile and used for the purpose that their name indicates, namely, coast defence. Our aviators should be trained in coast patrol work. They should become familiar with the vicinities in which they would be likely to operate. They should conduct manœuvres in connection with our artillery and our submarines. Permanent coast patrol stations are required, not only on this Continent and in the Panama Canal Zone, but also in our island possessions. The co-operation in defense work between our airplanes and submarines still remains to be worked out. One of the most advanced problems of coast defence, but one which is capable of solution, is the control of a submarine torpedo from an airplane by the use of wireless appliances.

Through the shortsighted policy of our Government, the officers of our Army and Navy have not been given sufficient opportunity to secure technical training. In individual cases this has been possible, but only in an elementary way. At the beginning of the war the fact was well recognized in this country that the American aeronautical engineers were not equal in training and experience to those of our Allies—principally England, France and Italy—nor those of Germany. This is no reflection on the Americans, because in the past eighteen months they have undoubtedly caught up and today are little if any behind in matters of practical design or construction. With but little governmental assistance, private individuals and the airplane companies that have been for some time engaged in the manufacture of airplanes, have developed highly satisfactory types, but these planes are only now approaching a point where they could be utilized by our Government. The Government has not availed itself of the services of these men as it should have done; but it is not the purpose of this article to discuss

the reasons why. It is to be hoped, however, that the men in question will now be given an opportunity by the Government to study at first hand the wonderful progress in aviation that has been made in European countries during the past four years. These men should be sent to Europe at Government expense, and educated fully in the design and construction of airplanes, including their motors and accessories. The Army has developed, particularly among the younger officers, many men who have demonstrated their ability as aeronautical engineers, and these men have not had a fair chance to show what they can do. Since we entered the war, they have in small numbers been offered opportunities for study by the Allied Governments, and it remains only to give them the opportunity to continue their investigations and experiments to secure for our Army the nucleus of a wonderful organization.

I have no sympathy with the theory that has been advanced as the reason for not utilizing the services of these men to better advantage, namely, that they lacked ability and experience. This was not their fault, nor is there any reason to believe that, if placed on an equality with the European engineers, they would not have produced just as good, if not better, designs and types of aircraft than our European friends. A rich nation like ours can afford to expend for purposes of national defence vast sums of money in research and experimental work, which no private individual could hope to equal, and in times past our representatives in Washington who reflected the attitude of their constituents have been unwilling to grant the necessary appropriations. Only a national emergency, like that of the great war, was sufficient to loosen the purse strings, and this was done too late to have much effect in the present war.

The Senate and the Hughes investigations of aircraft production have undoubtedly developed many unsavory examples of mismanagement and abuse of power. In spite of this, had the war lasted until next March, the United States would have been equipped with an aerial fleet that would have been sufficient to crush the Central Powers without assistance from any of our Allies. We have skilled aviators by the thousand and the necessary complement of mechanics. We are in a position to produce such vast quantities of efficient airplanes and motors during the coming winter that we could entirely have overcome the enemy.

Now that the war is over, the Government, naturally, will cancel many contracts for the production of aircraft and motors, and it is right that it should do this. There is no commercial demand for such a vast number of machines. But if the airplane industry is not supported by Government expenditures, it will disappear as quickly as it has appeared. The great majority of factories working on airplane material have been adapted for airplane purposes by converting plants producing commercial articles somewhat similar in nature. These factories will, of course, get back to their own line of endeavor. On the other hand, there are many factories that have been especially built, or which, prior to the war, were designed and equipped exclusively for the manufacture of aircraft, and are not in any way suitable for others purposes. In such factories Government contracts should be placed sufficient to enable them to remain in operation.

The experimental work must be continued if we are to remain in a position to defend ourselves. The possibility of a world-wide disarmament is an extremely vague hope. If we are to have a military establishment it must be of the best, and those elements of defence that require the greatest advance preparation must receive the first consideration. Aeronautics certainly falls within this class. The aircraft investigation will undoubtedly be pushed to a definite conclusion and not left in its present status. The public are not satisfied. They demand to know more regarding the manner in which the war was conducted, and doubtless they will have this wish gratified.

From the beginning of the war, until now, there has not been a single man on the Aircraft Board who had any previous practical training in aeronautics. The men who have held the reins of power have been automobile men, bankers, and army officers selected solely for their executive ability. Is it possible that during the past ten years of experiment we have not developed in this country a single man who has the combined technical knowledge and executive ability at least to entitle him to a place on an Aircraft Board composed of seven members?

Let us try to build up; not tear down. Our country should be what some one in the French Army, in reference to aircraft, so aptly described as "Under the Protecting Wings."

EARLE REMINGTON.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RED CROSS MOVEMENT

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

FEW phases of the Great War are more significant from a psychological or sociological point of view than the sudden blossoming of the American Red Cross into a national organization of stupendous magnitude. Three years ago the Red Cross had a membership of only twenty-two thousand. Today it has twenty-three million members, and, as I write, it is about to begin a "drive" expected to double, and more than double, its present enrollment. According to an official estimate recently given me, five million people are now working in Red Cross establishments on both sides of the Atlantic, and perhaps fifteen million more are assisting at their homes in Red Cross activities. Besides all of which, the American people have contributed upwards of three hundred million dollars to the support of the Red Cross since the United States became a participant in the war. Here, assuredly, is a remarkable social phenomenon that raises an interesting problem—the problem of explaining adequately this marvellous response to the Red Cross appeal, and of evaluating its significance correctly.

One solution, of course, that lies ready at hand is to see in it an unusually impressive instance of the power of " suggestion " and " psychic contagion." On this theory, in order to understand the amazing spread of the Red Cross movement it would only be necessary to postulate the persuasiveness of an exceptionally well organized propaganda, acting on the imitative tendency common to mankind. And suggestion was undeniably the immediate dynamic factor. But this leaves untouched the deeper problem of the peculiar effectiveness of suggestion in this particular case. Why did the suggestion to give and to toil for the Red Cross " take," and

why did it take so hard? Responsivity to a suggested idea does not depend solely on the skill with which that idea is suggested, though many people seem to think that it does.

Suggestion, in fact, is popularly regarded as an almost magic force, of irresistible potency when rightly applied. Actually there must always be present, on the part of the suggestee, an ardent, however subconscious, desire to respond to a given suggestion. Otherwise suggestion, no matter how deft its presentation, will beat forever against a stone wall of negativism. This, incidentally, explains why suggestion often fails in the treatment of functional nervous and mental maladies, a field of action in which as a rule it is notably efficacious. When, as frequently happens, nervous or mental symptoms give their victim certain advantages—such as being a centre of sympathetic interest and attention—which would be lost if relief from the symptoms were gained, a subconscious desire to cling to them may prove altogether too strong for suggestion to overcome. When, on the other hand, a favoring desire is present and dominant, no great skill in the applying of suggestion is required to secure the end in view. In the present instance, obviously, the suggested idea, "Give to the Red Cross, work for the Red Cross, sacrifice for the Red Cross," must have accorded with deepseated and intense desires. If this had not been the case the systematized campaigns of suggestion in behalf of the Red Cross could never have been so abundantly fruitful.

As the figures cited indicate, all classes of American society have responded, with money and personal service. Men of the highest ability in professional and business life have volunteered without pay to direct the workings of the Red Cross organization. Women of wealth and social prestige, hitherto leading sheltered and perhaps not altogether profitable lives, have in the service of the Red Cross labored without thought of self, displaying powers of endurance which none suspected in them. Many, indeed, have left homes of luxury, cheerfully to undergo privation, to risk, and not infrequently to lay down, life itself. And when undivided service could not be given to the Red Cross, hundreds of thousands of people have willingly superimposed Red Cross work on the routine tasks of their regular occupations. After a day of strenuous effort, business men, housewives, clerks, shopgirls, factory workers, men and women in every walk of life, have devoted their precious evening hours to labor for

the Red Cross. Small wonder that I have more than once heard it said, "To become actively identified with the Red Cross is almost a religion in America today." Giving emphasis to this statement is the yearning anxiety shown by some to have their dead as well as themselves included in Red Cross membership. Thus a Massachusetts mother writes to the executive of a Red Cross chapter:

The three living members of my family—my husband, son, and self —are Red Cross members, and I long to enlist in the memory of my other lovely son, who, I cannot say that he is dead, but just away, for in my heart he still lives. I think of him faring on, as dear, in my love up there, as my love while here. I think of him in the same loving way. If he was with his dear ones now he would wish to do his " bit," for he was a loyal boy. Please accept, " in the memory of my dear Ralph," the one dollar, for humanity's sake. Then I can put the other red cross on my banner, to make the number complete. For the circle is not broken, although the empty chair is in my home.

" For humanity's sake " is in truth the motive which most people would advance if asked to state their reason for supporting the Red Cross by money or by service, or by both money and service. But this hardly goes to the heart of the matter. The Red Cross, remember, is not of recent origin. It was founded as long ago as 1864, and organized in the United States in 1881. After various vicissitudes it was re-organized as a national American institution in 1905, with the President of the United States at its head. Again and again it has demonstrated, at home and abroad, in time of war and in time of peace, its superlative value as an agency for the saving of life and the relief of suffering. But as recently as 1915 Miss Mabel T. Boardman could state, in her history of the Red Cross:

As yet this national association of ours, which belongs to the country and to the people, is in its infancy. Lusty and vigorous it is true, but lacking still the size and development it must attain before it is a worthy representative of these United States of America. It has twenty-two thousand members. Eighteen hundred thousand men, women, and children of Japan constitute the membership of the Japanese Red Cross. Hundreds of thousands manifest their love of country in other lands by adhesion to the ranks of their national association. Our American Red Cross has less than a million dollar endowment fund. The permanent endowment of the Japanese Red Cross is nearly thirteen million dollars. The Russian society before the present war had a reserve capital of nineteen million dollars. And the funds of several other European associations are far more than those of our own. In a country of such wealth, of such patriotism and humanity

as this, the American people cannot allow their Red Cross to remain without a just endowment. They give with the utmost liberality to local charities, to hospitals, to universities and colleges; but they have yet to learn to express the love for their country by their gifts to the organization which stands as the embodiment of patriotism both in war and peace.

The lesson would certainly seem to have been learned since these words were written. And the stimulus to the learning, needless to say, was America's shift from neutrality to belligerency. This alone, however, would not suffice to explain the astonishing zeal forthwith shown for the formerly neglected Red Cross. To explain this, special circumstances have to be taken into consideration, not the least important being the educative influence of the events of the first two years of the Great War—the years of America's neutrality—in appealing with unprecedented force to the humanitarian impulses of American men and women, and at the same time in giving them a lively consciousness of the imminence of the peril in which the world, their country, and they themselves were placed by the German onslaught. By the time the United States got into the war, Americans did not have to be told that this was no ordinary conflict between nations. They knew that on its outcome depended not merely the safety of America, but the safety of civilization itself. That is to say, the instincts alike of self-preservation and of race preservation, the egocentric and the gregarious instincts, were so aroused as to make action of some sort imperative on every American.

It is a biological and psychological truism that trouble results when any instinct is thwarted in finding adequate expression. This is peculiarly true of the gregarious instinct, in which such qualities as altruism, patriotism, conscience, and the sense of duty are rooted. When, in consequence of any circumstance that causes an overdevelopment of the egocentric at the expense of the gregarious instinct, people lead uncommonly self-centered lives, they are invariably discontented, restless, and unhappy, and may even be harried into conditions of serious ill-health. Many, if not all, of the functional disorders so much in evidence in the modern world, are now known to be the product of an undue repression of the gregarious instinct, and the experienced physician makes it a point to try to guide nervous sufferers into activities that will give this instinct free play. This is why the so-called " sym-

pathy cure" is so efficacious in numerous cases of nervousness. The self-centred neurotic who can be induced to engage in charitable or other altruistic activities, finds relief through altruism from his symptoms simply because he thereby gives expression to the gregarious instinct that has tormented him into nervousness as a punishment for his failure to give it expression at all. Man is so built that he must have the consciousness of being of service to his fellow-man, else he will be driven to eccentricities of thought and behavior injurious to himself and to society. And the necessity for this consciousness is intensified in time of war or other great crisis, in proportion as the gravity of the crisis carries with it a realization that the nation's future is at stake. That is to say, when the war is a little war, the compulsion of the gregarious instinct is far less keenly felt than when the war is a big one. Men can more readily go about their ordinary affairs, without being troubled by the feeling that they should be personally striving to insure the winning of the war.

The war that began in the summer of 1914 was not a little war. It was a big war. In fact, it speedily made itself recognized as the biggest of all wars. The stirring of the gregarious instinct was correspondingly strong, and consequently there was an imperative need for directive action that would enable all to satisfy this stirring. In England, as Trotter has recently pointed out, the need in question was at first not properly appreciated. Large sections of the community, incapable of actual military service, were given neither guidance nor opportunity to contribute directly to the national defense, with consequences concerning which Trotter justly observes:

> It must surely be clear that in a nation engaged in an urgent struggle for existence, the presence of a large class who are as sensitive as any to the call of the herd, and yet cannot respond in any active way, contains very grave possibilities. The only response to that relentless calling that can give peace is in service; if that be denied, restlessness, uneasiness, and anxiety must necessarily follow. To such a mental state are very easily added impatience, discontent, exaggerated fears, pessimism, and irritability. It must be remembered that large numbers of such individuals were persons of importance in peace time, and retain a great deal of their prestige under the social system we have decided to maintain, although in war time they are obviously without function. This group of idle and flustered parasites has formed a nucleus from which have proceeded some of the many outbursts of disunion which have done so much to prevent this country from developing her resources with smoothness and continuity. It is not sug-

gested that these eruptions of discontent are due to any kind of disloyalty; they are the result of defective morale, and bear all the evidences of coming from persons whose instinctive response to the call of the herd has been frustrated and who, therefore, lack the strength and composure of those whose souls are uplifted by a satisfactory instinctive activity. Moral instability has been characteristic of all the phenomena of disunion we are now considering.

In our own country manifestations of a frustrating of the gregarious instinct have not been entirely absent during the war. But they have been less in evidence and less detrimental than in England, for the reason that in our country, from the day we became involved in the colossal struggle for world freedom, guidance and opportunity were given enabling the people as a whole to respond to " the call of the herd " by becoming active war workers and war helpers. To this end the signal favor shown the Red Cross by the Government, and the official stressing of the value of the Red Cross as a war time organization, were important steps—steps so important that they must be regarded as amounting almost to a stroke of genius. For the Red Cross was an agency admirably calculated to afford not only universal, but also thoroughly satisfying, expression of the gregarious instinct. More than this, it was an agency with which the people were thoroughly familiar and which they already held in high esteem.

If, in the pre-war period, they had shown no burning ardor to enlist under the banner of the Red Cross, this was not because they were at that time unaware of its worth. It was because, to be quite frank, the pre-war period was one in which the egocentric instinct was somewhat overdeveloped—as indicated, for example, by the prevalence not alone of functional nervous and mental disorders, but also of vice, crime, and insanity, all of which in the last analysis are social evils born of an abnormal egocentricism. But though the egocentric instinct then was undoubtedly dominant, the gregarious still had enough vitality to function under stress, and any local, national, or extra-national calamity brought forth prompt and convincing proof of this. Again and again, as occasion arose, the gregarious instinct had thus functioned through the Red Cross, which consequently was definitely associated in the popular mind with the relief of suffering. It was no new, unknown, untried organization. It had behind it a long and honorable record

of service. Its very symbol—the cross—was itself linked with the noblest traditions and sublimest aspirations of mankind. The happy accident which led to the choosing of this symbol—a desire to compliment Switzerland, where the first Red Cross conference was held in 1864—must be accounted one of the most providential of accidents, from a psychological point of view. No symbol could more surely appeal to the best in the people of Christendom.

With the history of the Red Cross what it was, with the special endorsement it had received from the war-making Government, and with the gregarious instinct aroused in America as it had never been before, we need no longer wonder at the sudden and nationwide enthusiasm shown for the Red Cross. " Suggestion " and " psychic contagion " had a truly fertile field in which to work. There were no contrary ideas to be dislodged, no opposing desires to be overcome. Excepting in persons of superlative self-absorption, the gregarious had for the time complete dominance over the egocentric. " How can I serve? " was the question consciously or subconsciously foremost in virtually everybody's mind. " Join the Red Cross," was one almost self-evident answer. Under the conjoint influence of instinct and of organized campaigning in behalf of the Red Cross, it became an answer, as we know, translated into affirmative, joyfully co-operative action by millions of men and women.

The psychology of the Red Cross movement is thus, after all, comparatively simple, based as it is in human elementals. But the fact of its simplicity should not mask from us its tremendous importance in relation to what may be called racial dynamics. If, after peace has been fully restored, the recently developed enthusiasm for the Red Cross is allowed to die down, if the men and women who have so generously given to, and so devotedly toiled for, the Red Cross, are permitted to revert to the self-centred modes prevalent before the war, then America will have let slip a golden opportunity to lay surer her foundations for the future. The gregarious instinct, the instinct which bids all men strive for the common good, may not need to function so intensely after the war, but there can be no doubt that it ought to function just as continuously. It ought to function, too, with much more intensity than it commonly did in the days that preceded the spiritual awakening forced on the world by the war. The class hatreds which have wrought such destruction in Russia

and elsewhere are an echo of those materialistic days, and their extension to still other countries must be expected if the gregarious instinct atrophy once more. In the Red Cross we now have an institution whose activities make directly for mass as contrasted with class solidarity. To keep the Red Cross in constant and vigorous operation should become an object of national concern and national planning.

From the viewpoint of individual as well as of national well-being, maintenance of the Red Cross in energetic activity is also much to be desired. As already mentioned, failure to give adequate expression to an instinct breeds trouble, and in particular breeds nervous strain. Life begins to seem " stale, flat, and unprofitable," and unless the thwarted instinct contrives to express itself in some way, disorders of feeling and of conduct develop. Our Freudian friends have been at great pains to make clear to us the mischief which ensues when the sex instinct is perpetually baulked, denied expression even through what the Freudians term " sublimation." The gregarious instinct is as imperious in its demands, as vengeful when persistently and absolutely repressed. Urging men to be of service, to lead lives productive of good to the race, at all times and not in war time only, those who remain deaf to its urging must pay a penalty of some kind. When, however, its demands are heeded, a compensatory feeling of satisfaction is gained, and more than this, a loosening of energy which until then had been unavailable.

This accounts for the remarkable " staying powers " unexpectedly displayed by so many Red Cross workers during the past four years. It accounts also for the improved health and increased happiness so many have found after taking up Red Cross work. The anxious restlessness, the feeling of being " sick of things," the chronic dissatisfaction they have been experiencing, oppress them no more. And this even when the Red Cross duties imposed on them have been arduous, unpleasant, perhaps of a character that would ordinarily have been repellant to them. The secret is that through the Red Cross they have been enabled to give to the gregarious instinct the expression it failed to find in their lives before the war. The mere knowledge that one is actually of use in the world is itself an energy developer of the first order. When to this is added knowledge that one is of use in race preservation through the conquest of disease and the alleviation of pain, energy may be developed in almost incredible degree.

Obviously, ample scope for Red Cross effort will remain after the last war victim has been succored. Before the war, for that matter, the Red Cross was doing not a little humanitarian work day in and day out, notably in the way of nursing, co-operating in the prevention of industrial accidents, and promoting health education among the people. This work and kindred effort should now be intensified and extended, for the sake both of those among our millions who need to be helped and of those who will benefit by sharing in the helping. It would in truth be a sad mistake—I am tempted to say, a crime against the nation—if after the war the Red Cross were permitted to fade to a mere shadow of its present splendid self.

H. Addington Bruce.

MEXICO TO-DAY

BY WILLIAM GATES

I

WHAT is the position of Mexico to-day as to the all-dominant questions in the world? The attitude of her government to these questions, and to us? What is the actual status of the Carranza Government in Mexico itself? Is it solving the economic, social, agrarian and political problems of the Revolution; stimulating industry and development; and with sound financial methods? Is it a government surrounded by disorder yet gaining in strength; is that disorder substantially "banditry," or a coherent political movement? Does this Government correspond to those aspirations of the people for democracy and freedom which it was expected to fulfill? And is it going to succeed?

What is the actual fact about the German propaganda of which so much has been said and so little actually told? Is the government, and President Carranza personally, neutral, or pro-German? Are the Mexican people pro-German, or pro-Ally? And what is their real feeling for us.

In short, what is going on in Mexico?

Every question to be solved for the good or ill of the world in Europe is also to be found in an acute form here. Racial and national independence and right to self-determination of their own politics and affairs; trade and development questions of every kind; militarism; I. W. W. socialism; the religious question between Church and State; a land question to which Ireland's is a new-born infant, in age, acuteness, and irreconcilability; a mixture of racial questions only paralleled in Austria: these are some of the elements of the problem that oppresses the Mexican people in its 400-year effort to arrive at a solution of its necessities and hopes. And the problem by the side of which the Carranza Government is

trying to maintain itself. The answer to these problems must be known and comprehended if we are to deal rightly, and with good for the future, not only with Mexican questions, but with those of all Latin America.

Eighty-odd per cent of Mexicans have Indian blood; 40 per cent are pure blood, and another 20 per cent live and feel "Indian"; 85 per cent are illiterate; some 2,000,000 do not even speak Spanish. Officially Mexico is Latin and Catholic; really it is neither, no more than Austria is German. The aristocracy is still Spanish and Catholic, but all the rest is not; the Indian part is still pagan in all essentials, with a thin varnish of new names. The Mexican "patriotism" we have heard so much of is a *political* sentiment, born of resistance to foreign exploitation in a territory only united in political administration by the foreign conqueror. It is lauded and waved by the class known as "*valiente.*" Take away that class, a small minority of the population, and "Mexico" as an entity would cease to exist, just as will Austria. The *home-land* feeling we know is that of the Zapotec or Oaxacan, the Maya or Yucatecan, the Bohemian, the Yugo-Slav, the Pole. And to this day, all the legislation of Mexico has been founded exclusively on the ideas and needs of the population of European blood, the natives having been abandoned even more radically in this respect since Independence than under Spanish rule.

It is this Mexican "common people" *in whose name* this last Revolution has been nominally waged; for whom President Wilson has spoken and to whose efforts he has offered our sympathy. And it is this hypersensitive inheritance of Mexican consciousness which Carranza phrased in a sentence uttered by him as he came to power: "These foreigners have got to quit making money out of Mexico." By all rights the present Mexican Government and ours should be in the closest sympathy and coöperation. Why, then, are we having (if we are) trouble with the Carranza Government?

The two "monsters beyond all pale" in Carrancista literature are Huerta and Zapata. Huerta would be President of Mexico to-day but for Wilson. Zapata is an Indian whose sole object is to win back illegally dispossessed farms for his followers in his native State, and at the critical period would have recognized Carranza had the latter guaranteed him in that desire; Carranza refused, was driven to Vera Cruz, after which we recognized his government, sold him

arms, gave his troops transport in our territory, and shut off arms from his opponents. What is the trouble now?

We have seen that there are two phases of the " anti-foreign exploitation " spirit, the popular and internal, or agrarian, directed against the Spanish and Creole upper classes, with the almost universally Spanish-born administrators and storekeepers, whose oppression was felt at every turn and hour; the other political-international, wherein we now bear the brunt, with the English second. The first is a phase of the " home-land " patriotism of the great peasant majority, and the second a phase of the political patriotism of the " valiente " mestizo class. Of these two phases, Zapata represents the former, and Carranza the latter.

After the fall of Huerta, the Aguascalientes Convention called by Carranza proved intractable, and he withdrew, leaving the capital to Villa and Zapata. The Plan de Guadalupe, under which Carranza led the revolt against Huerta, named no other object than that, he being only First Chief and, on success, Provisional President to call elections and restore " the interrupted Constitutional order." Zapata's Plan de Ayala was a thorough-going agrarian revindication against the internal exploiters. Villa issued no " Plan," but fought for the same objects as Zapata. Neither one sought the Presidency at any time. The year from October, 1914, to October, 1915, when we recognized Carranza, was marked by various efforts at union, which all came to naught for just one reason. Zapata was willing to recognize Carranza even as permanent President, provided he would commit himself to the agrarian revindication; Carranza refused, and demanded unconditional submission to " the Plan de Guadalupe "—that is, himself as Provisional President to reorganize the government, *policies* " to be settled afterwards." Villa and Obregon proposed to recognize Carranza as Provisional President, with provision that neither generals in command, nor provisional governors nor *President* should be eligible in the new elections. Carranza says the latter question is of " too transcendental importance to be discussed by three or four persons, but must be reserved to the sovereign competency of the whole nation "; that he must be recognized without further qualifications, all questions of policies to come later. Villa then disavows Carranza.

The Villa-Zapata Conventio Government holds the capital with two short interruptions until August, reorganizing gov-

ernmental administration, restoring effective municipal local freedom (one of the main issues of the revolt against Diaz), putting agrarian small-proprietorship plans into extended operation, with an Agricultural Loan Bank on our general lines to help the farmer; and also working out in Convention a thorough legislative proyecto. This proposed legislation was not extreme in any point but the agrarian; it gave full consideration to international rights, and was not anti-foreign; it was in general a good liberal plan covering the fundamental social principles of the Revolution. It was very liberal to Labor, but after a vigorous four days' debate showing excellent comprehension of the issues, the Convention agreed by 55 to 24 on Government recognition of workingmen's unions, including the right to strike, but refused to recognize the Syndicates (branches of the Casa de Obrero Mundial, or the I. W. W.), or to permit sabotage. Through the whole Zapata period the dominant topic in the papers is the agrarian question in theory and practical institution: building up a self-responsible small farming class. There is almost no anti-Americanism in the papers; the " enemy " is the old Cientifico party, the economic *Mexican* exploiters of the old régime.

With the entry of Carranza forces August 2 all this changed. Even prior to that date there had been a signed pact between the Casa de Obrero Mundial and the Constitutionalist Government (signed, I think, by Luis Cabrera for the latter), making a full offensive and defensive alliance. Entering the capital the Zapata papers are at once suppressed, and their plants used to issue Carranza papers; these begin at once to be filled with new kinds of notices. Agrarianism almost disappears, to be replaced by the spread of I. W. W. syndicates, " to become a great aid in combating the tyrants." We have wild stories of " revolutions " in the United States. Kenneth Turner arrives, on the invitation of Dr. Atl, the I. W .W. propagandist. August 22 the present German Minister, von Eckhardt, arrives at the capital with letters from Carranza (still at Vera Cruz), stating that von Eckhardt has come " accredited to the Constitutionalist Government." (*We* did not recognize Carranza until October 19.)

A Dr. Krumm-Heller arrives at the same time, and begins at once a course of violent speeches before Casa Obrero Mundial meetings, praising Germany's economic success and

kultur, attacking the United States, and also attacking our Red Cross, which had come during the Zapata period to relieve the frightful existing distress, and been then welcomed and aided. Krumm-Heller declares the Red Cross workers are spreading false and injurious reports of the situation: that is, that the people were starving, just to give excuse for our getting into Mexico for our own purposes, the "so-called distress being entirely exaggerated, and the alleged needy only cheats." (For the facts, see the full official Red Cross Reports.) Our Red Cross was impeded in every way, and finally Carranza asked its recall, on the aforesaid grounds, and that the Mexican Government was doing all that was necessary.

With the definitive coming into power, therefore, of the Carranza régime, we find at his side the German Minister and the I. W. W., in their official capacities, and in full coöperation and recognition. We find starting up at once an exaggerated anti-Americanism, of the "political patriotism" type; the beginning of a military pretorianism of which I shall have more to note later; a flat disregard for international courtesies, to say the least, which receives later a very marked development. And finally we have what I think I may call "agrarian revindication tied to the wheels of politics." There is a frequent blowing of trumpets, with accompanying "functions," over the re-allotment to this or that pueblo of *ejidos*, or commonalty farm lands. Carranza could not indeed possibly evade the land question, nor do I believe he desired to. But Zapata had installed a special cabinet Minister of Agriculture and Colonization, who pushed the work, it must be acknowledged, both in and out of season, and thereby made Zapata much trouble, until the latter made him take a back seat in politics and devote his energies to the actual administration of the task.

In my recent trip through Mexico to see and judge for myself the inner ideas of the men at the front in her affairs—Carranza, Alvarado, Félix Díaz, Zapata—four men who with Meixueiro of Oaxaca sum up Mexico to-day, except for those who merely are getting rich out of their opportunities—my desire to see Zapata especially was stimulated by the utterly contradictory reports about him. Every form of abuse possible is heaped upon him; even in Yucatan, in the Government papers, a criminal or "bad man" is a zapatista; yet on all sides acknowledgment that Zapata is the one leader

in all these years who has had a consistent principle. Talks with every class of person in Mexico, long leagues on horseback through Carrancista and Felicista and Zapatista territory, and exhaustive reading of the past contemporary newspapers back to Madero's time, have left no other possible conclusion than this: Zapata is fighting to restore the farms of which the Indians were by legal *processes* dispossessed in spite of primordial titles centuries old, and to establish small agricultural proprietorship, leaving the other economic problems of Mexico, for which modern capital and methods are essential, free. Zapata, Carranza, Alvarado, all proclaim agrarian revindication of the Indian. But the Indian, dispossessed, his race-brother, bulks first in Zapata's thoughts; in Carranza's and Alvarado's it is the capitalist hated, especially the foreigner, and most especially the American. The Zapata movement is a social home movement; the other a political anti-foreign one. Zapata shares the anti-Spanish feeling above mentioned, and neither he nor his people are anti-Yankee in the usual sense; he and his officers are also specifically anti-German. Alvarado is a convinced I. W. W., who expects to succeed Carranza as President, and establish the first Syndicalistic State; to both him and Carranza, Indianism is something to be cultivated and exploited politically. To be brief, it is the carpet-baggism of our Reconstruction. Manuel Gamio, Director of Archæology in Mexico, in his book, *Forging a Country,* says:

> Does the Zapatism of Morelos represent exclusively criminal banditry and pillage, or does it also stand for a tenacious desire for well-being and freedom? We must first distinguish three kinds of Zapatism: first in banditry pure and simple, which, not only in Morelos but in the whole republic, masks itself behind this and other names. Next there are the abandoned elements hanging over from other periods, which take advantage of the eternal mis-orientation of the native, to go off into criminal adventures. And finally we have the legitimate Zapatism, which were better called Indianism, for it has persisted vigorously in all Mexico since Cortes raised his standards on the shores of Villa Rica.

This was written two years ago; of the condition to-day I have this personal testimony to make: I have ridden hundreds of miles through southern Mexico, where I was told no other American had been for the last one or two years, at least, and where I was warned that it was utterly impossible to go for roving bandits, who would at the least strip me to

my shoes. I have been in a town as it was attacked by Felicistas, and seen the Carrancista soldiers after repelling the attack loot the town they were brought in to defend, the commanding general of the division, Heriberto Jara of Vera Cruz, bringing up the rear of the line of loot-burdened men; while others after shooting a prisoner found wounded in the leg, dragged him by a rope behind a cart; and while a colonel on the general's staff warned a friendly storekeeper to shut his doors, as they could not promise protection from their own troops. I never felt safe one hour of the time I was within Carranza lines; I felt safe every hour I was off among the country people, in the districts protected by their soldiers, farmers like themselves, working their fields and taking a gun when the need came to defend their homes from the marauding Carrancistas. I have no doubt there are bands of bandits, but I believe them to be mainly, at least, on the borderlines between the opposing forces. I have seen the interior quiet country life of the common people in Morelos, Vera Cruz, Pueblo and Oaxaca, where Zapata, Meixueiro and the Felicistas are maintaining a settled, orderly and peaceful administration.

Beyond doubt there have been brutalities on all sides, and by nearly all parties, but the stories of " rebel " outrages all come through Carrancistas sources, and are more than paralleled by the long list daily in the public press of acts by Carranza officers, from the shooting by a colonel of the entire Town Council of a village over a personal quarrel to the murder, robbery and nameless outrages that make Mexico City and Vera Cruz themselves unsafe. I was in Mexico City in the early part of the year; the misery, starvation and nakedness of the poor was appalling. Children, almost naked, slept on doorsteps in the business quarter, and they lay on the pavements as the sun rose to get warm again. The mark of tension and fear was characteristic; to see happy people I had to go outside into Revolutionary lines, with all their scanty resources, yet safe from " the Army."

With a budget some 100,000,000 pesos short, the Government dare not shut off either the civilian graft or the heavily padded army payrolls (paid in lump sums to the officers), nor check the license. To support the Government gives immunity, for Carranza has to have support to try to hold the Revolution in check, and the price is freedom for any excess, even to the long list of burglaries with the " gray

automobile," finally traced to a certain high general; all reported openly, with or without names, but left unpunished unless some political toes got stepped on, or the infractor had become otherwise politically *non grata,* so that the crime was a good chance to make a show of justice, and kill two birds. As just one case for illustration, while I was in Oaxaca the newly arrived Governor called the leading merchants and the consuls together to say that his troops had not been paid for months; that there was trouble up the line, and passage dangerous; that he had to have 25,000 pesos, not of course as a forced contribution, but as a necessity, for otherwise he could not hold his soldiers from looting. The storekeepers, the first to be likely to suffer, gave; the German consul gave 2,000 pesos; the American said he had no authority from his Government. It was a fact there was trouble up the line, and the Governor may not have had the money; but in another case where a similar contribution was made to pay several months' arrears to the teachers, it later appeared they never got a peso of the collection.

The Revolutionists of Mexico to-day are a peasant yeomanry defending their homes; while one may describe the Government forces as Germans in Belgium, or Bolsheviki in Russia; either term fits. And if Russian mujik or Zapata Indian in the heat of overthrow of the old régime were guilty both of excesses, let us distinguish that from the crimes of the common political enemy which, in each case with German alliance, has usurped the power to oppress and steal, and betrayed the revolution of the people, to sell out the country both at wholesale and at retail; and just as shamelessly as the Carranza troops regularly sell ammunition to the "rebels" when in need of "spending money," the soldiers selling by the dozen cartridges, the colonels by the case. The current price is 5 to 10 cents per cartridge, including commissions.

The ignorance in this country as to the extent of the German propaganda and influence over the border is little short of amazing. To try to show its working, take the matter of the public press. In Yucatan a free press is nonexistent; but in Mexico there is a long list of anti-government papers, rising and falling, besides the main dailies. Nearly the whole of this press is German subsidized; in some cases the anti-Americanism is virulent in the extreme, excitatory of fears of invasion. A good deal of this is hidden behind rabid

I. W. W. anti-capitalism, where that is the cue, as in the oil regions and in the north; and that serves to excite strikes, or destruction; but the purchase money is traceable, and has several times been openly proven German. Some of these rabid anti-foreign papers are also anti-Carranza, to give them circulation among the Revolutionary districts; but there, too, they serve Carranza's aims, for they excite the sentiment which he hopes to use when " the Day " of vindication comes. When we learned that food shipments released by us to relieve distress were being used for outrageous profiteering, and ordered the question investigated, it gave rise to violent editorials on Mexico's sovereign right to regulate her own internal commerce.

Last January the Sonora News Co., a long established American company, obeying our Trading With the Enemy Act, cut out the most violent and shamelessly mendacious German paper from its train list. It had its whole contract cancelled in consequence, the *Government Secretary* stating in the official letter that the special reason was that such action invaded Mexico's sovereign dignity, and compromised her " strict neutrality." Other cases followed, with like action, declaring broadly that " the American Black List has no validity in Mexico," and supported immediately by specific decrees from Carranza himself. The whole question went right up to where the very next step indicated would be a demand that all foreign importing houses sell their goods to all Mexico's mercantile " guests " (understand, Germans) regardless of our War Trade Act, on the ground of Mexico's impartial neutrality and impeccable dignity. The advantage to Minister von Eckhardt of thus putting out of business allied trade in Mexico is manifest; and I believe that only expediency—the fact that in spite of our strictest efforts, Mexicans can still buy where we do not know their connections, and so the German houses are managing to keep going, even in hardware and drugs, with the fact that Mexico is absolutely dependent on us for her imports—prevented or prevents such a decree. It was the next logical step to those that had preceded, and was fully covered in principle by specific announcements. The official letter to the Sonora News Co. was flatly discourteous in its wording (I myself saw the original); and see also some letters to follow at the end of this article.

The home-land local patriotism we have referred to has

had the result in Mexico's constitutions that Sovereignty is declared to reside in the States. Their right is even to secede. Carranza, disavowing Huerta as usurper, in his character of governor of Coahuila, was declared the " only legal personality within the Constitutional order." In 1915 Luis Cabrera, speaking in Merida, told the Yucatecans that it " was not wrong to think of state independence, if the central Government did not give them justice." In the Fall of 1914 the State of Oaxaca recognized the Carranza party; nevertheless, in November, one Jimenez Figueroa, arriving to enlist troops for Carranza, appeared at the palace a few days later with his soldiers, arrested and dispossessed the State officials, dissolved the Legislature, and proclaimed himself military governor. One of the officials was Guillermo Meixueiro, son of a former governor of the State, a nearly pure blood Zapotec, a lawyer, of high education and some fortune. Escaping by a balcony, he gathered a force from the Sierras and drove Figueroa out. Figueroa was later shot, and was disavowed by Carranza, but the general belief is that it was only because he had failed. At any rate, the Oaxacans still remained adherents of the Carranza party.

At the following elections, Meixueiro was elected governor, but resigned to serve in the field, José I. Davila being elected to succeed him. In June, 1915, disgusted with the general anarchy, and Carranza's inability to enforce his orders on his own generals, the Legislature and State Government, in exercise of their full constitutional rights, decreed that: " Until the constitutional order is re-established in the Republic, the Free and Sovereign State of Oaxaca reassumes its sovereignty, and will continue governing in the observation of the Constitution of 1857, with all its standing laws and procedures." This was exactly parallel to Carranza's action as governor of Coahuila, only much more formal; it was also duly followed by local issues of postage stamps, gold, silver and copper money, and also paper. *But,* Carranza sent a force under Governor Castro of Chiapas, the present Secretary of War, and after a campaign of some length, the State government was driven up into the mountains to the north and east.

There they still are, despite all efforts of the Carranza Government to dislodge them, protected by and protecting the native population in peace. In the city of Oaxaca I was told it was impossible to go overland to the Isthmus, and

thence to Guatemala as I wished, for the irresponsible bandits everywhere. I found the whole State clear down to the Carranza lines on the Tehuantepec railroad in peace, and happy. Feeling it unwise to say anything of my wishes to my American friends, for their sakes, I went to Mitla, spent a few days at the ruins, and on meeting a couple of Sierra Zapatec Indians from over the hills, gave them my bags, and walked out one midday while the soldiers were at dinner on the other side of the town. In a few hours I was behind the hills, and that night way up in the mountains, sending my compliments by telephone over the peaks to General Meixueiro.

No real information gets across the border and into our press, but the following summary is absolutely incontrovertible by the positive evidence on every side, and is the unanimous opinion of everyone in Mexico, except those who are exploiting the Carranza régime. By that I mean not only the mass of foreigners of every nationality save German, but the mass of Mexicans themselves, including a very large number of government attachés, whose bread and butter, or life, forces their silence.

Carranza's policy has from the first been founded on the phrase I quoted: These foreigners have got to quit making money out of Mexico. His international policy has been not to build up friendship with us, but to divide all Latin America on the old European idea of the balance of power between two hostile groups, placing Mexico (with himself in the chair of Porfirio Díaz) at the head of this Latin revindication against the Yankee peril, and availing himself of Germany as his support. Every high military and civil officer is pro-German, except General Pablo González; it is said he urged a different policy on the President, only to be told, " I will not abandon my best friend (Germany)." The army is German in sympathy and tendencies; wearing of buttons with the Kaiser's picture is common; *they have all expected Germany to win;* and then would be Mexico's time, and theirs. Our friendly Guatemala, where President Estrada Cabrera, though a dictator, gives as good a government as can be asked under conditions, and whose policy has always been " to make friends with and protect the Indians in their home economic life " has specifically come in for Carranza's bitter hatred. Carranza soldiers invaded Guatemala some time ago; but did not get out. And a signed

agreement with Salvador to invade Guatemala from both sides, Mexico to get some of the interior territory Alvarado needs for exploitation, and Salvador a port on the Caribbean, is common talk; it is heard everywhere, both in Mexico and Guatemala, and with a suggestion that some outside influence prevented its consummation. As to other diplomatic efforts, in which Manuel Ugarte, with his Pan-Latinism, and our exceedingly able traveler, Luis Cabrera, have had their part, one cannot here speak. But I can quote from two letters, the originals of which I was permitted to see. The first was written by a man in Mexico City, a Mexican, in position to get first-hand knowledge of events, to a friend in the south, a Mexican:

Feb. 5, 1918. I to-day confirm my impressions of the terrible situation in which Mexico finds herself from the outrages and robberies of the Carrancista soldiers and officers. It is demonstrated clearly that the neutral policy of Carranza is solely a chimera, a pretext, for having seen for some time that his government must rely on the support of one or the other belligerent in the present war, he took decidedly the side of the Central Empires, without our being able as yet to see all his reasons; though for my part it seems because of the suggestions of his chief military officers who admire the attitude of the Germans, with Ugarte and their other admirers who never cease saying we must never forget 1847. We know that the German Minister offered Carranza 60,000,000 dollars, elements to equip an army of 400,000 men, and a seat in the council of world peace to reclaim the rights of the Mexicans in the United States. The negotiations of Nieto in Washington were a failure, in spite of the contrary as asserted by the Carrancista press, for it seems that they are coming to suspect Carranza's real attitude. Mexico will have to be a faithful ally of Germany, to the detriment of her sympathies.

Feb. 27, 1918. All the revolutionary leaders of the north and south are now united for the restoration of our great Constitution of 1857; but we must not be asleep, for though the public opinion is unanimous against Carranza and his circle of bandits and assassins, we must look out for the final convulsions which will mark the agony of Carrancismo, for these men are capable of anything so long as they can continue a little longer in robbing the public posts; and there is much talk of a secret treaty between Carranza and the Republic of Salvador to invite the greater number of American nations to the taking of decisive action against the United States, and in favor of Germany, which is paying for these steps on Carranza's part. In all this we see that an international conflict is very easy. The enemies now have wireless communication direct with the Germans; and this, with the other acts of Carranza, can place us later at the mercy of the United States, which will consider us as their enemies *on account of the imprudence of this group.*

The two following letters were written by an old schoolmate of General Meixueiro, an Oaxacan, as shown by the deference to the *patria chica,* and a personage intimately close to Carranza; the letters themselves show themselves written at the latter's direction. Note also the fact that in them General Meixueiro is given his full official title as General of Division (of the Oaxaca State forces) thus treating him as a *belligerent;* compare what has been said herein on State sovereignty and the Oaxaca action. The letters use the " thou " of close personal intimacy, and were written a short time before I passed through Oaxaca last Spring. General Meixueiro showed me the letters and permitted me to take the copies:

Señor General of Division, Lic. Guillermo Meixueiro: wherever he may be found.

My dear friend: I begin this letter giving you the general status of our position, which is complicated by the European war. The Government inclines to the German side, and the numerous colony living in the United States, by the law of economic gravitation, will bring what capital they can save, and in self-preservation will cross our borders to take refuge in Mexico. Besides, it appears that our country will be the point of concentration of all the Teutons in America, in view of the fact that the other American nations have placed themselves on the side of the Allies. The Government has 24 towers for wireless telegraphy, cartridge-making machinery directed by Germans, a school and shop for aviation, also in German charge, so that we are involved in the greatest contest known to history.

In view of the reinforcements which our Government receives in capital and men, for every German is a soldier, for the future war in our territory, I have believed proper to treat with you on the delicate question of the political problem of Oaxaca. I know your valor and sincerity, your love for Oaxaca, your disinterested aims, and all that I have reviewed in my mind before writing you the present letter. If there be any error of appreciation on my part, pardon it, for no other thing guides me than love for the *patrio chica* and my affection for the friend and brother of my infancy.

The same official person whom I presented to you in Nov., 1915, intervenes in the present matter. At that time there was considered an approachment between the element of the Oaxaca Sovereignty which you represent, and the Government de facto, the same matter as is now in consideration; and if an agreement were arrived at, it would be with the Central Constitutional Government on the eve of its establishment. This government is well disposed to arrive at an understanding; but in view of the fact that the former time when propositions were made, no agreement was reached because you did not reply, to-day I desire to know what are your desires or conditions to start an ending of the contest. You will understand that the discussion includes the effective guarantees which shall be enjoyed by

you and the other officers who operate under your orders, of the matter of confiscated interest, liberty of person, of the establishment of the Constitutional Authorities in Oaxaca by means of new elections; and it has also been considered that until an agreement is arrived at, you may continue your revolutionary efforts, without being charged with perfidy. Finally, the matter was put upon the board that if the security of your person and family or the education of your children should require, as precautionary means on your part, your living outside of Mexico, you will be indemnified for all the damage you have received in your interests during this long period, as a mark of the fact that your revolution has pursued no other than a political end.

General Meixueiro's answer will be gathered from the following reply:

Señor General, Lic. Guillermo Meixueiro, Ixtlán de Juárez. Very dear friend:

I have your valued letter of recent date, by which I see that in spite of our initiatives you still do not consent to an agreement with our Government because you do not consider it legitimate, and because you believe that its policy is not the one beneficial to Mexico in these critical moments. You desire that the Constitution of 1857 be reëstablished, and say that everything that is being done is null because Carranza had no authority to set aside that Constitution and substitute that of Querétaro. That is a matter of opinion, and you should consider that the new political code given to the Republic, rather than a new constitution is only a reform of that of 1857, a reform of much timeliness, principally in what touches the clergy and the foreigners, for these are absorbing many of the rights of Mexicans. Study it calmly.

With respect to the political actuation of our Government, I have read your arguments, and I do not see how you can forget the offenses we have suffered from our northern neighbor. You say that Governments should not act from mere sympathies or antipathies nor from a spirit of vengeance, and that those who are our enemies to-day may to-morrow be our best friends. But, do you believe that the Yankees can ever be our friends? Disenchant yourself, my dear friend; the Yankees do not love us; what they love is our wealth and our territory and they will take it whenever they can, and the present Government does right in taking its precautions—yet with prudence in order not to precipitate a rupture *before the time,* for an immediate rupture with the neighboring Republic would swamp us. At this moment we need building iron for factories which does not come because Mexico does not define her attitude, and our neighbors think the iron is for Germany. We need the paper from the National Paper and Type Co. that our press may not disappear. Remember, too, that our drugs and a large part of the food of Mexico comes from the United States; we must, therefore, move with caution. Ugarte went away as Private Secretary of the President on a secret mission. Do not insist on your position and aid us for the unification of all Mexican parties.

If the conflicts between your forces and the Constitutionalists who are in Oaxaca are suspended, the blood thus spared will serve for another and *proximate occasion.*

These letters represent the two sides of Mexico in the question. In support of this, I talked during the latter part of 1917 and the first half of 1918 with every class of Mexican, from Indians to planters of the old régime in Yucatan, and Cientificos in Mexico, and moderates everywhere, as well as constant talks with Alvaradists and Carrancista officers and officials; I rode all through southern Mexico, seeing the ordinary daily life of the people, talking with all classes of revolutionaries from soldiers and petty officers to Félix Díaz, Zapata and Meixueiro, and spending full time discussing with these leaders and their subordinates the present situation in every respect. Mexico, outside of Carrancista circles, is our friend; it is also in desperation, and crying to us; it is absolutely pro-Ally, and anti-German. The case is a clear one: the Carranza policy is a political one, against us, to which he is sacrificing the inner condition of the country; but the Mexicans outside his ranks see that alliance with Germany would only mean for Mexico what it did for Russia, even if Germany had won; and they see Mexico's future in friendship with us.

If we would permit it, if we would recognize the facts from the world-standpoint, that assumed diplomatic regularity is being used intentionally to hold us off and for no other purpose, as Germany hoped to do first with England and then with us, till the better time; if we would recognize the Mexican people whose welfare we have at heart, instead of the Carranza Government which has betrayed the Mexican Revolution as Lenine did the Russian; if we would only go no further than was done by the Carranza Government itself in the letters above, and recognize the belligerency of the legitimate State Government of Oaxaca, the whole matter would be settled by an immediate declaration of alliance by that Sovereignty, carrying with it all the rest of the Revolutionary movement through the whole Republic. We would lose Carranza, and with him the danger which he and the German Minister are fomenting, that we be drawn into attacking *Mexico* on the northern border, or in Tampico; all danger of the rupture between us and the Mexicans would cease, for the Carranza Government could not last if the Revolutionists got the ammunition they need.

The interior condition is wholly misunderstood in this country. It is not a case of more or less widespread banditry, pillage. It is a political movement, it is unified, and all the parties are in communication and coöperation, slowly strengthening themselves and pinching in the Carranza Government amidst the growing hatred of the whole people, and its economically critical situation.

The present movement is a unified political revolution to restore constitutional government, wipe out the socialistic legislation, and come back to a position of respect internationally. From a military point, the country is controlled by three main forces, in coöperation: Félix Díaz commanding in Chiapas, Vera Cruz, the Tehuantepec isthmus, and part of Puebla; the Oaxaca State forces under Meixueiro; Zapata commanding in Morelos, part of Puebla and Guerrero; Guerrero also seceded lately, and State forces there coöperate; up the west side and through the north various military leaders; on the east coast in the oil district, Peláez. The southern contingents have definite political programmes (substantially identical) to the restoration of constitutional government, with reforms giving effect to the social principles underlying the late revolution; these programmes have been accepted by the military chiefs in the north. And they include for the first time in Mexico's history the economic regeneration of the Indian; that is Zapata's one care, for which he will fight to the end; it is Meixueiro's; and Díaz has made it his. The Mexican revolution (really started by Zapata in 1909, before Madero) will never end until the mountain peasants of Morelos come into their own; you might as well fight the Swiss; but give them their farms, buying them from the landlords if necessary, and it ends to-morrow. And above all give them economic assurance *that it is worth while saving*—and their regeneration and that of Mexico will come.

What is our part? Recognize the facts, and not just the theories of the case. The Carranza-von Eckhardt Government of Mexico, and the Alvarado-I. W. W. Government of Yucatan know that we really understand the situation; but they hope that we can be kept edging on until they have made our final action too late.

William Gates.

SHALL WE ACCEPT THE UNIVERSE?

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

It was reported of Margaret Fuller that she said she accepted the universe. "By Gad, she'd better!" retorted Carlyle. Carlyle himself seemed to accept the universe with many misgivings. Looking up at the midnight skies he said, "A sad spectacle! If they be inhabited, what a scope for pain and folly, and if they be na' inhabited, what a waste of space." It should not be a hard thing to accept the universe since we have no choice in the matter; but I have found it worth while to look the gift-horse in the mouth, and convince myself that it is really worth accepting. It were a pity to go through life with a suspicion in one's mind that it might have been a better universe, and that some wrong has been done us because we have no freedom of choice in the matter. The thought would add a tinge of bitterness to all our days. And so, after living more than eighty-one years in the world and pondering long and intently upon the many problems which life and nature present, I have come, like Margaret Fuller, to accept the universe, have come frankly to approve that first verdict pronounced upon creation, namely, that it is very good,—good in its sum total up to this astronomic date, whatever phases it may at times present that lead us to a contrary conclusion.

Not that cold and hunger, war and pestilence, tornadoes and earthquakes, are good in a positive sense, but that these and kindred things are vastly overbalanced by the forces and agencies that make for our well-being—that "work together for good"—the sunshine, the cooling breezes, the fertile soil, the stability of the land and sea, the gentle currents, the equipoise of the forces of the earth, air, and water, the order and security of our solar system, and, in the human realm, the

good-will and fellowship that are finally bound to prevail among men and nations.

In remote geologic ages, before the advent of man, when the earth's crust was less stable, when the air was yet loaded with poisonous gases, when terrible and monstrous animal forms held high carnival in the sea and upon the land, it was not in the same sense good,—good for beings constructed as we are now. In future astronomic time, when the earth's air and water and warmth shall have disappeared—a time which science predicts—and all life upon the globe fails, again it will not be good. But in our geologic, biologic, and astronomic age, notwithstanding the fact that cold and suffering, war and pestilence, cyclones and earthquakes, still occur upon the relatively tiny ball that carries us through the vast siderial spaces, the good is greatly in the ascendency. The voyage is not all calm and sunshine, but it is safe, and the dangers from collision and shipwreck are very remote. It is a vast and lonely sea over which we are journeying, no other ships hail us and bid us god-speed, no messages, wireless or other, may reach us from other shores, or other seas; forces and influences do play upon us from all parts of the empyrean, but, so far as we are aware, no living thing on other spheres takes note of our going or our coming.

In our practical lives we are compelled to separate good from evil—the one being that which favors our well-being, and the other that which antagonizes it—but, viewed as a whole, the universe is all good; it is an infinite complex of compensations out of which worlds and systems of worlds, and all which they hold, have emerged, and are emerging, and will emerge. This is not the language of the heart or of the emotions—our anthropomorphism cries out against it—but it is the language of serene, impartial reason. It is good for us occasionally to get outside the sphere of our personal life and view things as they are in and of themselves. A great demand is made upon our faith—faith in the absolute trustworthiness of the human reason, and in the final beneficence of the forces that rule this universe. Not to solve the mysteries, but to see that they are insoluble, and to rest content in that conclusion, is the task we set ourselves here.

Evidently the tide of life is still at the flood on this planet; its checks and counter currents arise inevitably in a universe whose forces are always, and always must be, in unstable equilibrium.

The love of the Eternal for mankind, and for all other forms of life, is not a parental love—not the love of the mother for her child, or of the father for his son—it is more like the love which a general has for his army; he is to lead that army through hardships, through struggles, through sufferings, and through death, but he is leading it to victory. Many will perish that others may live; the battle is being won daily. Evolution has triumphed. It has been a long and desperate battle, but here we are and we find life sweet. The antagonistic forces which have been overcome have become sources of power. The vast army of living forms moving down the geologic ages has been made strong through the trials and obstacles it has surmounted, till now we behold it in the fulness of its power with man at its head.

II

There is a paragraph in Emerson's Journal on Providence, written when he was twenty-one, which is as broad and as wise and as heterodox as anything he ever wrote. The Providence he depicts is the Providence I see in Nature:

"Providence supports but does not spoil its children. We are called sons, not darlings, of the Deity. There is ever good in store for those who love it, knowledge for those who seek it, and if we do evil we suffer the consequences of evil. Throughout the administration of the world there is the same aspect of stern kindness; of good against your will; good against your good; ten thousand channels of active beneficence, but all flowing with the same regard to general, not particular profit.

"And to such an extent is this great statute policy of God carried that many, nay most, of the great blessings of humanity require cycles of a thousand years to bring them to light."

A remarkable statement to be made in 1824, in New England, and by a fledgling preacher of the orthodox faith, and the descendant of a long line of orthodox clergymen. It is as broad and as impartial as science, and yet makes a strong imaginative appeal. Good at the heart of Nature is the purport of it, not the patent right good of the creeds, but good, free to all who love it, a "stern kindness," and no partial, personal, vacillating Providence whose ear is open only to the password of some sect or cult, or organization.

"Good against your good," your copyrighted good, your personal, selfish good (unless it is in line with equal good to others)—the broad, universal beneficence of Nature which brought us here and keeps us here, and showers its good upon us as long as we keep in right relations with it; but which goes its appointed way regardless of the sore needs of warring nations or the desperate straits of struggling men. That is the Providence that lasts, that does not change its mind, that is not indulgent, that does not take sides, that is without variableness or shadow of turning. Suppose the law of gravity were changeable, or the law of chemical reactions, or the nature of fire, or air, or water, or cohesion? Gravity never sleeps or varies, yet see bodies rise, see others fall, see the strong master of the weak, see the waters flow and the ground stay; the laws of fluids are fixed, but see the variety of their behavior, the forms in which they crystallize, their solvent power, their stability or instability, their capacity to absorb or conduct heat—flux and change everywhere amid fixity and law, nature is infinitely variable, which opens the door to all forms of life; her goings and comings are on such a large scale, like the rains, the dews, the sunlight, that all creatures get an equal benefit. She sows her seed with such a generous hand that the mass of them are bound to fall upon fertile places. Such as are very limited in range, like those of the swamp plants, are yet cast forth upon the wind so liberally that sooner or later some of them fall upon conditions suitable to them. Nature will cover a whole township with her wind-sown seeds in order to be sure that she hits the small swamp in one corner of it.

A stream of energy, not described by the adjective inexhaustible, bears the universe along, and all forms of life, man with the rest, take their chances amid its currents and its maelstroms. The good providence shows itself in the power of adaptation all forms of life possess. Some forms of sea weed or sea grass grow where the waves pound the shore incessantly. How many frail marine creatures are wrecked upon the shore, but how many more are not wrecked! How many ships go down in the sea, but how many more are wafted safely over it!

The Providence in nature seems intent only on playing the game, irrespective of the stakes, which to us seem so important. Whatever the issue, Nature is the winner. She cannot lose. Her beneficence is wholesale. Her myriad

forms of life are constantly passing through " the curtain of fire " of her inorganic forces, and the casualties are great, but the majority get through. The assault goes on and will ever go on. It is like a stream of water that is whole and individual at every point, but fixed and stable at no point. To play the game, to keep the currents going—from the depths of siderial space to the shallow pool by the road side; from the rise and fall of nations, to the brief hour of the minute summer insects, the one over-arching purpose seems to be to give free rein to life, to play one form against another, to build up and tear down, to gather together and to scatter—no rest, no end, nothing final—rocks decaying to build more rocks, worlds destroyed to build more worlds, nations disintegrating to build more nations, organisms perishing to feed more organisms, life playing into the hands of death everywhere, and death playing into the hands of life, sea and land interchanging, tropic and arctic meeting and mingling, day and night, winter and summer chasing each other over the earth—what a spectacle of change, what a drama never completed! Vast worlds and systems in fiery flux, one little corner of the cosmos teeming with life, vast areas of it, like Saturn and Jupiter, dead and barren through untold millions of years; collisions and disruptions in the heavens, tornadoes and earthquake and wars and pestilence upon the earth—surely it all sounds worse than it is, for we are all here to see and contemplate the great spectacle—sounds worse than it is to us because we are a part of the outcome of all these raging and conflicting forces. Whatever has failed, we have succeeded, and the beneficent forces are still coming our way.

The greatest of human achievements and the most precious is that of the great creative artist. In words, in color, in sounds, in forms, man comes nearest to emulating the Creative Energy itself. Nature is the art of God, as Sir Thomas Browne said. It seems as if the pleasure and the purpose of the Creative Energy was endless invention, to strike out new forms, to vary perpetually the pattern. Myriads of forms, myriads of types, inexhaustible variety in air, earth, water, ten thousand ways to achieve the same end, a prodigality of means that bewilders the mind; to produce something new and different, an endless variety of forms that fly, that swim, that creep, in the sea, in the air, on the earth, in the fields, in the woods, on the shore. How many

ways Nature has of scattering her seeds, how many types of wings, of hooks, of springs! In some she offers a wage to bird or quadruped in the shape of fruit, others she forcibly attaches to the passer-by. In all times and places there is a riot of invention.

III

Are we not men enough to face things as they are? Must we be cosseted a little? Can we not be weaned from the old theological pap? Can we not rest content in the general beneficence of Nature's Providence? Must you and I have a special hold upon the Great Mother's apron strings?

I see the Nature Providence going its impartial way. I see drought and flood, heat and cold, war and pestilence, defeat and death, besetting man at all times, in all lands. I see hostile germs in the air he breathes, in the water he drinks, in the soil he tills. I see the elemental forces as indifferent toward him as toward ants and fleas. I see pain and disease and defeat and failure dogging his footsteps. I see the righteous defeated and the ungodly triumphant—this and much more I see, and yet I behold through the immense biological vista behind us the race of man slowly—oh, so slowly!—emerging from its brute or semi-human ancestry into the full estate of man, from blind instinct and savage passion into the light of reason and moral consciousness. I behold the great scheme of evolution unfolding despite all the delays and waste and failures, and the higher forms appearing upon the scene. I see on an immense scale, and as clearly as in a demonstration in an experimental laboratory, that good comes out of evil, that the impartiality of the Nature Providence is best, that we are made strong by what we overcome, that man is man because he is as free to do evil as to do good, that life is as free to develop hostile forms as to develop friendly, that power waits upon him who earns it, that disease, wars, the unloosened, devastating elemental forces, have each and all played their part in developing and hardening man and giving him the heroic fibre. The good would have no tang, no edge, no cutting quality without evil to oppose it. Life would be tasteless or insipid, without pain and struggle and disappointment. Behold what the fiery furnace does for the metals—welding or blending or separating or purifying them, and behold the hell of contending and destructive forces out of which the earth came, and again

behold the grinding and eroding forces, the storms and earthquakes and eruptions, and disintegrations that have made it the green inhabitable world that now sustains us. No, the universal processes do not need disinfecting, the laws of the winds, the rains, the sunlight do not need rectifying. "I do not want the constellations any nearer," says Whitman. I do not want the natural Providence any more attentive. The celestial laws are here underfoot and our treading upon them does not obliterate or vulgarize them. Chemistry is incorruptible and immortal, it is the handmaid of God; the yeast works in the elements of our bread of life while we sleep; the stars send their influences, the earth renews itself, the brooding heavens gathers us under its wings, and all is well with us if we have the heroic hearts to see it.

In the curve of the moon's or of the planets' disks, all broken or irregular lines of the surface are lost to the eye—the wholeness of the sphere form subordinates and obliterates them all—so all the failures and cross purposes and disharmonies in nature and life do not suffice to break or mar the vast general beneficence; the flowing universal good is obvious above all.

So long as we think of the Eternal in terms of our experience of the knowledge of concrete things and beings which life discloses to us, we are involved in contradictions. The ancients visualized their gods and goddesses, Jove, Apollo, Minerva, Juno, and all the others. Shall we do this for the Eternal and endow it with personality? Into what absurdities it leads us! The unspeakable, the unseeable, the unthinkable, the inscrutable, and yet the most obvious fact that life yields to us! Nearer and more vital than our own bodies, than our own parents, and yet eluding our grasp; vehemently denied, passionately accepted, scoffed, praised, feared, worshipped, giving rise to deism, atheism, pantheism, to idolatry, to persecution, to martyrdom, the great Reality in which we live and move and have our being, and yet for that very reason, because it is a part of us, or rather we are a part of it, are we unable to define it or seize it as a reality apart from ourselves. Our denial proves it; just as we use gravity to overcome gravity, so we use God to deny God. Just as pure light is of no color, but split up makes all the colors that we see, so God divided and reflected makes all the half gods we worship in life. Green and blue and red and orange are not in the objects that reflect them, but are

an experience of the eye. We might with our tongues deny the air, but our spoken words prove it. We cannot lift ourselves over the fence by our own waist-bands, no more can we by searching find God, because He is not an object that has place and form and limitations; He is the fact of the fact, the life of the life, the soul of the soul, the incomprehensible, the sum of all contradictions, the unit of all diversity; he who knows Him, knows Him not, he who is without Him, is full of Him; turn your back upon Him, then turn your back upon gravity, upon air, upon light. He cannot be seen, but by Him all seeing comes, He cannot be heard, yet by Him all hearing comes; He is not a being, yet apart from Him there is no being—there is no apart from Him. We contradict ourselves when we deny Him; it is ourselves we deny, and equally do we contradict ourselves when we accept Him; it is something apart from ourselves which we accept.

When half-gods go, says Emerson, the gods arrive. But half-gods never go; we can house and entertain no other. What can we do with the Infinity, the Eternal? We can only deal with things in time and space—things that can be numbered and measured. What can we do with the infinitely little, the infinitely great? All our gods are half-gods made in our own image. No surer does the wax take the imprint of the seal than does the Infinite take the imprint of our finite minds. We create a Creator, we rule a Ruler, we invent a heaven and hell; they are laws of our own being, seen externally.

How, then, shall we adjust our lives to the conception of a universal, non-human, non-finite algebraic God? They adjust themselves. Do your work, deal justly, love rightness, make the most of yourself, cherish the good, the beautiful, the true, practice the Christian and the heathen virtues of soberness, meekness, reverence, charity, unselfishness, justice, mercy, singleness of purpose—obey the commandments, the Golden Rule, imbue your spirit with the wisdom of all ages, for thus is the moral order of the world upheld.

The moral order and the intellectual order go hand in hand. Upon one rests our relations to our fellows, upon the other rests our relation to the Cosmos.

We must know, and we must love, we must do, and we must enjoy, we must warm judgment with feeling, and illume conscience with reason.

Admit, if we must, that we are in the grip of a merciless power—that outside of our own kind there is nothing that shows us mercy or consideration—that the Nature of which we form a part goes her own way regardless of us, yet let us keep in mind that the very fact that we are here and find life good is proof that the mercilessness of Nature has not been inconsistent with our permanent well-being. The fact that flowers bloom and fruit and grains ripen, that the sun shines, that the rain falls, that food nourishes us, that love warms us, that evolution has brought us thus far on our way, that our line of descent has survived all the hazards of the geologic ages—all point to the fact that we are on the winning side, that our well-being is secured in the constitution of things. For all the cataclysms and disruptions, the globe has ripened on the great siderial tree, and has become the fit abode of its myriad forms of life. Though we may be run down and crushed by the great terrestrial forces about us, just as we may be run down and crushed in the street, yet these forces play a part in the activities that sustain us; without them we should not be here to suffer at their hands.

Our life depends from moment to moment upon the air we breathe, yet its winds and tempests may destroy us; it depends from day to day upon the water we drink, yet its floods may sweep us away. We walk and climb and work and move mountains by gravity, and yet gravity may break every bone in our bodies. We spread our sails to the wind and they become our faithful servitors, yet the winds may drive us into the jaws of the breakers. How are our lives bound up and identified with the merciless forces that surround us! Out of the heart of fate comes our freedom; out of the reign of death comes our life; out of the sea of impersonal energy come our personalities; out of the rocks comes the soil that sustains us; out of the fiery nebulae came the earth with its apple blossoms and its murmuring streams; out of the earth came man. If the cosmic forces were not merciless, if they did not go their own way, if they made exceptions for you and me, if in them there *were* variableness and even a shadow of turning, the vast inevitable beneficence of Nature would vanish, and the caprice and uncertainty of man take its place. If the sun were to stand still for Joshua to conquer his enemies, there would be no further need for it to resume its journey. What I am trying to get rid of

is the pitying and meddling Providence which our feeble faith and half-knowledge have enthroned above us. We need stronger meat than the old theology affords us. We need to contemplate the ways of a Providence that has not been subsidized; we need encouragement in our attitude of heroic courage and faith toward an impersonal universe; we need to have our petty anthropomorphic views of things shaken up and hung out in the wind to air. The universe is not a school-room on the Montessori system, nor a benevolent institution run on the most modern improved plan. It is a work-a-day field where we learn from hard knocks, and where the harvest, not too sure, waits upon our own right arm.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

ENGLAND AND THE SEA

BY DAVID MORTON

These are great lovers: one a jewelled queen
In whom unalterably the white flame burns;
And one a moody changeling, gray and green,
Savage and tender, cruel and kind by turns.
With what a gift of tall and stately ships,
With what sweet promise that was rich and good,
Has England wooed those bright and bitter lips,
Counting the cost but as a lover should.

I have known men who loved the craggy peaks
That brothered them with stars and made them wise,
And men who loved a valley and its creeks,
Or plains more fair than woman to their eyes;
Yet had I never known such love could be
As this, where England gazes on the sea.

I TOO HAVE LOVED

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I, too, have loved the Greeks, the Hero-sprung,
The glad, spoiled children of Posterity:
Have closed my eyes, more near their shrines to be,
Have hushed my heart, to hear their epics sung.
Upon their golden accents I have hung,
With Thyrsis wooed to vales of Sicily,
And Homer, blind, has given me to see
Olympus, where the deathless Gods were young.

But still, that one remembering with awe
Whose vision deeper than all others saw,
I feel the dearer debt my spirit owes
To him, who towers, peerless and sublime,
The noblest, largest intellect of Time,
Born where the English Avon softly flows.

DEMOS

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

I

All you that are enamored of my name
And least intent on what most I require,
Beware; for my design and your desire,
Deplorably, are not as yet the same.
Beware, I say, the failure and the shame
Of losing that for which you now aspire
So blindly, and of hazarding entire
The gift that I was bringing when I came.

Give as I will, I cannot give you sight
Whereby to see that with you there are some
To lead you, and be led. But they are dumb
Before the wrangling and the shrill delight
Of your deliverance that has not come,
And shall not, if I fail you—as I might.

II

So little have you seen of what awaits
Your fevered glimpse of a democracy
Confused and foiled with an equality
Not equal to the envy it creates,
That you see not how near you are the gates
Of an old king who listens fearfully
To you that are outside and are to be
The noisy lords of imminent estates.

Rather be then your prayer for what you have
Than what your power denies you, having all.
See not the great among you for the small,
But hear their silence; for the few shall save
The many, or the many are to fall—
Still to be wrangling in a noisy grave.

IS GREAT LITERATURE INTELLIGIBLE?

BY HARRY T. BAKER

Most periodicals are conducted on the principle that all of their contents shall be intelligible to the average reader. Naturally, this excludes a good deal of important matter. Indeed, it excludes some of the greatest literature of any period; for great authors, including Kipling in the present generation, expect the reader to possess sufficient imagination, intelligence, and sympathy to meet them on their own level. As Ruskin put it, in *Sesame and Lilies,* we must make ourselves worthy of the kingdom of literature in order to be free of it. We must not ask ourselves, Does the writer agree with me? but, How can I make myself fit to understand his words and to heed them? No vile or vulgar person, added Ruskin, can enter the kingdom. The object of great writers is not wholly to please. In fact, in the case of Ruskin himself, and of Carlyle and Swift, it was to denounce and to warn. And all three are to some degree and in some passages or whole works—for example, Swift's social satire, *A Modest Proposal*—unintelligible to stupidly conventional people. The fault lies with the reader, however. He must make himself worthy to understand. To this end, he needs the guidance of a teacher. No doubt, there is plenty of bad teaching, where the blind leads the blind. None the less, the best literature must be taught if it is to be apprehended; and our best schools and colleges justify themselves by their fruits. A literary background, often supplemented by specific instruction, is necessary to the complete understanding and enjoyment of literature.

Gulliver's Travels, for example, is interesting to children; but even the average adult often misses its best and most penetrating social satire. He may miss the ridicule of pedantry in the conduct and beliefs of the philosophers of

Lagado, in the third book, or the profound satire on the fear of death in the description of the revolting prolongation of the natural threescore years and ten in the case of the immortals or Struldbrugs, who are detested by all normal people in their country. Still less may the average reader understand the contrast, by implication, between Swift's ideal race, the Houyhnhnms, and ordinary human beings. Even men who were themselves authors of note, like Thackeray, have failed to perceive that Swift, far from being a monster, was an unwavering idealist; that his vision of human perfectibility in the fourth book of *Gulliver* is one of the most inspiring as well as one of the wisest ever penned. Swift is one of the best of authors by whom to gauge the intellectual limitations of a reader. And, since *Gulliver* is one of the half dozen really great works of prose in the English language, it is important that as many of us as possible should be brought to a fuller comprehension of the wisdom and literary genius of Swift. Addison and Steele yield themselves much more readily to the superficial student; but neither was so great a thinker or so great a genius as Swift. Their literary riches are more easily accessible—and correspondingly less valuable. Swift knew how to write plainly—witness his *Drapier's Letters* and his other political pamphlets—but his more profound speculations in *Gulliver* and the *Tale of a Tub* require more of the reader.

No one can understand Ruskin, in *The Crown of Wild Olive* or *Unto This Last,* without ascertaining that he was a passionate lover of beauty and a hater of materialism and of all forms of social injustice. He detested railroads in beautiful valleys because they destroyed much of the beauty of the scenery; he hated the factory system and the introduction of machinery because they made labor mechanical and unenjoyable. Ruskin, being destitute of a sense of humor, was often unreasonable in his demands; but he was always eloquent, and always a master of that wonderful stringed instrument, English prose. What a stroke of genius, both in thought and expression, is his enumeration of the qualities, in *Unto This Last,* whereby one becomes rich or poor. It has to a remarkable degree that vital literary characteristic, power of suggestion:

> In a community regulated only by laws of demand and supply, but protected from open violence, the persons who become rich are, generally speaking, industrious, resolute, proud, covetous, prompt,

methodical, sensible, unimaginative, insensitive, and ignorant. The persons who remain poor are the entirely foolish, the entirely wise, the idle, the reckless, the humble, the thoughtful, the dull, the imaginative, the sensitive, the well-informed, the improvident, the irregularly and impulsively wicked, the clumsy knave, the open thief, and the entirely merciful, just, and godly person.

Superficial and prejudiced observers have set Ruskin down as a mere fanatic or a hysterical babbler; he was considered also, after *Modern Painters,* a " fine writer," which meant, he indignantly declared, " that no one need mind what I say." In reality, as Mr. J. A. Hobson has shown us in his wise volume, Ruskin was a singularly acute and profound social reformer; and one of his chief " faults " was that he was half a century, and in some views a whole century, ahead of his period. We are just catching up with Ruskin. He needs less explanation now than in his own time; but he is still too rapid and imaginative in the evolution of his thought for minds occupied with commercial problems or minds naturally dull. It is a misfortune, however, to fail to understand John Ruskin. It is not remarkable, but pitiable, that the publication of *Unto This Last* in the *Cornhill Magazine* about 1860 should have resulted in almost universal condemnation. Thackeray, who was then editing the magazine, wrote after the appearance of three instalments that the papers were so widely disliked that he could admit but one more. Carlyle, who, it will be remembered, thought England populated mostly by fools, pronounced a wise and favorable verdict which later criticism has for the most part confirmed: " Not one doctrine that I can intrinsically dissent from or count other than salutary in the extreme, and pressingly needed in England above all." Carlyle against the multitude is enough.

The most profitable method of studying literature is by periods: Ruskin, Carlyle, Arnold, Browning, Tennyson together; Swift, Addison, Steele, Defoe, Pope together; Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher together. This implies study of the social, political, religious movements of these periods, the ideas in common and the ideas in contrast which these writers held, the spirit and atmosphere of each period, its attitude to reason versus emotion, to romance, to natural science, to commerce—especially in America at the present time. Each new author is a new problem, too. The rules of literary success cannot, except within narrow limits, be codified. Hence the young Kipling

requires fresh eyes for right appraisal; it will not do to look through the misty spectacles of the past. All this means exercise of a reader's brain, exercise of his power of sympathy and adaptation, a test of his openness of mind. Only a minority of magazine readers can meet successfully such a variety of tests; and therefore the canny editor regretfully denies them some of the highest flights of literary genius. It is unfortunate, but it is so. Anything that runs sharply counter to received opinion is dangerous magazine material. Even a great name is not always sufficient to calm the ruffled sensibilities of commonplace subscribers. The question of familiarity with a former literary period does not enter here—though it might induce a proper humility. The advice of little tinkling Tom Moore, for example, to Byron to " beware of Shelley's skeptical opinions " sounds humorous today; for in the moral scale Shelley is now rated somewhat higher than the noble lord. Misunderstood and persecuted in his own generation, he is at last recognized as at least much more unselfish and more devoted to the good of humanity than Byron. Some great literature, some great men, are in the nature of things partly or temporarily unintelligible.

Culture, then, involves a willingness to learn, not merely a demand to be pleased. It is a growing and a becoming; it is, as its great apostle, Arnold, pointed out, a familiarity with " the best that is known and thought in the world." An enjoyment of even the most humorous essays of Lamb implies a background of culture; and Arnold himself suavely takes for granted a complete devotion to Homer and the other chief glories of ancient classical civilization! In an age of vocational training and colleges of commerce, this is an almost insulting assumption to some of our " best people." Shakespeare, too, though not himself a university man, absorbed much of this classical culture and evidently thought it valuable. Keats ramped through Lemprière's classical dictionary, says one of his biographers, like a colt at pasture. And Browning, Kipling, and others have voyaged through strange seas of thought in an English dictionary, merely to discover new riches of their own tongue. With resources so much greater than those of the commonplace reader, then, is it at all wonderful that they should at times be " unintelligible "? There is no royal road to the understanding and appreciation of the best literature; one must prepare and always prepare. " The readiness is all."

Shakespeare, who shows so much, shows several separate elements of appeal which warrant the optimistic statement that even the commonplace reader or hearer can get enough to make him appreciative. There are skilfully elaborated plot, entirely natural and complete character delineation, a wise and tolerant philosophy of life, an indescribable deftness of phrase—" the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand "—and a perfect adaptation to the stage, to immediate effect on an average audience. Shakespeare's plays, it cannot be too often repeated, were written to be acted, not to be read. Academic critics have been long in assenting to this cardinal principle; but Shakespeare has little in common with academic persons. No writer was less a pedant.

How much does the casual theater-goer understand of *Hamlet?* Certainly not the mystic's attitude to life, nor more than half the reasons for Hamlet's so often postponed revenge. Shakespeare is much more obscure here than usual; but the obscurity is due to the subject. Hamlet has a profound and an unusual intellect, compounded of many simples. He is in a morbid state—he assures us of that himself —but he is not insane. In fact, as Lowell pointed out, to make him insane would be unthinkable, for we should then have a tragedy with an irresponsible hero; and Shakespeare knew long before this how to construct a tragedy. Hamlet loves Ophelia, but gives her up because her timid and conventional nature can be of no service to him in his great task of avenging his father. He detests Polonius because Polonius is a bore,—commonplace, garrulous, full of wise saws but with no ideas of his own. Not all of these things can be grasped by the average reader or playgoer, yet he can grasp enough to fascinate him; and a second or third reading or attendance at the theater will bring him new riches. Indeed, the most useful single test of the distinction between mediocre literature and great literature is that of ascertaining whether one's appreciation of any piece of writing is enhanced or diminished upon rereading. Not even the most intelligent reader can exhaust Shakespeare at a first perusal; but he can exhaust a modern detective story thus; for, the mystery once unraveled, there is little else to ponder over. Shakespeare leaves that impression of infinity which is possible only to the greatest artists. In the realm of wit, Falstaff—the Falstaff of the two parts of *Henry IV*, not of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—leaves the same impression of the inexhaustible.

The casual reader, however, will fail to perceive what Professor A. C. Bradley has affirmed: that Shakespeare created in Falstaff so extraordinarily attractive a figure that when he wished to get rid of him, upon the crowning of Prince Hal, he could not do so without displeasing the audience. We do not readily forgive Henry's treatment of his old companion. Falstaff may have had within him an intolerable deal of sack, but he also had much more of the milk of human kindness than the cold-hearted and calculating young monarch. Professor Bradley's analysis of this problem makes us realize that in Shakespeare there is frequently much more than meets the eye. His essay, by the way, reprinted in *Oxford Studies in Poetry,* was originally published under the title, *The Rejection of Falstaff,* in the *Fortnightly Review,* a periodical which has done much to further the cause of literature.

Poetry is in general more difficult of comprehension and of full appreciation than is prose. It requires more imagination, more idealism, more acquaintance with the subtleties of melody and movement, and with condensed and heightened phrase. College girls are more acute than college boys in fathoming the mysteries of verse; the boys, especially in our democratic State universities, are too materialistic; their spirits are dragged away only with difficulty from the too, too solid flesh of this world. Poetry moves in a diviner air. Among the evils which would have come upon a Prussianized globe would have been the diminution of great poetry; for it has nothing in common with triumphant materialism and the worship of the goddess Espionage. American commercialism, too, is hostile to the muses. Philistinism, the devotion of all one's energies to money-making and to the grossly material things of life, is, like materialistic science, the very opposite of a poetic attitude. It was Coleridge who declared that the opposite of poetry is not prose, but science. Not all modern science, however, is materialistic; and Kipling, in *M'Andrew's Hymn,* has sung the song of steam. His exquisite prose poem, the short story *They* (in *Traffics and Discoveries*) even introduces some technical chat about a motor car. Yet what poetry there is in his phrase anent the joy of motion in this modern machine: "I let the county flow under my wheels."

It must not be supposed, however, that poetry is a mere glorification of form, of apt expression. All great poetry is

wise; it is what Arnold called a " criticism of life." When Keats said that beauty is truth, truth beauty, he uttered a great idea: that what the artist creates (beauty) is as true as real life. Shakespeare's creations of the imagination—Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Imogen, Cordelia, Antony—are as real as the man who walks down the street. The struggles of young thinkers over religious problems, in the Victorian era, are best portrayed and discussed in poetry, the poetry of Arnold, Tennyson (particularly *In Memoriam*) and Browning. *Rabbi Ben Ezra* is the best statement, in condensed form, of triumphant religious faith that we have in literature. It is alone enough to justify poetry as a criticism of life. This poem presents, however, difficulties of expression due to its very effort at condensation. Browning was too prone to believe that his reader could follow all of his short-cut expressions. As one of his critics says, he climbed a ladder from one idea to another and then kicked away the ladder. The reader is therefore put to some trouble to replace it. In the first of the following stanzas, the difficulty is due chiefly to the postponement of the verb to the second stanza:

> Not that, amassing flowers,
> Youth sighed, " Which rose make ours,
> " Which lily leave and then as best recall? "
> Not that, admiring stars,
> It yearned, " Nor Jove nor Mars;
> " Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"
>
> Not for such hopes and fears
> Annulling youth's brief years,
> Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!

In the final line there is the additional difficulty of the omission of a verb: " That would be folly wide of the mark." This brief, pregnant fashion of phrasing, this crowding of language, grew upon Shakespeare also in his later plays. *Antony and Cleopatra* is full at once of felicities and puzzles, some of them " as indistinct as water is in water."

Yet who would have it otherwise? Poetic magic escapes, in any attempt to paraphrase it. It can be stated only in its own words. As excellent critics have declared with heat, no school exercise is so futile as that of " explaining " poetry in a prose paraphrase. There is no equivalence; for no two specimens of form are equivalent. What began as poetry ends as mere pedantry. The thought and the form in which

it is couched cannot be discussed separately; they fuse in the heat of composition and, like the Liberty and Union of Webster's great speech, become one and inseparable. Some tripping meters are obviously adapted, too, to light or humorous subjects; blank verse, to serious and dignified ones. Shakespeare wrote nearly all of his humorous scenes in prose; and sometimes he mixed prose and verse in the same scene. As Professor C. T. Winchester points out in his *Principles of Literary Criticism,*[1] there is a ludicrous failure to adapt meter to theme in the following stanza of a hymn, where solemn thought is conveyed in a music-hall jingle:

> How tedious and tasteless the hours
> When Jesus no longer I see.
> Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
> Have all lost their sweetness to me.

It is a movement, says Professor Winchester, " which suggests Sir Toby's resolve to ' go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto'."

The sonorous opening of Lincoln's *Gettysburg Speech,* " Fourscore and seven years ago," is not equivalent to eighty-seven years ago! Prose hath her harmonies, no less than poetry. It is such subtleties that make up the full effect of literary expression. " Victuals " is not equivalent to " food "; " deathlessness " is not the same as " immortality "—as Lowell showed when he suggested that we try converting Wordsworth's title, *Intimations of Immortality,* into *Hints of Deathlessness.* Wordsworth, however, does not reveal so many difficulties as Browning or Shakespeare. His difficulty, to a reader of his own time, lay chiefly in the novelty of his attitude to nature, an attitude now so largely adopted by other writers as to be intelligible to the multitude. His doctrine of the Divine Immanence, the presence of God in His world, is perhaps the most important single contribution to modern theology. The quotation in which it first occurs, from *Tintern Abbey,* is so hackneyed as to need no repetition. But Wordsworth, like so many other great men, was so far in advance of his age that until 1830 (and the *Lyrical Ballads,* containing *Tintern Abbey,* were published in 1798) he achieved little popularity. Hazlitt, that penetrating and enthusiastic critic, was one of the first to discover and proclaim him to a reluctant public. The hyperbole of this state-

[1] Page 255.

ment, from one of Wordsworth's early poems, *The Tables Turned,* may well have given pause to a Philistine of 1798:

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can.

But the simplicity of expression is all that could be desired; and this simplicity is characteristic of most of Wordsworth's best work—the work of those short ten years to 1808 beyond which the flame of his genius seemed quickly to dwindle and flicker. One of the few consolations of growing old, however, is that forty and sixty always appreciate the poetry of Wordsworth more than twenty. The obvious brilliancies of Byron are almost always more engaging to youth than the grave meditativeness of him who knew the presences of the hills and the impressive unity of all nature—which he has recorded in those wonderful lines, full of Miltonic organ music and Miltonic grandeur of style:

> The immeasurable height
> Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
> The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
> And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
> Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
> The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
> The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
> Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
> As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
> And giddy prospect of the raving stream
> The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
> Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
> Were all like workings of one mind, the features
> Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
> Characters of the great Apocalypse,
> The types and symbols of Eternity,
> Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

The Simplon Pass, which gives these lines their title, was never so described before.

Wordsworth is one of the best illustrations of the principle that no great literature is intelligible until the reader asks himself these two questions: What was this author trying to do? Has he done it successfully? One can never substitute with profit the question, What ought he to have been trying to do? The reader must first give himself up as a disciple—which does not imply, however, a surrender of

all the functions of criticism. Jeffrey was ridiculous because he thought himself competent to direct Wordsworth's purposes as a poet. He failed to comprehend the nature poems because he constantly substituted his own attitude to nature for Wordsworth's. The combination of realism and romanticism, too, in Wordsworth's best work, such as *The Leech-Gatherer* (later entitled *Resolution and Independence*) puzzled the Caledonian understanding of this self-appointed Jove. Yet Shakespeare had already done something similar, on a larger scale, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The influence of nature, both through immediate experience and through memory, upon human character is another somewhat difficult element in Wordsworth. It is referred to in *Tintern Abbey* and repeated in various later poems. Doubtless this influence was much greater upon the author himself than upon even the most modern reader; but there was no reason why it should have been either misunderstood or ridiculed—no reason save the commonplaceness of ordinary human nature. The successful editor never loses sight of this commonplaceness. His chief problem is to remain conscious of it and still be an optimist.

Perhaps Wordsworth, like most great authors, often dealt with what we call the supernatural. This is a frequent and fruitful source of difficulty to the average reader. Poe dealt with it continually, and chiefly with its horrifying side. Kipling, in his later period, has shown a fondness for it: in *The Brushwood Boy, They, Wireless, The Dog Hervey, Swept and Garnished.* The last two are in his volume, *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917). But Homer, three thousand years ago, was dealing with the same material; and after him Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare and Milton. The things not dreamed of in the philosophy of the average man have always been favorite subjects for masterpieces. And, naturally, they involve difficulty. It will not do to let one's imagination become cobwebbed or mossgrown. Shelley was almost always living in the clouds; his best descriptions are of some aspect of the sky. How different from Pope, who was always to be found on the comforting levels of " sense "! The consistency with which most of the writers of his period clung to this good sense, or common sense—which is perhaps better named matter-of-fact-ness—explains much of their limpidity and their appeal to unimaginative readers. Swift, however, it must not be forgotten, exhibited a singularly

powerful and sane imagination. Wordsworth held, in his *Intimations of Immortality,* that children live nearest to the supernatural—that " Heaven lies about us in our infancy " and that the adult gradually sees this magic light change into that of common day. The supernatural on its reflective side, however, portrayed so profoundly in *Hamlet,* appeals rather to the wisdom of maturity. *The Tempest* is more fanciful, less serious; but the vision of the dissolving of the great globe itself, " like this insubstantial pageant faded," is justly one of the most celebrated quotations in literature. We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and the master will always, in defiance of possible obscurity, emphasize this mystical element in human existence. Great writers do not defer to stupidity. They will be as clear as their subjects allow them to be; but even they themselves see sometimes as in a glass darkly. It is well, says Mr. Chesterton, to half understand a poem as we half understand life. This is a wise justification of the necessary difficulties of literature of the highest order.

Good writing is a personal vision of life. Knowledge of one masterpiece helps us, to some extent, to understand others; yet each is highly individualized. The familiar maxim, " style is the man," suggests this. On the other hand, natural science aims at establishing similarities—which it promptly calls laws or hypotheses. Conformity is the soul of science; non-conformity, the soul of literature. " 'Sblood," says Hamlet, " do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? " The reader of masterpieces must do more than " govern the ventages " with fingers and thumb; he must acquire, perhaps painfully, the art of playing on the instrument of literature. Popular magazines are a kind of player-piano which require little skill from the reader; or to speak more accurately, they are in a majority of their pages literature reduced to its lowest terms, simplified for the multitude. But life itself is not simple, not wholly intelligible; and good literature, which reflects it, must be correspondingly difficult. To ask a great writer to be absolutely plain is to ask him to be as stupid as we are.

HARRY T. BAKER.

APOLLO BOREALIS

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

"DEADLY night is spread over those hapless men"—so Homer pictures the condition of the Cimmerians, who were fabled to live in a cloud-wrapt land on earth's northern border. In his words we catch the teasing echoes of unknown meetings of Vikings and Hellenes in unknown ages on unknown seas. The strange length of the Arctic day was also caught up by Greek legend, for Odysseus reported that in Laestrygonia a shepherd who was bringing his flock home at sunset might pass, with a friendly hail, a shepherd who was taking his sheep to pasture at sunrise. But it was the long Arctic night which stirred a feeling of horror in the dwellers on the bright coasts of the Mediterranean. Their sorriest image of death itself was that of a dark-sailed mission-ship, "upon whose deck Apollo treads not and the sunlight falls not."

In Alexander's time, while India's coral strand was being subdued to Hellenic uses, a dauntless Greek navigator and scientist sailed to the northernmost border of Scotland, and looked off toward an island which the natives told him was the sleeping place of the sun. As Pytheas gazed out into the northern sea, and listened to curious tales of day and night, there swam into the ken of the ancients that Ultima Thule which in succeeding centuries symbolized to geographers, poets and philosophers the "farthest north," the unattainable, the unknowable. Nearly a thousand years later, the island, ever uncharted and unidentified, was still the home of darkness. The Byzantine historian, Procopius, shudderingly describes the psychological effect upon the inhabitants: "When thirty-five days of the long night are passed, certain people are sent up to the tops of mountains, as is the custom with them, and when from thence they can see some appearance of the sun, they send word to the inhabitants below that

in five days the sun will shine upon them. And the latter assemble and celebrate, in the dark, it is true, the feast of the glad tidings. Among the people of Thule this is the greatest of their festivals. I believe that these islanders, although the same thing happens every year with them, nevertheless are in a state of fear, lest sometime the sun should be wholly lost to them."

Not only this island of the sea, but tracts of mainland, were reported to be subject to night and cold. Pliny injects into his sober book on natural history the Roman terror of the North. Along the northern boundary of Scythia—our southern Russia—was supposed to lie a range of mountains, and their bleak uplands he describes as a district of ever-falling snow, a part of the world accursed by nature and shrouded in thick darkness. "It produces nothing," he adds, "but frost, and is the chilly hiding-place of the north wind."

The North Wind—Boreas—how savagely he blazes his wild way down through the classical centuries!

> Out of the north wind grief came forth,
> And the shining of a sword out of the sea.

As sire of the white fillies of the Ægean which rear and dash against the shore, he first appears in Greek mythology. A "whirlwind-footed bridegroom," he ravished the tender princess of primeval Athens, and marred her city's charm with the cruel ways of Thrace. Lending his brutal might, for once, to the cause of right, when Hellas was at bay, he drove the Persian ships to disaster, and earned a tempered gratitude and reluctant shrine from the humane Athenians.

In plainer descriptions of the weather the north wind brought cold and misery wherever it blew. A Bœotian farmer, in a northern storm, could hear the very earth howl, and the woods, up on the slopes of Helicon, roar loud and long. The wild animals crept low to escape the drifting snow, and the oxen cowered in their stalls. The farmer shivered even in his thick underclothes and woollen coat, heavy socks and oxhide shoes. Pulling his cap down over his ears, he stamped his way from barn to kitchen. The Sicilian shepherd groaned, when Boreas chilled his flowers and killed his birds. The ten thousand Greeks in a foreign land, marching back from a futile expedition through Asia Minor to the releasing sea, met the North Wind face to face

in the snowy mountains near the upper waters of the Euphrates. It "scorched and froze them through," Xenophon reported, with sad details of suffering and death among men and beasts. His exact words—whether by memory or by chance—lately echoed from another brave journey, in a still deadlier quarter of the globe. Dr. Wilson, before starting out to die with Captain Scott, described in foreboding verse the rigors of the Antarctic,

> As it scorched and froze us through and through
> With the bite of the drifting snow.

The terror of the South Pole had not laid its grasp upon the imagination of the Mediterranean peoples, who, in the regions below their own sane and temperate clime, guessed only at the mysterious tropics. But the Arctic Circle above haunted them. From it a pall of darkness spread to civilization, a cruel wind blew upon man's spirit, frost and snow chilled the palpitating loveliness of life.

The ancient terror of the North can be detected, not only in troubled echoes of Viking stories, and direct descriptions of the hateful winter of personal experience, but in Greek and Roman dreams of happy regions, fit for gods to dwell in, or for the blessed dead, or for sated and weary toilers who had earned the right to rest. In these lovely places the north wind never burns and freezes, the snow never drifts, the light never fails. As soon as the Greek imagination lifts itself over the edge of history, we find the gods dwelling in a home that always is secure—"neither by winds is it shaken, or ever is it drenched by the showers, nor ever comes near it the snowstorm. But the aether, cloudless, is outspread above it, and bright is the gleam that runs o'er it." Near such an Olympus lay the Elysian fields, even as the traveller today, in approaching the actual mountain, finds meadows of asphodel lying, luminous, under the twilight sky. The matured Greek genius allowed to Pindar a vision of the abode of the righteous dead, from which is excluded any suggestion of darkness and of storm-winds:

> For them the night all through
> In that broad realm below,
> The splendor of the sun spreads endless light;
> Mid rosy meadows bright,
> Their city of the tombs with incense trees,
> And golden chalices

> Of flowers, and fruitage fair,
> Scenting the breezy air,
> Is laden.

But men, worn with battling the elements, forcing food out of the earth, defeating their enemies, fighting against heavy odds for each and every gain, have never been willing to believe that only by divinity or by death could ease and rest be won. So upon the map of this world have been laid the Happy Isles,

> Cradled and hung in clear tranquility.

The desire for them has been well-nigh universal. Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Irishmen and Welshmen, Icelanders, all have believed that somewhere in the sea might be found these islands, touched only by the warmer winds, given over to an eternal spring, unmarred by blight or chill, by sickness or old age, by sorrow or sin. Nor has English poetry allowed science wholly to wrest from our sobered minds a beautiful dream of

> Lands indiscoverable in the unheard of west,
> Round which the strong stream of a sacred sea
> Rolls without wind forever, and the snow
> There shows not her white wings and windy feet.

To the Greeks and Romans, who knew so little of the west, it seemed probable that happy isles might lie in that actual geographical direction. It was in western seas that Odysseus was forever meeting with those enchantments of nature and of woman which made him forget his gaunt and rock-ribbed Ithaca and the rigors of domestic fidelity. Then, as navigation enlarged its bounds, and travellers' tales increased, legendary islands of the old sagas seemed really to be described in the west beyond the daily thoroughfares. At last, in the year preceding Julius Cæsar, they emerge, with clear outlines, in a story of the Roman general Sertorius—a story which is typical of ageless human desire. Sertorius had served his country well against external foes, only to be hounded out of Rome by political enemies. Driven again from his Spanish refuge, in danger of his life, he was told by sailors of some islands called the Islands of the Blest: " Rains fall there seldom and in moderate showers, but for the most part they have gentle breezes, bringing along with them soft dews, which render the soil not only rich for ploughing and planting, but so abundantly fruitful that it produces spon-

taneously an abundance of delicate fruits, sufficient to feed the inhabitants, who may here enjoy all things without trouble or labor. The seasons of the year are temperate and the transitions from one to another so moderate that the air is always serene and pleasant. The rough northerly and southerly winds which blow from the coasts of Europe and Africa, dissipated in the vast open space, utterly lose their force before they reach the islands. The soft western and southerly winds which breathe upon them sometimes produce gentle sprinkling showers, which they carry along with them from the sea, but more usually bring days of moist bright weather, cooling and gently fertilizing the soil. When Sertorius heard this account, he was seized with a wonderful passion for these islands, and had an extreme desire to go and live there in peace and quietness and safe from oppression and unending wars."

The Happy Isles, described by sailors to this unhappy general, are interpreted by historians to be the Canaries on the coast of Africa. But dreams move on swift wings and the imagination has ever carried the home of happiness further and further on. Horace, in the days of his youthful revolt, threw it far beyond Rome and the Etruscan sea. Centuries later Bishop Berkeley applied the famous Horatian description of peace and virtue to the Bermudas, where he hoped to find, for letters and art, a blessed asylum from the decadence of Europe.

Westward the course of empire takes its way, exclaimed this dreamer. And any inhabitant of southern California will tell you—and persuade most of you—that the Happy Isles, god-driven over the face of the waters, have at last come to anchorage in the Pacific, and found their true incarnation in our Land of the Golden West. Thus, in flight from Boreas, we have sailed, even as Odysseus sailed, from sea to western sea, following the chart handed to us by the first Greek bard.

But in mad denial—welling up from unplumbed depths of being—my own vessel refuses to make port. Another course to freedom impels my sails. It is a course charted by the same Hellenes who sent me westward. It is a harsh, forbidding route, straight northward into the dread lair of the North Wind. But the quest will lead out beyond storms into peace, beyond terrors into happiness, beyond darkness into day.

The Greeks started the story of a blessed and contented race which dwelt *beyond Boreas.* It is described in a matter-of-fact way by Pliny, in connection with his wild Rhipæan mountains: "By these mountains and beyond the North Wind dwells, if we are willing to believe it, a happy people, the Hyperboreans, who have long life and are famous for many marvels which border on the fabulous." Modern philologists would have us believe that a mere false derivation brought these people into being. But nursed by the myth-makers and poets, their life has persisted. The Hyperboreans have been even more real than the Hesperides. The vigor of a belief in their existence is proved by the fact that on the geographical maps of the twelfth century of our era they occupy, with sturdy realism, the most northern regions of the earth.

By an amazing paradox, the early stories of these northerners make them ministers, in a special sense, of the God of Light. Apollo pierced the world's darkness in the Greek sky, in the Greek intellect, in the Greek charm. And yet this personified Radiance loved the Hyperboreans. He who never set foot on Charon's boat often crossed the ferry of the North. Happy in his favor, this hyperboreal people bound " golden bay leaves in their hair, and made them merry cheer."

Is it not possible that, today, the descendants of these bay-crowned victors are to be found among those who make themselves at home in harsh and stormy dwelling-places? At least in one quality these people resemble the Hyperboreans of old. For the North they cherish a passion which places them beyond the North Wind, in a contentment as sweet, a happiness as beautiful as ever existed in the Happy Isles. The poetry of our own northern tongue reflects this passion again and again. One English poet even puts it into the mouth of Odysseus, as he spurns a western island of pleasaunce:

> This odorous, amorous isle of violets,
> That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
> With brooding music over moontide moss,
> And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee—
> Then stars like opening eyes on closing flowers—
> Palls on my heart. Ah, God! that I might see
> Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,
> Yon lashed and streaming rock and sobbing crag,
> The screaming gull and the wild-flying cloud.

For the northern heart there has always been, in some homesick hour, a farther north. From the gaudy melon-flowers and the nightingales of Italy the Englishman turns back to his vernal buttercups and thrushes—

> O to be in England
> Now that April's there!

The Scot, hearing the April breezes of England, longs for his ruder winds—

> Soughing through the fir-tops up on northern fells.

From Scotland men have sailed to Thule. From Thule they have been driven on, by an inward urge, into the centre of those strange regions which Pytheas was told could be traversed neither by foot nor sail. Legend and poetry and history have marked their brave and impassioned course, through many centuries, until, at the North Pole, a son of the North fulfilled all northern dreams, and planted amid snow and ice the flag of a nation whose earliest traditions include a stern and rockbound northern coast.

In this flag the star which is Peary's is also my own. The bit of cosmic dust that I know as myself was blown into Maine by the North Wind on a January night. The North, then, is my *querencia.* On our great western ranches, it is found that grazing animals, when spring stirs the blood, will kick up their heels and make for their *querencia,* or birth-place. A lame old mule will accomplish in one day of ardent return a distance which consumes three days, when he is haled away again with prod and halter. His owner has known where to seek him, for, against just such occurrences, each animal's nostalgia is listed in the records of the ranch. If I ever disappear from my paddock, I must be sought on the trail of the north star.

When, like Sertorius and yourself, I wish to escape from life's oppressions and unending wars, I turn to no dream of western islands, whose flowers and fruits glow with color in the persistent sunshine. Rather would I see the polar sun shine on glittering fields of snow, or know the "gray and shadowless light" of cloudy polar days, and the starlight, "cold and spectral," of the Arctic night. Indeed, my desire toward the North is so strong that I have always been more interested in its night and day than in the same grim phe-

nomena of the Antarctic Circle. Of this I was half ashamed, viewing it as a bit of sentimental unreality, until I read of the mood in which Amundsen discovered the southern pole. The quite prosaic words of the Norwegian Hercules, on the accomplishment of his labor in the South, constitute an extraordinary tribute to the hold upon him of the North: "The goal was reached, the journey ended. I cannot say—though I know it would sound much more effective—that the object of my life was attained. That would be romancing rather too barefacedly. I had better be honest and admit straight out that I have never known any man to be placed in such a diametrically opposite position to the goal of his desires as I was at that moment. The regions around the North Pole—well, yes, the North Pole itself—had attracted me from childhood, and here I was at the South Pole. Can anything more topsy-turvy be imagined?" Thus at the very height of achievement abroad the northerner's *querencia* draws him back.

Now, a lover of the North—a Hyperborean—finds in his blessed region the Beauty which the Mediterranean imagination denied to Thule and the Rhipæan mountains and the cloud-wrapt city of the Cimmerians. No poetry is richer in descriptions of nature's sheer physical loveliness than that written in our language about those four dramatic seasons of the year of which three are excluded from the Happy Isles of the West. How could it be otherwise, when our spring leaps like a flushed, awakening child from the lap of winter, our summer blooms with the beauty and the brevity of the rose, our autumn flames with colors of the Orient, and our winter strips all disguises from the lovely forms of trees, lays its red sheen upon the twilight horizons, and covers the shame of the barren earth with the excuse of the virgin snow?

This beauty for the eye grows only more amazing as we push northward. Strange and eerie seemed to Pytheas the tales of the confusion of day and night in the indiscoverable regions beyond the Scottish coast. But this is the way such a Laestrygonian land looked last July to a young Hyperborean, from the deck of an ocean steamer, which, en route for Scandinavia, had ploughed its way up from Scotland to the Faroë islands: "It was still light enough to read on deck at eleven, and then, as we walked up and down the deck, watching the islands, we suddenly realized that it was growing lighter instead of darker, and that the sunset glow

in the north was turning into dawn. Between eleven and twelve o'clock it was just twilight enough so that one star shone overhead, very dimly; in the north was the sunset, turning to dawn, in the south the full moon, and, just ahead, the islands. There are cliffs on them, sheer cliffs that drop seventeen hundred feet into the sea, and blue peaks behind, rising up two thousand feet, with patches of snow on them. Then, all day and all night, we had seagulls flying round us, and, as it began to grow brighter, their white bodies would catch the light like a flash of sun between their black wings. The sea was perfectly flat, even the wind died down, till, finally, just before sunrise, the sea was like a mirror with only the waves of our own wake and a ripple here and there from a pull of wind, or broken in spreading triangles, when a family of ducks would spin along the surface in Indian file, and then dive one after the other. And all the while it grew brighter, and we came nearer to the islands, and their great cliffs and jagged peaks stood out more wonderfully. The north grew like a rosy furnace, with little curly clouds all molten gold, and the south was long ribbons of pink above the islands—and the pale full moon and the flying gulls—and the Eastern rim of the ocean was like the white lip of a plate, and you thought of the Water Babies. Suddenly there was a shout of *skoal* from the Norwegians, and you saw a liquid green flame lift itself over the horizon like a great aqua marine that turned to fiery red as you looked at it. Then the hills caught the light, and the grass became green, and you picked out a tiny white town, and the surf breaking at the foot of the cliffs, and one long white thread that quivered and became a water-fall."

Northward—ever northward—beauty persists beyond all the white towns inhabited by men. The darkness of the long Arctic night seemed horrible to navigators of southern seas. But Hyperboreans know that Apollo's substitute—the *aurora borealis*—may dim the brightest moon that ever inlaid with fairy silver the golden sunlight of a western isle. Beyond the reach of any but the most enduring—so we are told by the intrepid few—exists a night illumined by glowing fire-masses, by rays sparkling with the red and violet and green of the rainbow, by a phantasmagoria of living color surpassing anything that man can dream.

The Hyperborean does not deny the curse of Nature. Darkness and cold and desolation seem as real to him as to

any other mortal. He has moments of intense craving to escape, as when Nansen felt that for a safe return he would willingly offer up the chance of victory. But in the long run the Hyperborean is more likely to leave his body a victim of the North's worst cruelties, than to consummate any such sacrifice of his soul. The very night, even if unillumined, appeals to forces buried deep within his own nature. His eye may be offended, but his spirit is satisfied. There is a mystery here, in which only initiates can be partakers. The throng which seeks the southern sun and western breeze has no understanding of a man who is happy in "wresting from the realm of darkness," and mapping out on his chart, a land that is barren and stony, foggy and ice-bound, the long year through. But the initiates of the North know why Amundsen, in opening up the wild Northwest Passage, garnered from the infinite wastes "new conceptions of greatness, beauty and goodness."

The path to this kind of satisfaction lies straight through the chilly hiding places of the North Wind. Not by fleeing westward, but by pushing northward, can be secured the contentment of the Hyperboreans. Knowing night at its worst, they attain to veritable faith in the day. Nansen lay for months in a cave hollowed in the snow, with only one companion, with no books, no occupations, no sunlight, while above him a glacier writhed horribly, like a giant in torment, and sent out groans which alone tore the terrible northern stillness. And yet his mind, by conquering this monstrous darkness, remained sane, and ready to greet the light. "Outside," so his journal runs, "it is growing gradually lighter day by day; the sky above the glacier in the south grows redder, until at last one day the sun will rise above the crest." Here is no fear, such as timorous strangers have imagined us to feel, that this time the sun is lost to us forever.

Of all his worshippers Apollo took especial joy in the Hyperboreans. Among them, as in some bright and gallant Elysium, he promised to place the souls of hard-tried mortals. Their life he made so fair that "Hyperborean fortune" became proverbial. According to their faith in his reappearance after the night, and their vitality in awaiting him, he rewarded them with the gifts of his spirit. Hence, in all ages, beyond darkness has been found the ministry of Light.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

A FABLE FOR LOVERS [1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Of course the first thing you will ask when you find yourself once again in the Woodcutter's cottage, with the Blue Bird singing in his silver cage on the wall, is: "What has become of Mytyl?" Well, you may as well know it at once: You are not to see much of Mytyl this time (although she does appear at the very end), for this is Tyltyl's hour, and a very crowded hour it is—he has not been long in view before he is surrounded, and thenceforth constantly environed, by no less than seven sweethearts. Amazingly constant are these sweethearts of Tyltyl — and amazingly amicable toward one another, when you consider that they are all very much attached to Tyltyl, and that each of the seven is aware of the love-lorn state of the other six. It seems impossible, until the Fairy Bérylune explains it all quite simply and acceptably: it is because Tyltyl is wearing the Magic Sapphire in his green hat, and that enables him to see deep down into their souls, the truth of their hearts and the well-spring of their lives; and, of course, Truth being Beauty (as Tyltyl's creator learned from a certain predecessor) he sees them with innocence, gladness, and lovely amiability radiating from each adoring presence. A marvellous sapphire, indeed!—as Tyltyl realized when he lost the miraculous green hat and came upon the Sweethearts screaming and fighting and tearing one another's hair and scratching one another's faces: for then he saw them, as the Fairy Bérylune explained, as they were *not*: "It's all so wonderfully simple: anything that's ugly isn't true, never has been true—and never will be. . . . When you see what you do see, you

[1] *The Betrothal*, by Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1918.

see nothing at all. I've told you before, it's what you do not see that makes the world go round." From which you will know that Tyltyl's creator is up to his old tricks again, and is still trying to persuade us, as he tried long ago, that "if at this moment you think or say something that is too beautiful to be true in you . . . on the morrow it will be true."

But, as we were saying, it was to be a crowded hour for Tyltyl, and we must get back to our recording of it.

Seven years have passed since Tyltyl said to us across the footlights that if any of us should find the Blue Bird, we were please to give it back, as they should "need it for their happiness." Evidently Tyltyl, or the Fairy Bérylune, or some one, did find it, for here it is, as we remarked, singing in its cage on the wall; and Tyltyl is sixteen; and sound asleep in his bed.

"And what in the living world can happen to a man that is asleep on his bed? Work must go on and coach-building must go on, and they will not go on the time there is too much attention given to dreams. A dream is a sort of shadow, no profit in it to anyone at all." It is the voice of the eternal materialist, as dramatized by a Celtic blood-brother of Tyltyl's creator; and the answer might have been spoken by Light, or the Fairy Bérylune, or Tyltyl himself later on: "There are some would answer you that it is to those who are awake that nothing happens, and it is they who know nothing. He that is asleep on his bed is gone where all have gone for supreme truth." Tyltyl, asleep on his bed, is engaged upon precisely that quest.

When we see him first, he is not the only one who appears to be asleep: a dog and a cat are asleep near the fireplace—but that, we regret to say, is all we see of them. As for our old friends Milk, and Sugar, and Bread, they are nowhere in evidence. Ah, well, one cannot ask too much of the past, and it is not difficult to content ourselves with Tyltyl, and the Fairy Bérylune, and Light the benign and lovely and wise, and Granny Tyl and Gaffer Tyl, and Mummy and Daddy Tyl—these come to us again out of the remembered years.

But, more important still, there are new friends, singular and delectable and exciting. There are, first of all, the Seven Sweethearts of Tyltyl—Milette the Woodcutter's Daughter, and Belline the Butcher's Daughter, and Roselle the Inn-

keeper's Daughter, and Aimette the Miller's Daughter, and Jalline the Beggar's Daughter, and Rosarelle the Mayor's Daughter—the only one, by the way, who is rich and haughty, though she fared no better in the end for being that, as you will see; and finally, there is the Veiled Girl, who never speaks or laughs, and whom Tyltyl is unable to recognize—she whose features, said the Great Ancestor, were like those of an unfinished statue. As for the Great Ancestor himself, he is probably the most rewarding of our new friends in the Country of the Blue Bird. Although, to be sure, he was not much of a help to Tyltyl in his momentous quest.

What was that quest? one may begin to ask. Why, it was nothing less than the quest for his predestined bride. It may seem at first blush as if Tyltyl, who is not yet sixteen, is a little young to concern himself about so consequential a matter; but what would be the use of living in the Country of the Blue Bird if one couldn't fall in love and marry as early as one chose? The Country of the Blue Bird is not the draconian State of New York, where it is useless for you to seek a bride until you are twenty-one, unless you can show your parents' written consent to the License Clerk. But inasmuch as Tyltyl did not live in the Empire State, it was quite proper for the Fairy Bérylune to urge him forth upon a quest for his mate. This time, she tells him impressively, they are not concerned with the souls of Bread, Sugar, and other simple and unimportant things: they are to choose the great and only love of Tyltyl's life. For each man has only one, and if he misses it, he wanders miserably over the face of the earth; the search goes on till he dies, with the great duty unfulfilled which he owes to all those who are within him. But he seldom has an idea of this. He walks along, his eyes shut; seizes some woman whom he chances to meet in the dark, and shows her to his friends as proudly as though the gates of Paradise were opening. He fancies himself alone in the world and imagines that in his own heart all things begin and end. Which is absurd, of course. So tonight they must put their heads together and prepare for the Great Choice, which is to decide the happiness of two human beings first and of many others after that.

It is then that the bewildered Tyltyl discovers that it is not he who will choose—that it doesn't concern him at

all—that he can't love whom he wants to. Nobody loves whom he wants to or does what he wants to in this world He must first learn what is wanted by those on whom he depends—his ancestors, to begin with, and then all his children—the thousands who aren't born yet and who are waiting for the mother whom he is going to give them. It is they who will choose his bride.

So they set forth upon the Great Journey, Tyltyl and the Fairy Bérylune and the enamoured Seven—who have begun sadly to realize that in Tyltyl's case there is no use, since he is not a Mohammedan, in hoping to apply the indulgent rule of the Koran: "Take one wife, or two or three or four, but never more." They are joined by a strange and awful personage, a colossal granite Shape, twice the height of a man, shrouded in gray rock-like draperies. "It's nobody, it's Destiny," says the Fairy Bérylune; "I had forgotten him. He will have to come with us." So, with Tyltyl's hand gripped in the huge, bronze-colored, vise-like fist of Destiny, they pass out through the wall, which opens accommodatingly down to the ground, led, of course, by Destiny; for is he not, as he says, "Insuperable, Invulnerable, Immutable, Inexorable, Irresistible, Inflexible, and Irrevocable"?

The expenses of the trip will be heavy; so Tyltyl secures gold from the Miser (who, under the compulsion of Tyltyl's sapphire, is transformed into a figure of gracious benevolence); they are joined by Light, and, after duly adventuring through perils and allurements, in palaces and dens of terror, they reach the Abode of the Ancestors. Here are all of Tyltyl's ancestors since the world began: one who was a grocer at Versailles in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth; a beggar from the twelfth century; men of the Stone Age; Romans, savages, courtiers, knights, freebooters and knaves —chiefly, the Great Ancestor, who looks like a Cave-man with his garb of skins and his big stick. He, with the Great Peasant and the Great Mendicant, are to choose from among the devoted Seven the woman whom Tyltyl is to love and marry.

It is hardly strange that Tyltyl should resent this interference, and should feel a little as the rustic felt when offered ox-tail soup—that this was "going pretty far back for soup." "I and the others," explains the Great Ancestor, "are all you. You are we, we are you; and it's all the same thing.

. . . Those who have lived in you, live in you just as much as those who are going to." So the love-lorn Seven all file in front of the ancient court; but alas, though it is very sad, the hands of the Ancestors are tied: they do not see among six of the Seven the predestined one for whom they are waiting. The veiled figure of the Phantom Girl in white, she of the featureless, enigmatic face, causes them hope and perturbation. Yet if she be the One, Tyltyl *must* remember who she is: if he does not succeed in recognizing her, all his happiness on earth will be nothing more than a phantom like herself. But there is one last resource, one last hope, which is that the children who are to be born of Tyltyl may discover who she is and that she is to be their mother; for they see much farther and deeper than even the Ancestors do.

So, beyond the Milky Way, near to the stars, Tyltyl and his attendants come to the region in which his unborn children are waiting to show him the mother whom they have chosen. It is a little like the Kingdom of the Future in the Country of the Blue Bird—a place of vast, dim spaces, with infinite perspectives, lofty vaults, and towering translucent columns, drenched in a soft azure radiance, while the roof is a vault of myriad unknown stars. But, as Light explains, the Kingdom of the Future was the *whole* Kingdom, " with everybody's children; here it is only a province, in which are no children but yours."

So Tyltyl awaits the verdict of his children; and it scarcely surprises you that when they come trooping in, ravishing in their cerulean nighties and their bobbed curls, they pass by Rosarelle and Jalline and Belline and Milette and Aimette and Roselle, and, led by The Smallest of Them All, go straight to the voiceless, featureless White Phantom, whom they greet rapturously with kisses and caresses; whereupon the eyes of the White Phantom open, her lips flutter, her arms become supple and circle round their necks. " It is she. . . . I found her," The Smallest of Them All announces to Tyltyl. But Tyltyl cannot yet remember her. They warn him that this is hurting her dreadfully, and her color pales and her eyes shut, and the hall darkens and dissolves, and the children and their mother vanish with it, and Tyltyl is left dreaming of her beauty, and wondering who the Predestined One may be—you hope that he is not thinking a little resentfully of M. Maeterlinck's confident

assurance, once upon a time, to all lovers: " When Fate sends forth the woman it has chosen for us . . . and she awaits us at the crossing of the road we have to traverse when the hour comes, we are warned at the first glance." You cannot blame Tyltyl for wondering why *he* was not warned.

Later, of course, he does remember. He wakes up to find himself in his bed (oddly enough, with his clothes on). The Blue Bird is singing madly in his cage, and Mummy Tyl is lighting a fire, preparing for a visit from Neighbor Berlingot and her daughter Joy, she to whom Tyltyl once gave the Blue Bird. And when they arrive, and Joy is seen to be tall and beautiful and tender-eyed, it needs no one to explain to Tyltyl that Joy and the anonymous Veiled Phantom are one and the same, and that Tyltyl has at last found the true lady of his heart.

As for Destiny, he has shrunk most pitifully from scene to scene and is now merely a small complaining baby, whom Jalline and Milette take turns carrying about in their arms, and who finally goes whiningly to sleep in Milette's cape. " Poor little Destiny! " says Light, " he has no luck."

If there be puzzled observers who complain that M. Maeterlinck, at the same time that he shows us Love and the heart's elected as foreordained and inevitable, also shows us the Fate who builds our destinies as a futile, puling creature of no account, he might, if he chose, comfort himself by repeating the words of the Arabian sage, Kahlil Gibran: " Those who understand us enslave something in us." Or, if he cared to take the trouble, he might remind his critics that, if they cannot perceive the truth which lies so close to the surface of his lovely fable, they can find it soberly set forth in that earlier sheaf of noble meditations, *Wisdom and Destiny,* where he tells us that while " it is true that some kind of predestination governs every circumstance of life, it appears to be no less true that such predestination exists in our character only; and to modify character must surely be easy to the man of unfettered will, for is it not constantly changing in the lives of the vast bulk of men? . . . It is our most secret desire that governs and dominates all. If your eyes look for nothing but evil, you will always see evil triumphant; but if you have learned to let your glance rest on sincerity, simpleness, truth, you will ever discover, deep down in all

things, the silent overpowering victory of that which you love."

The truth is, of course, that M. Maeterlinck, like all mystical poets, throws out his creations to be " apprehended, not dissected," as Mr. Meredith once remarked of a creation of his own. If he is to be dissected at all, it must be by the elect; so we shall make no further attempts in that direction. But it is open to the dullest to find in this exquisite fantasy treasures of loveliness and humor to be laid by in the memory, especially as they are pointed and enriched in the well-nigh perfect projection of the play by Mr. Winthrop Ames at the Shubert Theatre—wherein, from the acting of the admirable company of players, to the sensitive and reinforcing incidental music of Mr. Eric Delamater and the enchanting *mise-en-scène,* one finds a conspiracy of skill and eloquence directed to the exalting of a great poet and the telling of a most memorable dream.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE BIOLOGY OF WAR. By G. F. Nicolai, formerly professor of physiology in the University of Berlin. New York: The Century Company.

In Germany, it would seem, the pacifist-militarist debate has never been carried to the point of obviousness and satiety which was soon reached in most other countries; for in Germany the militarists have had things all their own way, and the militaristic philosophy has been official. It is not surprising, then, that a German scientist, opposing the official and well-nigh universal view, should write somewhat elaborately, somewhat lengthily, somewhat wordily, on themes that now seem to most Americans susceptible of a somewhat concise and clear-cut treatment. Dr. Nicolai, in writing *The Biology of War,* had to deal with fallacies that were taken by most of his countrymen for self-evident axioms; moreover, he had to penetrate the German mind, which is not easily to be reached by direct methods and is somewhat dense to simple truths.

It is to be remembered, too, that Dr. Nicolai is not, like the author *J'Accuse,* a sort of Junius, but merely a conscientious man of science, who would fain have been simply scientific and objective, would the authorities but have taken his views in that sense! The authorities would not. Dr. Nicolai's book was written in the fortress of Graudenz, in which the author was imprisoned because of his anti-militaristic opinions. The manuscript was conveyed to Switzerland, where it was published by the firm of Orell Füssli of Zurich.

Dr. Nicolai, however, in his prison wrote less bitterly to the German people, and of them, than did the author of *J'Accuse* or than Wilhelm Mühlon, formerly of Krupps, both of whom wrote in freedom. He even shows a desire, almost pathetic in its suppressed patriotism, to conciliate popular opinion and to discover some partial justification for the official view. There might conceivably be some justification, he thinks, for a war—of extermination! Yet in no way does Dr. Nicolai compromise with his conscience. Ordinary wars—wars of conquest, wars of nations—he consistently holds have no sound biological reason, and hence no ethical defense.

A slashing satirist, like the author of *J'Accuse,* would not have missed the opportunity to point out that if any war of extermination might justifiably be waged, the German people would be the fittest object of such a war. But sarcasm of this sort is far from the thoughts of Dr. Nicolai. He seems quite serious in his contention that Europe may sometime have to depopulate Asia, though he by no means regards

such a contingency with pleasure and is happy to discover, as he thinks, a more excellent way.

First and last, Dr. Nicolai is a scientist who finds his morals in his science—not a writer inspired by moral passion, who finds his weapons in science and in politics.

Dr. Nicolai, then, labors, with the patience and the simplicity of a scientist—with all the scientist's faith in detailed demonstration—to correct views which in America no considerable number of persons have ever professed, except, as it were, accidentally, in the heat of the Preparedness agitation. His point of view is that of a biologist in the broader sense.

A biologist in the broader, or for that matter in the narrower, sense may have the merit of strict impartiality in dealing with questions of human conduct; but he may also suffer from a certain limitation. It may be remarked that books about the biology of things which lack flesh and blood are sometimes difficult to distinguish from books altogether unscientific. Like works written by laymen, they may, and too often do, treat somewhat fragmentarily and unsatisfactorily of several different sciences, and also of philosophy. And so Dr. Nicolai, not being professionally a political economist, or by training a philosopher, seems somewhat too sure of his biologico-economic deductions, and not quite sure enough of his philosophical thesis.

As to economics, Dr. Nicolai has no hesitation in denying that national well-being increases with increased power of consumption; for, to be sure, " national well-being does not become greater because all manner of superfluous trash, such as oleographs and shell-covered boxes, is palmed off upon the working classes." Property, the author continues, has *engendered* theft and war. Property appears, indeed, to be almost an unmixed evil, though it may be admitted that it has a certain virtue as an incentive " for feeble souls who will not exert themselves save in the hope of becoming possessed of some tangible object." If Dr. Nicolai is not blind to the fact that the " economic motive " is the great fly-wheel of society, he surely means that some other steadying device shall be substituted for it—perhaps government ownership of the means of production and government direction of labor. Just here, one has occasion to remember that the only protest—such as it was!—against autocracy in Germany has come from the Socialists, and that the domestic policy of the German Empire has accustomed all Germans to think of state socialism as a perfectly proper and reasonable policy.

If a socialist bent is discernible in some of Dr. Nicolai's rather extreme views on economics, a somewhat uncritical faith in the possibilities of science is noticeable in others. Science, the author gives us to understand, will solve all economic problems, and open the way for the indefinite expansion of mankind. If men do not learn to live in some sort of Bird-Cloudland, they will at least make the earth support vastly increased numbers of men. Synthetic foods—— But Germany, one may imagine, will not warm to the idea of synthetic foods for the future. Rats, said one German citizen, might not be so bad —what he dreaded was the introduction of " synthetic rat "!

As to philosophy, Dr. Nicolai reveals a somewhat Positivistic frame of mind—a disposition to keep philosophy and morals within

the bounds that biology can mark out. And yet he has outlined a conception of religion and of morality that is noble and essentially clear.

The road by which the author arrives at this conception is well trodden. Better observers, more competent topographers, have passed over it before him.

War, says Dr. Nicolai, is not a primitive instinct. On the contrary men, like animals, are by nature rather peaceful than warlike. The source of war is property—or, more specifically, slavery (property in human beings), and, later, exploitation. "Whether war really does make exploitation possible is a question. At any rate, this is the object of war, and therefore, if slavery were really abolished, there would be no longer any object in war; and as a matter of fact, *there is no object in it in so far as slavery has been abolished. . . . Every one who defends war under any conditions whatever ought to know that in doing so he is advocating slavery.*" There is no possibility, then, of a war arising out of disinterested differences of opinion—out of religious differences perhaps? However this may be, war is a passing phase in the development of civilization. It made its appearance with the acquisition of property; for a time it had an economic justification; but it soon became, as it is now, retrograde.

An *exclusively* war-like culture, if such a thing were possible, would result in biological deterioration. Men who were adapted through ages to constant warfare would lose many valuable traits. For example, they would probably lose their sense of smell—a worse than useless function to those who have to endure the stench of corpses. They would not become courageous—quite the contrary. War, as an ordeal endured for a high motive, does indeed call forth courage, though it cannot create it. But war as a way of life tends strongly to emphasize "the better part of valor." Even as things are, we see that war does not select the bravest for survival; it kills off selectively the brave and the physically fit, or destroys fit and unfit indifferently.

Perhaps the shrewdest and most original paragraph that Dr. Nicolai has written is that wherein he correlates with certain other human phenomena the narrow and embittered nationalism that has been at the root of so many useless wars.

That we are all members of one body, that we are all parts of the same being, that consequently we cannot hurt one another without hurting ourselves and damaging what is of most value in ourselves—it is in this faith essentially that the world must unite; it is this faith that many are now groping for. Whoever will convince of this truth those who do not already hold it on religious grounds, and so convince them that they will not become pacifists or sentimentalists or vegetarians, will do a great thing.

Dr. Nicolai in part accomplishes this great task. In part he succeeds in connecting the aspirations of men to-day with biological truth. The idea of internationalism is no new thing; the idea of the immortality of the germ-plasm is no new thing—Samuel Butler, for one, worked out its consequences in philosophy long ago, and it is Butler, not Nicolai, who is the discoverer of a biological God. But the conjunction of these two ideas is novel and opportune, and it may prove to be the starting point of a new force.

There seems to be, indeed, a kind of Positivist perversity in speak-

ing of the human germ-plasm as if it were identical with the soul, and in confining all religion to purely human phenomena—as if God had nothing to do with the law of gravitation! But if Dr. Nicolai is too much of a specialist to be a complete philosopher, he is a man sufficiently large-minded and large-hearted to make his learning flow in broader and deeper channels than those of a special science.

THE CRADLE OF THE WAR. By H. Charles Woods, F.R.G.S. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

To Americans, if not to most Europeans, the Balkan question, so far as it has entered consciousness at all, has seemed a mysterious muddle—and with reason. How is one to see through a situation depending upon narrow national aims, romantic national aspirations, and bitter national jealousies—a question further complicated by doubtful racial considerations, and by intrigues, interferences, and hopelessly false "settlements" on the part of the great Powers. Turkey, an anachronism; Albania, a picturesque accident; Greece, a contradiction; Serbia, Roumania, Bulgaria, all nations stirred by that urge to a wider nationality which created the great states of the world—a medieval situation bottled up in a corner of modern Europe—what could be harder to understand—or more dangerous?

The Balkan peninsula was the cradle of the war; for though it did not produce the cause for the great conflict, it did supply the occasion. It was, and had been for a century before 1914, a hot-bed of potential wars. And, so far as one can see, it may easily continue to be just that.

The Balkan question, then, is of great importance, and now that America has become, in the true sense of the expression, a world Power it is for Americans to inform themselves about this problem.

In trying to inform oneself concerning the Balkan situation the beginning of wisdom lies, however, in realizing that in all probability no perfect solution of the problem exists. Ready-made formulas are of no use in dealing with so tangled a web of conditions. Either a good many of the old conditions must be swept quite away, or there must be a just and wise adjustment of conflicting interests.

Under these circumstances what one needs is facts rather than theories—not such facts as one can readily dig out of the encyclopedias and the history books, but the really significant facts known to few and understood by fewer. Facts of this sort, cautiously stated, carefully reasoned, are just what Mr. H. Charles Woods has given us in his latest book about the Balkans. In Mr. Woods's book there is a notable absence of political theorizing. The author speaks from a point of view at once geographical and political—in short from a scientific point of view. His, moreover, is the book of a man determined to understand all that can be understood about a complex and obscure matter. He has gathered his information very largely on the spot, and he has weighed and sifted his material in such a way as not so much to display new and attractive political patterns as to reveal glaringly the real difficulties of the situation as it existed prior to the world war.

After the Balkan wars, Serbia had gained enormously in territory and in prestige; and yet a mysterious gloom pervaded the whole country. Serbia had not obtained what she really wanted and needed, a port upon the Adriatic. But on the other hand, Austria-Hungary, the traditional enemy, quite as much as is Turkey, of Serbian aspirations, was almost as thoroughly discontented by the peace settlement. She had, indeed, prevented Serbia from getting an outlet upon the Adriatic, and she had "created" Albania, but she had not succeeded in preventing the establishment of a common frontier between Serbia and Montenegro—a common frontier sure to improve the relations between the two latter countries and to enhance Serbian prestige. Of course, the root of the matter lay in the old anomaly of the dual empire and in the intense national longings of the Serbs both in Serbia itself and in Austria-Hungary. No more paradoxical political situation, it would seem, has ever been brought to pass than that which placed a large population of Serbs and their kindred under Austrian control while it permitted the growth of a strong Serb state just to the south of Austria-Hungary.

For the Bulgarians the great war was not so much a world war as a third Balkan war. Their point of view was not admirable, yet in a cool retrospect it seems inevitable. "It is *impossible* but that offences should come!" Certain it was that the Bulgars "would not throw in their lot with any side or countries which did not promise to give them a large section of Southern Macedonia and also as a second consideration to restore to them a section of the Dobrudja and at least part of Turkish Thrace. In other words, the bitter antagonism felt by Bulgaria towards Serbia, Greece, and Roumania outweighed the traditional hostility towards Turkey and weakened the friendship with Russia." Turkey, moreover, had a strong hold upon Bulgaria's lines of communication with the sea. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that Allied diplomacy in the Balkans encountered difficulties. Behind England and France, Bulgaria saw the menace of Russia. And, besides, the Entente Allies were obliged, instead of negotiating for concessions, as Germany did, with one party—and that party, Turkey—to deal with Serbia, Greece, and Roumania—nations which would have been superlatively wise and self-denying if they had been willing to grant all that was asked of them.

Roumania hesitated long before plunging into the war on the right side; but decision of character was for Roumania, as she well knew, a rather expensive virtue. Because of her position that nation obviously could not afford to take sides either with Russia or with Austria-Hungary unless she were assured of the strongest support. But there was another aspect of the problem. She was open to attack from her southern neighbors—an attack all too likely to occur when occasion offered, in view of the events of 1913.

Greece, least glorious of the Balkan nations in the war, offers a wonderful study in the irony of political circumstances. It would be a diverting study to any person of sufficiently Olympic mind to smile over such things. In sum, one cannot discover that the majority of Greeks desired to enter the war upon either side; and one must admit that in this they were as reasonable as are the Dutch. It must be conceded that the King, though perhaps insincerely neutral,

had some reason on his side in not wishing to expose his country to attack from Bulgaria. It is clear that the majority of the Greeks were supporters of Venizelos, but that they were so because Venizelos favored the Allies does not appear. It cannot be said that the Allies, in taking the measures they did in Greece were supported by Greek popular sentiment or that their action can be justified by any form of purely nationalistic reasoning. In the larger view it is not apparent they would have been justified in taking any other course.

In a way, Greece, the would-be neutral, epitomizes the whole situation in the warlike Balkans. A certain medieval or ancient temper of mind, a certain narrowness of political view, seems to prevail. The larger world-view has been absent—just as it was in Russia after the revolution. Left to itself, one conjectures, the Balkan peoples would have worked out their political destinies on much the same principles as did the ancient Greeks. A succession of supremacies would have been the result, until some Philip of Macedon intervened. Bottled up and interfered with, the people of the Balkans were worse off than they would have been under ancient conditions. This much is clear: the disposition of great Powers to oppress and to encroach must be stamped out, and the parochialism of Balkan politics must be replaced by broader views. No "political" solution exists; the solution of the Balkan problem must be a moral solution. Let us hope that there is a spirit abroad capable of altering men's minds in both these ways.

Ancient Greece confronted the Persian Empire as the Balkan states confront the Ottoman Empire. In Turkey Tissaphernes and his fellow satraps still practise their treacheries—though under German direction. Into the obscure welter of Turkish politics Mr. Woods takes us as far as it is possible or perhaps profitable to go. The springs of Turkish intrigue are apparently not altogether discoverable to Europeans. That the key-note of Turkish policy has always been a longing to massacre foreigners is an opinion not wholly unjustifiable. But from a semi-internal point of view one can see the importance of Turkey's gradually improving relations with Bulgaria, and of the augmentation of German influence of Constantinople, and one can understand the futility of the negotiations between Europe and the Ottoman Government with reference to reforms for Armenia. Mr. Woods makes many matters clear in regard to Turkish policy and the diplomacy that shaped or attempted to shape that policy. What stands out most clearly is that Turkey has been to the Balkans not only a menace in the military sense but a moral evil.

Ancient Greece had its "problems" centering about small and seemingly unimportant territories or national groups. But ancient Greece never evolved anything quite so irrational as the Albanian problem. That a small territory should contain so many contradictions is almost beyond belief. Upon the miniature but important Albanian question Mr. Woods throws a much-needed light—a light both geographical and political.

Besides discussing with great thoroughness the political conditions of all the Balkan nations and the part played by each in the war, Mr. Woods discusses in separate chapters and with highly specialized knowledge the military highways of the Balkans, the Dardanelles

campaign, the operations near Salonika, the Bagdad Railroad, and the whole Mittel-Europa scheme. More than once he succeeds in showing the real reasons of things; many times he warns effectually against hasty judgments.

Mr. Woods has written a book of prime importance, a book that repays and rewards study. Its balanced and guarded conclusions will be found, on reflection, to be more illuminating by far than the quickly assimilated ideas of political essay-writers. Its facts are first-hand facts, and they are invaluable.

FROM ISOLATION TO LEADERSHIP. By John Holladay Latané, professor of American History in the Johns Hopkins University. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

In regard to the American policy of isolation there has been much misapprehension among Americans. It was against "permanent," not "entangling alliances" that Washington warned his countrymen and he did not discountenance temporary alliances to meet special needs. The policy of isolation he regarded, moreover, as itself a temporary expedient. Jefferson, who was the originator of the "entangling alliances" phrase, was on two separate occasions ready to make an alliance with England.

Indeed, it is probable, according to the view of Professor Latané, that neither Washington nor Jefferson "contemplated the possibility of the United States' shirking its responsibility as a member of the family of nations."

Part of the misapprehension regarding this matter has been due to a not unnatural confusion of the policy of isolation with the Monroe Doctrine. Since the latter policy implied a promise that we would keep our fingers out of the European pie, one might readily assume that we were debarred by it from taking any real part in world affairs; but to refrain from interference or aggression, is not the same thing as declining to do one's duty. As Professor Latané says, "there is neither logic nor justice in basing our right to uphold law and freedom in this hemisphere on our promise not to interfere with the violation of law and humanity in Europe."

Moreover, it is an error to suppose that the Monroe Doctrine has depended for its actual effect upon our policy of isolation. It has depended, in fact, upon the European balance of power. It was the approach of the Schleswig-Holstein war, as much as the traditional policy of the United States or its then formidable military force, which induced Louis Napoleon to withdraw Maximilian from Mexico. It was the foreboding of trouble in the Transvaal, rather than his "sense of humor," which caused Lord Salisbury to give way on the Venezuelan question. And it is only because England has, on the whole, favored the Monroe Doctrine, as a kind of open-door policy, that we have been able to maintain that doctrine at all.

Two conclusions, rather surprising to the ordinary reader, emerge from Professor Latané's discussion. The first is that "we have been so scrupulous in our efforts to keep out of political entanglements that we have sometimes failed to uphold principles of law in the validity

of which we were as much concerned as any other nation." The second is that we have taken a larger part in international affairs than most persons are aware. Sometimes our policy was rendered futile for want of force to back it, as in the case of our Open Door Policy in China—an Anglo-American doctrine which remained a theory because we would not unite with England and Japan in an effort to maintain it, if necessary, by force. Sometimes our part has been larger than the American people at the time suspected. Has not André Tardieu stated that the Kaiser sent several telegrams to President Roosevelt, during the Algeciras conference, urging him to modify his instructions to Henry White?

On the whole our participation in the world war has not been in the least contrary to any American principle, nor has it been, except in the large employment of force, wholly out of accord with our previous practise.

Little books on great subjects, when written to order, are seldom of much use. But if scholars generally would form the habit of expressing their views in little books, and would do this as effectively and as judiciously as Professor Latané has done it, the little books would put the big books quite out of fashion. As a resumé of American foreign relations, this volume of Professor Latané's is admirable. It may be regarded, too, as in a sense a "war-aims" book; and if it has a fault, it is that in it the dismal Mexican business preceding the great war is perhaps made to seem a more reasonable and fitting part of a consistent American policy than it really was.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XXI

(*November 7—December 2*)

HOSTILITIES with Germany ceased on November 11th. At 5 o'clock on the morning of that day the German armistice commissioners, who had been received by Marshal Foch in his temporary headquarters in a railroad car at Senlis, signed the armistice under which hostilities were to terminate six hours later, and orders were given to the forces along all the fronts to cease firing at 11 o'clock. Thus Germany, last of the quadruple alliance to continue the fight against the forces of civilization and democracy, went out of the war in bitter and complete defeat.

The terms of the armistice were such as to ensure her inability to resume hostilities, no matter what terms of peace ultimately may be imposed upon her. Moreover, the internal conditions within the German Empire were such as practically to preclude the desire on the part of any substantial element of the German people to renew active warfare, no matter how heavily the peace conditions may lie upon them, or how much they may resent the settlement to which ultimately they must agree.

Our record for the past month closed on November 7th with the announcement that a German delegation was on its way to meet Marshal Foch to seek an armistice, preparatory to making peace. This delegation consisted of Mathias Erzberger, Secretary of State, General von Winterfeld, Count Oberndorff, General von Grunel and Naval Captain von Salow. The German high command at Spa in Belgium, communicated by wireless with Marshal Foch expressing the desire to send an armistice delegation to meet him. Marshal Foch by wireless gave directions to the German delegation to approach by the Chimay-LaCapelle-Guise road. Marshal Foch ordered a cessation of firing on that front at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of November 7th, in order to permit the German delegation to approach.

On the afternoon of November 7th news despatches from France were received in New York erroneously reporting the signing of the armistice and the cessation of hostilities. All over the United States the people received the news with spontaneous outbursts of joy, and the supposed end of the war was deliriously celebrated for several hours before official denials from Washington checked the popular enthusiasm.

Early on the morning of November 8th the German delegates were received by Marshal Foch. They asked for an armistice and the Allied Commander-in-Chief immediately read to them the terms upon which the Supreme War Council at Versailles had agreed. He read in a firm,

loud voice and the German delegates seemed stunned by the severity of the terms, as they realized, apparently for the first time, the real character of Germany's defeat. They asked for immediate suspension of hostilities, which Marshal Foch refused. Evidently he did not intend to give the Germans, under cover of such a suspension of fighting, an opportunity to re-form their lines and recover from the effects of the terrific blows he had been delivering all along the front for many days.

The armistice terms required an answer within 72 hours, the time limit expiring at 11 o'clock French time on the morning of November 11th. The German delegates immediately despatched a courier with a copy of the armistice conditions to the German High Command at Spa, and pending his return the assault of the American and Allied armies upon the German lines continued with increased vigor all along the fronts, from the Dutch border to Switzerland.

The signing of the armistice was announced officially at the State Department in Washington at 2.45 o'clock on the morning of November 11th. This was about 8 o'clock French time, three hours after the event had actually occurred. The news spread with extraordinary rapidity throughout the United States and the joyous celebration, which had been cut short by the official denial of the premature announcement four days earlier, was immediately resumed everywhere throughout the country. Congress met at noon and provision was made at once for a joint session to receive President Wilson, who, during the morning, had signified his desire to address Congress and to present the terms of the armistice.

The President appeared before the joint session just after 1 o'clock. He was received with a tremendous demonstration of enthusiasm, and proceeded at once to read the terms of the armistice to which the German delegation had subscribed and by which Germany was in effect pledged in advance to accept the ultimate verdict of the peace conference. The document consisted of thirty-five paragraphs comprising seven sections, dealing with military clauses on the western front; the eastern frontiers of Germany; East Africa; general clauses; naval conditions; duration of armistice and time limit for reply. The military clauses on the western front numbered eleven, and comprised cessation of hostilities six hours after signature; immediate evacuation of invaded countries, to be completed within fourteen days; repatriation of inhabitants of invaded countries; surrender, in good condition, by the German army, of 5,000 guns (2,500 heavy and 2,500 field), 25,000 machine guns, 3,000 minenwerfer, or trench mortars, and 1,700 airplanes, including all the D7's and all the night bombing machines. The German armies were also required to evacuate the countries on the left bank of the Rhine, which will be occupied by Allied and United States troops, holding the chief Rhine crossings, Cologne, Coblenz and Mayence with thirty kilometer bridge heads at each of these points. In addition a ten kilometer neutral zone is established on the right bank of the Rhine from the Dutch border to Switzerland. This occupation of German territories by Allied and American forces is to be at the expense of the German Government. All evacuation by German forces to be without removal of inhabitants or damage to property, and all stores of food, munitions and equipment, as well as military establishments to be left in place, with no impairment of industrial

establishment or removal of personnel. All means of communication to be left unimpaired and personnel not removed. Five thousand locomotives and 150,000 cars to be surrendered, in good condition, together with 5,000 motor lorries. The railroads of Alsace-Lorraine, with all materials and stores for working the railways on the left bank of the Rhine to be delivered in good order, and all stores of coal and material for upkeep of railways to be maintained by Germany.

Military clause Number 8 had peculiar significance. It made the German command responsible for revealing all mines or delayed-action fuses left by the German forces in evacuated territory. It also provided that the German command " shall reveal all destructive measures that may have been taken (such as poisoning or polluting of springs and wells, etc.)" This provision of the armistice will be a lasting record, signed by the Germans themselves, of some of their modern methods of warfare.

The military clauses also secured to the Allied and American troops of occupation the right of requisition and provided for the immediate repatriation, without reciprocity, of all Allied and American prisoners of war, including persons under trial or convicted; the repatriation of German prisoners of war to be regulated at the peace conference. German sick and wounded left in the evacuated territory are to be cared for by German personnel.

As to the eastern frontiers, the Germans agreed to withdraw all troops immediately from Austria-Hungary, Roumania and Turkey within German territory as it existed prior to the war, and to withdraw all troops from Russia whenever the Allies say so. Germany renounces the treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk, and ceases all measures for obtaining supplies in Russia and Roumania. The Allies secure free access through Danzig or the Vistula to the territories evacuated by the Germans, for purposes of supply or the maintenance of order.

East Africa to be evacuated by all German forces within a period to be fixed by the Allies.

The general clauses provided for civilian repatriation without reciprocity and for " reparation for damage done." They included also measures for securing this reparation, and no limits were set to the kind, character or amount of reparation, nor was there any specification of what " damage done " should or should not include. Immediate restitution of the cash deposit in the national bank of Belgium was required, with return of the gold taken from Russia and Roumania, which is to be held in trust by the Allies.

In specifying the invaded territory which the Germans were to evacuate at once the armistice terms included Alsace-Lorraine, thus treating it not as territory reconquered from the Germans but as French territory from which the invaders were driven. There are Frenchmen who hold that inasmuch as Germany's title to these provinces rested only on the treaty which Germany ruptured by her declaration of war against France in 1914, the old French title was thereby reinstated and now holds, and that no act of cession by Germany to France is now required or desired.

The fourteen naval clauses deprived Germany of sea power even more effectively than the eleven military clauses stripped her of ability to renew the conflict on land. She was not required to demobilize her

army, as was Austria-Hungary, although she was compelled to surrender its artillery, trench mortars, machine guns, airplanes and vast stores. But her navy she was compelled either to surrender bodily into the keeping of the Allies and the United States, or to disarm and dismantle under the supervision of her enemies. She agreed to the immediate termination of all her war zones and that navigation of all territorial waters should be free to the naval and mercantile fleets of the Allies and the United States, without question of neutrality; naval and mercantile marine prisoners of war to be repatriated immediately, without reciprocity.

The naval vessels she agreed to surrender comprised all her submarines, including cruisers and mine-layers, with their complete armament and equipment. Submarines able to take the sea to be surrendered within fourteen days in a designated Allied port, others to be disarmed of personnel and material and remain under Allied supervision. Six battle cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers (including two mine-layers) and fifty destroyers of the most modern types Germany agreed to turn over for internment at designated Allied ports, there to be disarmed and left with only caretakers on board. All other surface warships to be concentrated in designated German naval bases completely disarmed and placed under supervision of the Allies. The Allies to have the right to sweep up all mine fields and obstructions laid by Germany outside her territorial waters, Germany to indicate their positions. The Allies secured freedom of naval and mercantile access to and from the Baltic, with the right to occupy all German forts, fortifications, batteries and defense works of all kinds in all the entrances from the Cattegat into the Baltic, and to sweep up all mines and obstructions, within and without German territorial waters, Germany to indicate their positions.

Germany agreed that the existing blockade should continue, and that German merchant ships found at sea should remain liable to capture. German naval aircraft are to be concentrated and immobilized in designated German bases. Germany leaves intact all naval and mercantile marine material, merchant ships, tugs, lighters and aeronautical apparatus and supplies of every kind in evacuated ports. She evacuates all Black Sea ports and surrenders all Russian war vessels, abandoning all marine materials of every kind. Any Allied or American merchant vessels in German hands she must surrender in designated ports without reciprocity. All German interference, by contract, agreement or otherwise, with neutrals and the trading of their vessels, is immediately cancelled, and no transfers of German merchant vessels of any description to any neutral flag are to be made.

The armistice runs for thirty days, with option to extend, the evacuation of occupied territories to conclude within fourteen days and of the German territories on the left bank of the Rhine within an additional sixteen days.

The Germans had seventy-two hours in which to accept or refuse these terms.

After reading the armistice terms the President went on briefly to address Congress. " The war thus comes to an end," he said, " for, having accepted these terms of armistice it will be impossible for the German command to renew it. . . . Armed imperialism such as the men

conceived who were but yesterday the masters of Germany, is at an end, its illicit ambitions engulfed in black disaster."

Then, referring to the fact that the Supreme War Council at Versailles had unanimously assured the peoples of the Central Powers that everything possible would be done to supply them with food, the President suggested that the idle German and Austrian merchant tonnage might be used "to lift the fear of utter misery from their oppressed populations."

The armistice terms as here summarized are those actually signed by the German delegation and by Marshal Foch and Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, the British naval representative. They differ in a number of particulars from those read by the President to Congress, changes having been made after the document had been transmitted to him. It has not yet appeared whether these changes were made by the Supreme War Council at Versailles, which seems to have made the original draft, or in the conference of the German delegates with Marshal Foch.

The execution of the armistice terms began on Tuesday morning, November 12, when German troops commenced the evacuation of Belgium and French territories without the harassing assaults of the Allied troops that had accompanied their retirement but two days before. British and French troops joined with the Belgian forces in following the retiring Germans through Belgium. The Americans were close after the Germans retiring from Metz and the Third American Army, under Gen. Dickman, followed through Luxemburg. Belgian troops occupied Antwerp on November 15. The French were in Metz, under Marshal Pétain, on the 19th.

The next day, November 20, twenty German submarines surrendered to Rear Admiral Tyrwhitt, about thirty miles off Harwich. They were escorted into Harwich where the German crews were transferred to vessels that took them back to Germany. On the 21st the German High Seas Fleet surrendered to Admiral Sir David Beatty, in command of the British Grand Fleet. The vessels surrendered consisted of nine battleships, five battle cruisers, seven light cruisers, and fifty destroyers. On the way across the North Sea one destroyer struck a mine and sank. The British fleet, accompanied by an American battle squadron and French cruisers, received the surrender. They formed a double line of more than 400 war ships, between which the surrendering Germans steamed. There were 60 dreadnoughts, 50 light cruisers and about 200 destroyers in the Allied fleet. Nineteen more U-boats surrendered that same day, and twenty additional the next day. On the 24th 28 more submarines surrendered, including the *Deutschland,* the merchant submarine that made two voyages to the United States in 1916. She brought into Harwich two officers of the American transport *Ticonderoga* which was destroyed by a submarine in midocean in September when the lifeboats, with the escaping crew, were shelled and all but about 25 men out of several hundred killed. The two officers had been picked up by the submarine and taken to Kiel.

The Germans were beginning to cross the Rhine on November 29th, and the French were preparing their formal entry into Strasbourg.

There had been absolutely no diminution of the fighting until the time fixed by the armistice for cessation of hostilities. As the end

approached the assaults of the Americans and Allies upon the Germans along the western front grew in vigor and everywhere were increasingly successful. Even after the armistice was signed, and the hour set for terminating hostilities the American Second Army, according to Paris despatches, "attacked in force at 8 o'clock, regardless of the situation. The onslaught was preceded by a tremendous barrage which was returned in kind by the enemy. For three hours the Americans swept forward, hurling themselves against the wire entanglements. The German gunfire was devastating. Then, at exactly one minute of 11 the guns on both sides abruptly ceased."

This kept up the fighting after absolutely nothing but casualties could be accomplished by it. On November 23rd Washington announced that the total of American casualties during the war was 236,117, of which 36,154 were killed in action or died of wounds; 14,811 died of disease; 2,204 unclassified deaths; 179,625 wounded; 2,163 prisoners and 1,160 missing. A week later Washington announced that the total of casualties was 262,723, over 26,000 more than the announcement of the previous week. The lists as furnished to the newspapers will aggregate under 100,000, so that more than three-fifths of our casualties are yet to be published.

Immediately after the signing of the armistice it was reported in Washington that President Wilson was planning to attend the peace conference himself as one of the American delegates. On November 18 formal announcement was made that the President would sail for France immediately after addressing Congress at the opening of its regular session on December 2. It was said that he did not intend to remain long at the conference, but "his presence at the outset is necessary in order to obviate the manifest disadvantages of discussion by cable in determining the greater outlines of the treaty about which he must necessarily be consulted." This announcement produced a ferment of discussion throughout the United States and much opposition developed. The President was oblivious, apparently, to all opposition, and it was announced that he would sail on the transport *George Washington*. Some details of the subsidiary organization of the peace delegation were made public, and on November 29 it was announced that the delegation would consist of the President, Secretary Lansing, Col. E. M. House, Henry White, formerly Ambassador to France, and Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, formerly Chief of Staff of the Army, who has been in Paris as a representative of the United States, since he retired as Chief of Staff. Joseph C. Grew, formerly counsellor of the Embassy in Berlin, has been in Paris for some time organizing the expert economic staff of the peace commission.

Throughout the month there was great confusion in the news reports from Germany, leaving decided uncertainty as to the real state of affairs within the territories of the German Empire. While the armistice delegates were consulting with Marshal Foch at his headquarters their country apparently was crumbling to pieces behind them. A revolt of the German navy was reported on November 8, with the sailors in control at Kiel. Subsequently it was reported that they had mutinied against orders to take the High Seas Fleet out for a final test of strength with the British Grand Fleet. Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils were organized in Hamburg and in several of the Rhine

cities. Reports from various sources told of revolution in Bavaria and the overthrow of the Wittlesbach dynasty which had ruled for 800 years. Demands for the abdication of the Kaiser were reported from many parts of Germany.

Simultaneous despatches from Amsterdam and Basle told of the sending of an ultimatum to the Kaiser by the German Socialist Party. It was said that Philipp Scheidemann handed the document to Prince Max, the Imperial Chancellor. It demanded abdication by the Emperor and renunciation of the throne by the Crown Prince. Other demands included the right of public assembly and the transformation of the Prussian Government in conformity with the views of the Reichstag majority. That day's reports had the Kaiser refusing to abdicate, on the ground that he could not take the responsibility of handing the country over either to the Entente or to anarchy. But the next day Prince Max published a decree saying: "The Kaiser and King has decided to renounce the throne." He did not say that the Kaiser had abdicated, but merely that he had decided to quit. He added that he would remain in office until the questions connected with the abdication and with the renunciation of the throne by the Crown Prince had been settled. The decree implied, but did not state, that Prince Max would serve as regent of the Empire, by saying that "for the regency" he would appoint Deputy Friedrich Ebert, vice-president of the Social Democratic Party, to be Imperial Chancellor, and he proposed a law for general suffrage and a constitutional German National Assembly.

On November 10 came the news that the Kaiser had fled to Holland. He was said to be on his way to Maarn, near which, in the castle of his friend, Count von Bentinck, he expected to find refuge. First reports had the Kaiserin and the Crown Prince with him. Later it was reported circumstantially that the Crown Prince had been shot by his own men. At length the truth became known, that the ex-Empress did not accompany her husband, and that the ex-Crown Prince was practically exiled by being interned, as a German officer, on the island of Wieringen, where he occupies the parsonage at Osterland, a very humble dwelling.

Simultaneously with the flight of Count William Hohenzollern, as he began to call himself, there was a great scuttling of the kings and princes who had ruled over the minor German states. The Socialists demanded that all dynasties in Germany be suppressed and all princes exiled. King Wilhelm II of Wurtemberg abdicated on November 8. The next day the garrison troops in Berlin revolted, and in a few hours the Socialist revolution was in complete control. A Soldiers' and Workmen's Council was formed which took over the city government. Nearly every day brought the report of the abdication or flight of some petty German prince or grand duke.

Immediately after the signing of the armistice Dr. Solf, the German Foreign Secretary, addressed President Wilson by wireless, protesting against the armistice conditions, "especially the surrender of means of transport and the sustenance of the troops of occupation," on the ground that these conditions "would make it impossible to provide Germany with food, and would cause the starvation of millions of men, women and children." Next day the Swiss Minister at Washington presented to Secretary Lansing another German telegram asking

whether food would be shipped to Germany provided public order were maintained there. Mr. Lansing replied by citing the President's address to Congress and saying that the President was disposed to present the matter to the Allied Governments. Later a telegram from the National Council of Women of Germany reached Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President. It was largely a paraphrase of Dr. Solf's appeals and used the same arguments, especially about the surrender of railway rolling stock. But in Paris it was pointed out that the rolling stock demanded from Germany would only replace that stolen by German troops from occupied territories. The last of the German daily appeals for food came through on November 15 and then Secretary Lansing sent a wireless reply to Dr. Solf advising him to address all further communications to the Allies.

The proposal that this country should supply food for the Germans and Austrians evoked a storm of protest and criticism, especially from the women whose support of the Food Administration throughout the war had made its success possible. The result of their protest was a statement by Mr. Hoover, the Food Administrator, that no one in the United States would be asked to stint himself in any way in order to supply food for our enemies.

The month closes with the confusion as to actual conditions in Germany not cleared up. But our troops are entering the Rhine lands and the occupation of German territory will soon be completed. Meantime preparations for the peace conference are going forward, and it is likely to be in session before another month ends.

(*This record is as of December 2 and is to be continued.*)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHY HE VOTED FOR NORRIS

Sir,—I have just read your comment in the November Review on the candidacy of George W. Norris of Nebraska for re-election to the United States Senate. I have read your War Weekly and the Review right along and can readily see that the action of Nebraska in sending Norris back to Washington must look, to you, something like insanity. So it was, but the insanity must be looked for elsewhere as well as in Nebraska. Some of us helped send Norris back to Washington, open-eyed, knowing what outsiders would think, knowing they would have good cause for thinking ill of us, not knowing fully the causes. None of us, up to date, has expressed any regret, and I apprehend none of us will do so in the future. But I think it is due to Nebraska that judgment should be based upon knowledge of the whole situation as it was when Nebraska voters went to the polls.

I, personally, wrote Mr. Norris, after his foolish and disgraceful disloyal votes and talks in the Senate, that I withdrew every good opinion I had ever had of him and wished I could withdraw every vote I had ever given him. I believe he ought to have been kicked out of the Senate on two counts, imbecility and disloyalty, but I voted for him at the election just the same, after voting against him at the primaries.

Will you please tell me what was left for a self-respecting Republican voter to do? I (when I speak of myself I do so simply because it is easier than to speak of the thousand others who did the same) was in favor of preparedness along rational lines before there was any war. I believed in being reasonably prepared because everybody, except our so-called idealists,—which simply means persons unable to weigh evidence and recognize facts,—knew the danger and knew where it was. Nobody with even ordinary commonsense had any right to be in doubt about it. I believed in preparedness when it was denounced as hysteria, when a War Secretary who believed in it was dismissed and one chosen who naively admitted that he was amazed to learn that every army officer was not spoiling for a fight, in the face of our history which ought to be known to every school boy. I am no hidebound Republican, scarcely ever voting a straight Republican ticket. I was a Progressive and still swear by the Progressive platform, was and am loyal to America to the last gasp, and tried to be loyal to every changing attitude of the Administration because it *was* the Administration, the only Government we had. I saved, urged others to save, paid, subscribed, made speeches, wore old clothes, ate what I could get and tried to be cheerful even when ordered (not requested) to give more,—more time, more money, more sacrifice in

every way, and the orders often coming from someone who had been blind, deaf and dumb to the danger till it was right upon us.

After all that, I thought, being rational and not under tutelage in any way, I might be permitted to vote as I thought best. When told that loyalty required that I vote for Democratic dummies, I simply voted for Republicans, just because they *were* Republicans, something I had never done before, and I did it not out of resentment or anger, but coldly, calmly, calculatedly, because I knew that my duty to self and country required that I do so. I believed from the very first that America ought to be in the war on the side of the Allies with all her force, with all her power, with all her might; and that her power and might ought to be augmented and increased to the limit, yet I voted for a man who showed himself not only disloyal but silly, as the least of two evils. Thousands of others did likewise, and that is part of the explanation for Norris of Nebraska.

But it is not all the explanation, by any manner of means. There is a strong German vote in Nebraska, and that vote went to Norris, as we knew it would. We knew that was partly why Norris voted and acted as he did in the Senate, and you may know something of the feeling among the voters when thousands of upstanding Americans voted with them, as I know they did, Republicans, Progressives, and a great many Democrats. If you think we enjoyed it and have jollified greatly over it, come out to Nebraska and talk with almost any Republican or Progressive. We are not through with Mr. Norris, and if he thinks the vote indicates approval of his course, except by Germans, he would better do some more thinking. And if the Germans in Nebraska think it means any approval of their course in the past, there is going to be a great opening of eyes before long.

Other reasons? Lots of them. Nebraska is progressive, is against the extreme or old-line Republicans with their high tariff, individualistic, corporation-ridden bosses. Nebraska believes strongly in the square deal and the strongest Republican leaders are well in the van of progressive thought. You speak highly of Ex-Governor Morehead. I do not know it to be a fact, but it was very positively and openly asserted by Democratic politicians, who were for Norris, that Morehead in a published interview approved of everything Norris did when the filibuster was on. Morehead is not progressive and Morehead is not able, not in Norris's class in either respect. When the people of Omaha thought they wanted to hitch up the power that gives them water, and get electric light much cheaper, Mr. Morehead thought they weren't even entitled to vote on it, and he vetoed the bill worked through both Houses of the legislature by a former Republican candidate for Governor. The most common term applied to Morehead by forward-looking Republicans and Democrats alike is, "Mossback." When Morehead was Governor, Roosevelt attended a banquet in Lincoln, and Morehead, who presided, had to have the fifty or so words of welcome to a distinguished ex-President typed, and held it before him and read it in the sing-song tones of a schoolboy. This I saw and heard. He is not a man of ability, not a man to captivate or attract at all.

Morehead has always trained with the Hitchcock Democrats, and the Hitchcock Democrats were the pro-German, pro-whiskey Democrats up to very recently. Thinking people find little choice between a man

who speaks out as Norris did and one who has simply taken cover. I am one of those who think Senator Hitchcock did valiant work in jarring Baker out of his peaceful slumbers, but we cannot so soon forget that Hitchcock was believed to play the German game and to have been elected by the German whiskey vote. You see, it isn't all so simple as it looks a couple of thousand miles away. Leaving the war out of the question, thinking men would choose Norris ten to one over Morehead, for ability, for character, for sympathy, for almost anything you wish to name, not excepting candor and straight dealing.

Also there was another reason. Because Morehead was a Hitchcock man, the Bryan Democrats were mainly against him and for Norris. They were naturally for Norris anyway, because Bryan Democrats are natural pacifists. They thought Norris was right, they really believed that when Germany ordered us to stay at home or be shot, we should have meekly stayed at home. Of course they voted for Norris. That didn't make it any easier for aggressive loyalists to vote for him, but we had to do it. Easy? Why, I personally couldn't bring myself to make a cross opposite Norris's name. The only way I could do it was to make a cross in the Republican circle and quit. There were some Democrats on the ticket I would have voted for ordinarily, but I did not feel capable of selecting, because that would have made it necessary to *select* Norris. I was voting Republican because I had been ordered not to do so.

I could go on all day giving excuses. The assininity of the Republicans in putting up at the primaries two men to divide the loyal vote, neither of them acceptable to the great mass of the voters, cut considerable figure. At that, they got almost twice as many votes as Norris at the primaries, showing that, with just a little sense, even the President's letter would not have put Republicans up against such a choice. One thing at a time, however. This is a democratic republic, a constitutional republic. The founders thereof intended a Congress of men, not ninnies or rubber-stamps. When the time came to emphasize that fact, it was done. If in doing it we had to send to Washington a Norris or two, that's a mere incident—one Senator is not very dangerous, no matter how big a fool he may be.

Anyhow, Michigan didn't send Ford. That ought to be sufficient for gratitude this Thanksgiving day.

OMAHA, NEB. H. W. MORROW.

FROM A RETURNING SOLDIER

SIR,—Your article in the October issue entitled, "A Judas Peace," is interesting and truthful, and as I am a returning wounded soldier, I believe I am able to know and speak on it.

The Huns would bomb towns and cities of no military importance, killing civilians and children for no other reason than devilishness.

When the Allies started making reprisals by bombing German towns there was a torrent of abuse cast at us threatening punishment to captured prisoners, and to some extent these threats were carried out.

The Huns were bombing London and they asked their English prisoners what their people thought of the air raids. The prisoners calmly remarked that they were already planning for the protection of London

against raids. The Germans were very wrathful and fairly foamed in the mouth at this unexpected answer. They thought that they would be frightened into submission by these raids. The Huns do not realize that there is a limit of endurance to what people will stand, as this fact will prove.

My chief reason in writing you is that I have brought home with me a copy of "The American Daily Mail," an English paper sold in France, and your article, "A Judas Peace," tempts me to write you about it. It is as follows:

The Kaiser during his recent visit to Essen made a long speech in which, after expressing his thanks to "his friends of the Krupp works," where he had always admired "German science, inventive talent and creative power," he once more posed as an apostle of peace and tried to throw the onus of the "frightful hatred" shown in the war on German enemies. After a speech of some length the editor has in a space by itself an article by Carol Resemeier, a German in Switzerland, to the Allies.

They will cheat you yet, these Junkers! Having won half the world by bloody murder, they are going to win the other half with tears in their eyes, "crying for mercy."

This is a very shocking admission of what may happen. They all had their fingers in the pie and now when defeat and punishment face them they are trying to get out of it as easily as they can, saying that they are unable to pay.

Trusting this information may be helpful to you,

U. S. General Hospital, The Bronx. Pvt. Walter J. Susat.

IS THE PRESS WILLING TO BE FREE?

Sir,—I have read with considerable interest the article entitled "Muzzling the Press" in the North American Review for November, and I fully agree that the Press of the United States is not free, and unless there is a campaign for the Freedom of the Press it never will be free. In regard to regulations during the war and to be discontinued, I have nothing to say in this letter, but when we fully resume pre-war conditions, the Press will still not be free.

I am opposed to any and all Government interference with our editorials or with our business methods. If there is anything wrong and we are violating laws, an appointive officer should not have the power to ruin our business as judge, jury and executioner, according to his whim and notions, whether right or wrong.

Under the general instructions to carry out provisions of the law, I am opposed to the Post Office Department putting in regulations to beat publishers out of the benefits of the law.

The Reptile Press of Germany was kept under control by subsidy. The American Press is kept under control by regulations that interfere with the minutest details of our business.

We must start a campaign for the Freedom of the Press. We must see that if advertising is to be taxed, all advertising must be taxed. The present taxation of advertising is ingeniously arranged so that only the advertising going into the mails is taxed. The advertising in daily papers is not taxed because they have city delivery of their own.

Although in St. Louis, from a competitive standpoint, we are beneficiaries of the zone system, it is another discriminatory law intentionally oppressive.

The campaign for a free press must include the same rate for all and no free service. The special low rates to fraternal and secret societies must be done away with. All American publications should be equal before the law. The only concern of the Post Office Department with publications should be to receive the postage and perform the service paid for.

Another thing must be considered. The Press is not a unit. In my experience the daily is against all other classes, and is satisfied with loss of principle for financial advantage. The weekly paper owners are in favor of regulating monthly publications out of business. The publishers of expensive publications are in favor of the cheap publications not being allowed to use premiums or sample copies that minimize the cost of getting subscriptions; in other words, the Press of the Nation is not altogether *willing* to be free.

St. Louis, Mo. H. H. P.

LET THEM LEARN!

Sir,—What is the status of German emigration, as far as America, including Latin America, is concerned? Are Germans who have made their way into Sweden and Norway eligible to enter Latin America at this time, and will the Germans be allowed to enter this country when peace is declared?

This should be prevented.

Bar the Germans from America now and forever. Lock them up in their own land until they pay for their crimes in toil and suffering. Let them learn by experience what they would have inflicted on us, and in a small measure, what they inflicted on France and Belgium. Let them learn what domination means to the dominated. Let them learn the reverse side of " Deutschland über Alles."

New York City. Jay Lewis.

A DIFFERENCE IN CENSORS

Sir,—I desire to have it understood that my criticisms of the Censorship in my article in the December Review, "The News Embargo," are not intended to include that which Brigadier-General Marlborough Churchill has ably directed from Washington. As for the workings of the amusing Creel bureau, they have been vociferous for themselves and their employers.

Columbia, Pa. Reginald Wright Kauffman.

O DEAR, NO

Sir,—You are an expert maker of Presidents, and, as a judge of Presidential material, you grade mighty close to one hundred per cent.

After inflicting all that praise upon you, I want to know what you think of Charles M. Schwab as the next President of the United States.

Boston, Mass. Thomas Dreier.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1919

THE GENESIS OF THE FOURTEEN COMMANDMENTS

"WITH its causes and objects," said the President, of the war, "we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth, we are not interested to search for or explore."

We cannot apply these words of the President to his own "only possible programme of the world's peace". Indeed, we should not do so if we could. Since his first promulgation of them more than a year ago the Fourteen Commandments have been the theme of all but universal consideration. They were assumed, rightly or wrongly, to form the basis of the armistice which suspended the war. They have since been acclaimed by Germany as containing the conditions of peace to which she will loyally adhere but from which she will not be willing to deviate by so much as a hair's breadth. Their promotion among the people, and incidentally among the Governments, of Europe appears to have been the chief purpose of the President's extraordinary excursion across the sea; and it is understood that they are to be urged upon the Peace Congress as its ultimate agenda. Surely it is fitting that we should concern ourselves with their origin, and should search for and explore the fountains from which they burst forth; though it may be that we shall not find those fountains particularly obscure.

There has appeared to prevail an impression that they were all an original conception of the President's, formulated and put forth on his sole responsibility, and that the accept-

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ance of them by the other Powers would be a signal personal triumph for him, tantamount to the imposition of his will and his leadership upon the Allied nations. We cannot suppose that in his self-abnegatory devotion to duty he has sought or desired such distinction for himself, though naturally it would be gratifying to him as to all the nation to have the United States thus take the initiative in the re-establishment of peace upon the only possible basis of justice. We owe it to candor, however,—in Monroe's phrase,—to confess that review of the record seems to deny us that pleasant privilege, and to compel us, regretfully, to conclude that the President had merely caught, as he himself said on another occasion, the voices of humanity which were in the air; or rather, perhaps, the oracular voices of other Governments which he had himself solicited; which he then reproduced in his own deft and persuasive phrases.

It was on January 8, 1918, that the Fourteen Commandments were enunciated. But it was long before, it was on December 18, 1916, that the President suggested to the belligerent Powers, of which we were not yet one, the desirability of an early statement of their conceptions of the necessary terms of peace. The very next day Mr. Lloyd George spoke epigrammatically of "restitution, reparation, and guarantees against repetition," and taking the cue from that the Allies on January 10, 1917, nearly a year before the promulgation of the Fourteen Commandments, made a formal and detailed reply, in which they named as necessary terms of peace the following:

> The restoration of Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro, with the compensation due to them; the evacuation of the invaded territories in France, in Russia, in Roumania, with just reparation; the reorganization of Europe, guaranteed by a stable régime and based at once on respect for nationalities and on the right to full security and liberty of economic development possessed by all peoples, small and great, and at the same time upon territorial conventions and international settlements such as to guarantee land and sea frontiers against unjustified attack; the restitution of provinces formerly torn from the Allies by force, or against the wish of their inhabitants; the liberation of the Italians, as also of the Slavs, Roumanes, and Czecho-Slovaks from foreign domination; the setting free of the populations subject to the bloody tyranny of the Turks; and the turning out of Europe of the Ottoman Empire as decidedly foreign to Western civilization.

It is quite obvious that in this statement was included the essential germs of a majority of the Fourteen Command-

ments; to wit, of the sixth to the thirteenth inclusive; with strong hints at the gist of some others. Following that, however, and preceding the President's promulgation of his "only possible programme," were two other still more explicit and comprehensive statements of the necessary terms of peace as seen by the Allies. One of these was a statement adopted by the Special National Labor Conference at Westminster, London, on December 28, 1917, and the other was Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the Trade Union Conference on Man Power, on January 5, 1918. Both of these were, of course, fresh in the President's mind when he uttered his Commandments on January 8, as indeed he himself at that time declared. It will be interesting to compare the Commandments with them, item by item; omitting only the Second Commandment, relating to the Freedom of the Seas, the origin of which has been confidently and positively attributed, by his biographer and eulogist, to Colonel House; though others, apparently on no less plausible grounds, ascribe a German source.

The First Commandment directs the making of "open covenants of peace" and the abolition of secret diplomacy. Ten days before, the Labor Conference declared that "The British Labor Movement relies very largely upon . . . the suppression of secret diplomacy."

The Third Commandment calls for "the removal of economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions." The Labor Conference had already declared "against all projects for an economic war . . . whether by protective tariffs or capitalist trusts or monopolies," and in favor of "the open door, and no hostile discrimination against foreign countries."

The Fourth Commandment demands reduction of armaments. "We must seek," said Mr. Lloyd George, three days before, "to limit the burden of armaments;" while ten days before the Labor Conference called for "the common limitation of the costly armaments by which all peoples are burdened."

The Fifth Commandment requires "impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon the principle that in determining all such questions the interests of the population concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Governmetn whose title is to be determined." Mr. Lloyd George had already declared that the colonies must be

" held at the disposal of a conference whose decision must have primary regard to the wishes and interests of the native inhabitants."

The Sixth Commandment is that Russia shall be evacuated and assisted to an unhampered and independent determination of her own political development and national policy. The Allies on January 10, 1917, had demanded the evacuation of Russia, and Mr. Lloyd George on January 5, 1918, had added " We shall be proud to fight to the end side by side by the new democracy of Russia. . . . Russia can be saved only by her own people."

The Seventh Commandment names as the first of all such acts the evacuation and restoration of Belgium, without any attempt to limit her sovereignty. Mr. Lloyd George had already said: " The first requirement always put forward by the British Government and their Allies has been the complete restoration, political, territorial and economic, of the independence of Belgium, and such reparation as can be made for the devastation of its towns and provinces." The Labor Conference also had said: " A foremost condition of peace must be the reparation by the German Government of the wrong admittedly done to Belgium; payment by that Government for all the damage that has resulted from this wrong, and the restoration of Belgium to complete and untrammelled independent sovereignty."

Again: " No other single act," said the President, " will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determind." " Before there can be any hope for stable peace," Mr. Lloyd George had said, " this great breach of the public law of Europe must be repudiated and so far as possible repaired."

The Eighth Commandment runs: " All French territory should be freed and the wrong done in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine . . . should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure." Mr. Lloyd George had said: " We mean to stand by the French democracy in the demand they make for a reconsideration of the great wrong of 1871. . . . This sore has poisoned the peace of Europe for half a century, and until it is cured healthy conditions will not have been restored." The Labor Conference also reaffirmed " its reprobation of the crime against the peace of the world . . . in 1871," and demanded its undoing.

The Ninth Commandment calls for " a readjustment of the frontiers of Italy along clearly recognizable lines of nationality." Mr. Lloyd George had regarded " as vital the satisfaction of the legitimate claims of the Italians for union with those of their own race and tongue." The Labor Conference declared " its warmest sympathy with the people of Italian blood and speech who have been left outside of the Boundaries assigned to the Kingdom of Italy," and its support of " their claim to be united with those of their own race and tongue."

The Tenth Commandment runs: " The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development." So Mr. Lloyd George had said: " Though . . . a break-up of Austria-Hungary is no part of our war aims, we feel that unless genuine self-government is granted to those Austro-Hungarian nationalities who have long desired it, it is impossible to hope for a removal of those causes of unrest in that part of Europe which have so long threatened the general peace."

The Eleventh Commandment demands the evacuation and territorial restoration of Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro; the determination by friendly counsel of the relations of the Balkan states to one another, and international guarantees of their political and economic independence and territorial integrity. Mr. Lloyd George had demanded " the restoration of Serbia, Montenegro, and the occupied parts of Roumania; " adding that " the complete withdrawal of the alien armies and the reparation for injustice done is a fundamental condition of permanent peace." The Labor Conference demanded " the freedom of these peoples to settle their own destinies."

The Twelfth Commandment directs that while the Turkish portions of the Ottoman Empire shall have secure sovereignty, the non-Turkish nationalities must be set free, and the Dardanelles must be opened and neutralized. Mr. Lloyd George had declared that while the Allies did not challenge the maintenance of the Turkish Empire in the homelands of the Turkish race, the non-Turkish peoples were entitled to a recognition of their separate national conditions, and the Dardanelles should be internationalized and neutralized. The Labor Conference also had declared that whatever might be proposed concerning Armenia, Mesopotamia and Arabia,

they could not be restored to Turkish tyranny, and that the peace of the world required the neutralizing of the Dardanelles.

The Thirteenth Commandment calls for "an independent Polish State" to "include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations." Mr. Lloyd George, speaking for Great Britain and her Allies, had said: "We believe that an independent Poland, comprising all those genuinely Polish elements who desire to form a part of it, is an urgent necessity for the stability of Western Europe."

The Fourteenth Commandment, finally, declares that "A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike." Later commentators interpret this as a league of nations to replace the old alliances and balances of power, for the preservation of the world's peace; and there has been perhaps more controversy over it, and the President's peripatetic propaganda has been more directed to the promotion of it than all the other Commandments put together. Well, Mr. Lloyd George certainly did not deny, defy and forever exclude the notion of some such league when he said: "We are confident that a great attempt must be made to establish, by some international organization, an alternative to war as a means of settling international disputes." The Labor Conference went further. It specifically demanded: "That it should be an essential part of the treaty of peace itself that there should be forthwith established a supernational authority, or League of Nations." (It will be recalled that the President has, since the original proclamation of the Commandments, insisted that the formation of the League must not precede nor follow the treaty of peace, but must be exactly coincident with it.)

Here, then, we submit, we have the *fons et origo* of the Fourteen Commandments; a disclosure which must on the whole be regarded as reassuring and gratifying, as well as highly explanatory. It is explanatory, obviously, of the President's otherwise strange unwillingness or at least his failure to elucidate to his own countrymen the more precise meaning of such of the Commandments as seemed to the Man in the Street a trifle cryptic. Seeing that they had been so fully put forth before, he was justified in assuming that all intelligent men already understood them; while, since others

were their real authors, any further explication of them should come from those original authors, and not from him who was merely repeating the law once delivered.

It is reassuring, because it betokens sweet peace and harmony in the forthcoming councils of the Powers. In presenting the Fourteen Commandments to the Peace Conference, the President will not be introducing the apple of discord, and will not be providing matter for controversy. Rather will he be reminding his European colleagues of a *fait accomplis,* which will require nothing but recognition and ratification. "May I not," we may well imagine him saying, "may I not recall to your attention the only possible programme of the world's peace, which Mr. Lloyd George more than a year ago promulgated as the will of the Allied nations?" To that there can of course be but one answer; than which nothing could be more gratifying.

Thus do we perceive the Genesis of the Fourteen Commandments, which have been so eloquently proclaimed to the world by our perambulating President. They are not his. And we hasten to add that he never claimed them. He was speaking of the indications of the Central Powers of their desire for parleys of peace, and of their illusory and deceptive tone. The Allies, on the other hand, he said, had again and again spoken clearly and made plain their terms of peace. "There is no confusion of counsel among the adversaries of the Central Powers," he said, "no uncertainty of principle, no vagueness of detail." So he went on to tell what was the programme of the world's peace; of course, as described not by himself but by all the adversaries of the Central Powers, whose counsel was so unconfused, whose principles were so certain, whose details so distinct. And the result was the Fourteen Commandments; in which, he added, "We feel ourselves to be the intimate partners of all the governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists."

It may be that some who are more Presidential than the President will regret thus to be compelled to forsake the flattering unction that the only possible programme of the world's peace was the original invention of Mr. Wilson, of which no forecast nor glimmering had ever entered another mind. The great majority will, however, agree with the President himself in recognizing the real origin of that programme, and will feel that it is after all best that it should be

so; and that it is better to be thus merely the spokesman for a united world than to be the independent projector of possible controversy and discord into the councils of the nations.

THE RIGHT AND DUTY OF CRITICISM

Senator James Hamilton Lewis, flamboyant and enthusiastic in his devotion to his party chief, resents criticism of the President's public policies, and apparently regards refusal to approve all that he does and says as little short of high treason. Not long ago, it will be remembered, he wanted the Senate to ratify and confirm in advance whatever vagaries the President might indulge in in his peripatetic propaganda; which of course the Senate very properly declined to do. Now he half passionately, half plaintively laments that the Senate does not invariably give the full approval after the deed which it refused to give before it.

With the personal aspects of the case we need not much concern ourselves. The President is by far too great a man, too free from those petty self-opinionated vanities which we ungallantly call feminine, to object to receiving himself that manly, honest criticism which he is always free to bestow upon others. The public and what we may describe as the patriotic aspects are more important. We are told that criticism of the President, especially while he is on his circumambulatory mission, will impair the prestige and weaken the influence of the United States.

If this were so, it would be matter for sincere regret. But we cannot believe that it is so. We cannot believe—we should be most sorry to believe—that the President is so autocratically identified with the State, after the fashion of *le Grand Monarque,* that legitimate criticism of him militates against the Republic. Indeed, we should regret to believe that it necessarily impairs his own individual authority. There is an ancient and authentic admonition to those whom all men praise, to take heed to their ways lest they fall. We should not therefore regard universal approval as the highest of commendation for a statesman.

The notion that criticism of him is detrimental to the nation we must wholly repudiate. The prestige and influence of the United States are of no more fragile fabric than those of other lands. Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau have

not escaped criticism, even bitter denunciation. They are not hedged about by so strict a law of *lèse majesté* as is the President, and they have accordingly been more often and more severely attacked than he. But we cannot perceive that therefore Great Britain and France have declined in prestige and influence among the Powers.

There is obviously, moreover, much greater justification for criticism of the President than of either of those statesmen. That is because this nation as a whole believes that there is occasion for it, and therefore approves it, while France and Great Britain do not approve attacks upon their Prime Ministers. It is well to make this plain, even though it be not agreeable to the incense-burners of the Administration. In the midst of an intensely controversial era Mr. Lloyd George appealed to the nation in a general election, and was sustained by perhaps the largest majority ever given to any statesmen on such an occasion. In similar circumstances M. Clemenceau appealed to Parliament and received an overwhelming vote of confidence. But when the President appealed to the country for a vote of confidence, with pleas of exaggerated urgency, he did not get it.

Would people who are more Presidential than the President have the nation stultify and falsify itself? In the late general elections the American people, thoughtfully and deliberately, refused to give the President the Congress of rubber stamps for which he had asked. They elected instead a Congress which would be quite independent of his will, and which, while it would of course sustain him loyally in all patriotic measures, would hold itself free to differ from him whenever and as much as it pleased on matters of policy and of politics. Seeing that such was the will of the people, why should the present Congress unanimously and invariably show itself subservient to the Presidential will? Through every available means of expression the nation made it clear and emphatic that it did not desire the President to go abroad and did not approve his self-willed going. We know of no reason why it should now reverse itself and approve the excursion, simply because the President persisted in it against the public will. The President did not deign to explain in advance the policies which he purposed to advocate abroad, to discuss them with his Constitutional advisers, and to secure their agreement and approval before he went on his tour. There is no reason why those advisers should now approve

those policies if they do not really deem them wise and profitable.

Only the infallible are properly exempt from criticism, and the President does not claim infallibility. He has been, indeed, his own severest and most destructive critic. Again and again he has reversed his own policy, repudiated his own words, and condemned his own doctrine. For that we would not condemn him. Other and greater statesmen have done the same. But it would be manifestly unreasonable and unjust to demand that all others should be similarly variable. When the President was vehemently insisting that we were not concerned with the causes and objects of the war, there were those who thought and said otherwise, and who were in consequence reviled for disagreeing with the President. But pretty soon the President himself came around to their view and insisted that we were vitally concerned in those matters, far beyond the interest which the European Powers themselves had at first manifested. Should his critics have been condemned simply for having more vision than he, and for thus seeing clearly in 1916 what he could not see until 1918?

We must uphold, then, the right to criticise. We do more. We insist upon the patriotic duty of honest criticism. It would be an abominable thing for men to attack the President disingenuously, for the sake of mere factional advantage and at the cost of embarrassing his conduct of foreign relations; and we must regret the intemperate and as we believe wholly unfounded aspersions of having done that thing, which Senator Lewis cast upon some of the most useful and most patriotic of his colleagues. But it would also be a detestable thing for any man, and particularly for an important public servant, to condone that which he thought evil and to acquiesce in what he regarded as an error, simply because some political leader, even the President of the United States, was the author thereof.

The practical value of this exercise of duty has been demonstrated more than once in recent years. Our conduct of the war has been marked with a notable series of corrections of errors. Perhaps the errors were not all morally culpable. Perhaps they were largely such as were natural to an unprepared and inexpert country suddenly confronted with so vast an emergency. But they were very serious errors, some of them even imperilling our success in the war.

Happily they were corrected, and in time; but it is quite certain that they were corrected because of the criticism which was directed against them, and against some of the men who had made them. The critics were inveighed against and denounced as unpatriotic, but their criticisms were heeded and were of inestimable service to the Republic. In making those criticisms they performed a patriotic duty of the first magnitude.

In the making of peace there is obviously far more room for controversy, and a far greater likelihood of differences of honest opinion, than there have been in the waging of war, and the right and duty of criticism are therefore commensurately greater. It would have been far better for the President to have discussed his peace plans with those Constitutional advisers who must finally pass upon them, before starting upon his stump-speaking tour of Europe. If he had done so, and had come to a substantial agreement, the wisdom and propriety of his going abroad would still have been most dubious, but at any rate if he had gone abroad he could truly have said what he cannot now say, that he represented the will of the American Government and nation. He did not do so. He preferred to present his plans to European audiences rather than to the American Congress. In that case he must not complain if criticism follows instead of preceding such alien presentation. The hand of Congress is not to be forced simply by slighting it. Approval of policy is not to be secured by refraining from seeking it. The right and the duty of patriotic criticism will be exercised, and it will not be the fault of the critics nor, we are confident, to the detriment of the country, if the criticism is made at a time not the most convenient or acceptable to the object of it.

A LEAGUE CONDEMNED BY ADVOCACY

It would be folly as well as gross injustice to challenge the patriotism or the scholarship of President Lowell, of Harvard University, and we shall certainly not presume to question the entire sincerity and benevolence of his advocacy of a League of Nations. But just as certainly as we credit him with those qualities are we convinced of the existence of fatal flaws in the arguments with which he eloquently pleads for the creation of such a League.

In endeavoring to dispose of some of the objections which are commonly made to such a scheme he cites first the example of Washington; or perhaps it would be better to set the example of the nation in Washington's time, since Washington was not an autocrat who would say "I am the State." It is true, he concedes, that Washington did not favor any leaguing of America with European Powers. But Washington—or the people—desired to prevent the possibility of war among the Thirteen States, and so he—or they—welded them into a League of States, or a nation.

Now that union, as an expedient for averting war, was quite successful; with one very conspicuous and important exception. But what did it imply? Obviously, as every schoolboy knows, that the States, while retaining a measure of local "State Rights", surrendered their highest attributes of sovereignty to the nation. A new, extra-State government was created, and was invested with power to compel the States to do its bidding, even against their own will. For a time this was disputed and a number of States undertook to assert their full independent sovereignty; and the result was the one exception which we have noted to the peace-preserving power of the union—and the result of that result was to establish forever the supremacy of the nation above the States.

Now if the analogy of this Union of States with the League of Nations amounts to anything at all—and President Lowell seems to think that it does and that it is a convincing argument for the League—it implies this: That the nations entering the League would surrender some of the supreme attributes of their national sovereignty to some new international or supernational government. And that, we confidently apprehend, is precisely what thoughtful and patriotic Americans generally object to doing. They are quite willing to bind the nation voluntarily, by treaty, to do so and so in dealing with other countries. They are not willing and they never should be willing to submit their country to the dictation of aliens against its own will, and to permit any other nation or combination of nations to determine what Americans shall or shall not do.

Let us pursue the analogy between the Union and the League; with a pertinent illustration now before us. An attempt is being made to adopt a prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the United States. If a certain number of

the States vote for it, it will be adopted, and will become binding upon the others, whether they want it or not. The citizens of a State might be unanimously opposed to prohibition, yet they would have it forced upon them by the will of other States. We submit that this nation ought never to place itself in a position in which such a thing might happen to it; in which, for example, by vote of the other nations in the League it would be forbidden to impose a tariff upon imports. The appeal to Washington's "League of States", therefore, creates an impression hostile rather than favorable to the present proposal.

Strangely, having thus intimated that the League of Nations would imply renunciation of sovereignty, President Lowell proceeds to deny that his scheme would have any such effect. "It has," he says, "nothing whatever to do with our sovereignty." That seems pretty flatly contradictory of his former argument based upon the analogy of the Federal Union. But that is not the worst of it. In his endeavor to justify this surprising denial of interference with national sovereignty he resorts to an argument which we should never have dreamed of attributing to him were it not expressed in his own words, and which, thus expressed, we must regard with amazed regret as quite unworthy of him. Let us quote his exact words:

> Congress's power to declare war or not to is not in any way affected. We simply agree that in certain conditions we will declare war, but Congress is not bound to do it. It does not interfere with Congress in the least. It does morally bind Congress to declare war; yes, certainly; every treaty binds the country to do something.

That is to say, Congress is not bound to do what it is morally bound to do! Can it be that the President of Harvard University was in earnest in putting forth that monstrous proposition? Does he really mean that this country should enter into a solemn moral obligation of the most momentous character with the cynical reservation that "moral obligations are not binding unless Congress sees fit to approve them"? Why, that is the morality of the Hun, in regarding a treaty as a scrap of paper, to be respected only when it comports with the nation's interests to respect it. What a spectacle for gods and men it would be for this nation to enter a League of Nations and agree to a lot of principles and rules, and then say, with tongue in cheek, "It all depends upon Congress whether we keep our word or not!"

The indisputable fact is that if we entered a League of Nations and bound ourselves to go to war at command of that League, we should be doing one of two things: We should be abrogating the Constitutional function and authority of Congress, or we should be perpetrating an act of immoral hypocrisy which would degrade us to the level of the Huns.

From the analogy of the Union of States President Lowell turns to that of the citizens of a community. He says:

> The nations of the world are in just the same situation that you would have been in in a frontier town of the olden days, when it was necessary for you to carry a pistol. There is only one way to stop it, and that is to make the world an orderly one.

But why is it that we do not all carry pistols now? Certainly not because we have formed a League of Men for that purpose, for we have not. Neither is it because we are in fact in such a League as citizens of a State or a community which has laws against brawling and manslaughter; because the men in the frontier town were also citizens of such a State with such laws. It is rather because the average individual standard of citizenship and manhood has been raised. Let the individual men be civilized and humanely cultivated, and it will not matter whether they carry pistols or not; there will be order and respect for life, even though the laws on the subject be lax. Let the individual men be ruffians, and there will be disorder and fighting, whether they carry pistols or not, no matter how severe the laws may be.

We believe that the same principle applies to the nations of the world. Let them have, as individual and independent nations, humane and irenic ideals and standards, and the world will be orderly and peaceful without any league, even if some of the nations do have big fleets and universal military training. Let them as nations bound together in a league have brutal and savage propensities, and the world will be filled with wars and rumors of wars, in spite of the league. Great Britain before this war had a tremendous navy, perhaps as powerful as any two others united. But nobody in his senses ever imagined that it was a menace to the peace of the world or to the freedom of the seas or to the rights of any other nation.

We may be greater idealists than President Lowell or even than President Wilson—though we know of a very high authority who said that the latter was not an idealist at all but purely and simply a doctrinaire, which is a very different

thing—but we confidently believe that the hope of the world does not lie in leagues of nations or international melting pots, or attempts at abolition of armaments, or any such artificial but material thing, but rather in the raising and humanizing and ennobling of the standard of individual nations. All the leagues in the world would not insure order if the component nations were disorderly. But if all the nations were orderly, there would be order without any league at all.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

February 22, 1819

We sit in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best;—
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a paean, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain:
Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not.—Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,

With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their White Shields of Expectation!

From the Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration.

GERMANY'S POSE FOR AN ADVANTAGEOUS PEACE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE state of mind and the political situation in Germany when the conditions of peace have been imposed and must be executed, will perhaps be entirely different from what they are today. At present, Germany, virtually reduced to military impotence, is seeking to procure for herself the most favorable possible terms of peace.

The peace to which Germany was looking forward at the time the armistice was requested was expected to be arrived at by a process of bilateral debate on the meaning of the fourteen rubrics of peace proposed in January, 1918, by the President of the United States. Those rubrics, it was thought, were so broad in their scope and so indefinite in some of their applications, that it appeared possible to interpret them in such a manner as to procure for Germany a peace that would, in effect, be a greater victory than the German armies could ever hope to secure by war. The policy that was then adopted and is at this time dominant in the German mind is an effort to obtain an economic victory at the cost of a military surrender,—an economic victory which would completely justify an acknowledgment of military defeat if it could be secured by the acceptance of the German construction of the fourteen rubrics considered as the terms, and the only terms, of peace.

Little information, it is true, has been given publicity regarding the plans and policies of Germany for securing the most favorable peace that may be possible. It is, perhaps, not without a purpose that comparative silence on that subject has been preserved; still, there has been a very distinct outcropping of what is latent in the minds of German diplomatists. "All the belligerents," Count von Bernstorff

has recently allowed himself to say, " have accepted the President's fourteen points, and the only question to be discussed is their interpretation." The new German Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Count von Brockdorff-Rautzau, has made a similar statement, and the *Tageblatt* of Berlin supports this view with the declaration, " No peace must be signed which differs by the breadth of a hair from the principles of President Wilson's fourteen points, which Germany has accepted, and the Entente willingly or unwillingly has signed."

It is needless here to repeat the interpretations of which these rubrics seem to be susceptible. It is sufficient to note that they are held to provide for the following privileges which, after peace, Germany, equally with other nations, might be permitted to enjoy, under the protection of " mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity " provided by " a general association of nations ":

1. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, alike in peace and in war;

2. The removal of all economic barriers, and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions;

3. Free and open-minded adjustment of all colonial claims, unprejudiced by the actual results of the war;

4. Entire national self-determination, which would logically include perfect freedom in choosing and maintaining a future form of government; and

5. Admission on equal terms into a general League of Nations.

A peace based upon these conditions, and involving only the surrender of what Germany had no claim to before the war, would render her not only a victor in all the substantial elements of victory, but would leave her in population the largest political unit on the Continent of Europe, with a clear accession by union with Austria of more than eight million of the Teutonic race; and, after extruding some four million of her present subjects belonging to other races, would give her a net gain of some four or five million souls and a considerable amount of new territory. When the peace was signed, the zone of occupation evacuated, and the occupying troops demobilized, Germany, whether a republic or a monarchy, the choice being freely open to her, with untouched economic resources and organization, no matter what proportionate disarmament might be imposed, would be by far the strongest Military State in Europe. She would possess

racial unity, territorial enlargement, economic preeminence on the Continent, and military security. Even though she had not been defeated in the field, such a peace would be an advantageous one for Germany to make, a more satisfactory one indeed than she could ever hope to win by the victory of her armies on the field of battle.

How then has Germany hoped to secure such a peace?

The course of procedure was clearly marked out for her. Such a peace could never be made with the Kaiser as the head of the Empire. That had been plainly declared. What, above everything else, was demanded of Germany was that she should repudiate her Hohenzollern dynasty and take her place among the nations as a free, self-governing people; for a "people," it was assumed, when it takes government into its own hands, is always just, honorable, and trustworthy; while rulers alone are untrustworthy. Let the rulers and the military caste, therefore, be repudiated, and peace would be easily obtainable.

What nation, weary of a fruitless war, seeing its army, after a supreme effort to break through the enemy's reinforced lines, steadily and inevitably retreating, its territory about to be invaded, its cities bombarded and assaulted from the air,—what nation, I say, could be expected to miss such an opportunity to make a profitable peace?

Germany was too prudent to lose such a chance of advantage. The Kaiser's own appointed Imperial Chancellor, accountable only to him, therefore, asked for an armistice, in order that such a peace might be negotiated.

"Who are you, who ask for an armistice, with a view to peace, and whom do you represent?", was, in effect, demanded of the Imperial Chancellor. "Do you speak for the German people?"

The Imperial Chancellor was silent. How could he speak for the German people, with whom he had nothing to do, and to whom he was not responsible? The answer must be better staged.

It is a new officer, therefore, the representative of what poses as a new government, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who responds to the question intended for the Imperial Chancellor and writes for him a certificate of character.

"The present German Government," he declares, as if speaking by some new popular authority,—"the present Ger-

man Government, which has undertaken the responsibility for this step toward peace, has been formed by conferences and in agreement with the great majority of the Reichstag. The Chancellor, supported in all his actions by the will of this majority, speaks in the name of the German Government and of the German people."

Thus, at last, the long silent " German people," the presumably just, honorable, and trustworthy German people, who were assumed not to be responsible for the war, but rather the victims of a false and shameless autocracy too infamous to be dealt with, have, it is made to appear, really spoken. They have spoken, however, only through the voice of a " great majority of the Reichstag,"—a body which from the beginning had with unanimity supported the war and all its atrocious procedure; a body which only for a moment found a voice with which to speak the mind of the people, and having been for that one moment indistinctly vocal, has since subsided into the silence of the grave! If the German Reichstag really represents the German people, why is it not, in this great emergency, at its post of duty now?

Germany, in this fateful hour, seems to prefer to have no responsible government. Is it because it is more difficult to hold accountable, and on that ground to condemn and punish, a nation without a responsible government than a nation which can be on specific charges indicted and arraigned for its past misdeeds?

Say what we will of the Kaiser's personal régime, it was at least one which, whether trustworthy or not, could be held accountable for its crimes. But the Kaiser's Government is alleged to be no longer in existence. In order that it might disappear, he was urged to abdicate. He professed to have done so, and went to Holland. Germany appeared satisfied, but the outside world demanded the evidence of his abdication; and it was not till three weeks after his retreat, that, in order to satisfy foreign demands, on the 29th of November, a document was finally signed by the alleged ex-Kaiser.

The reason for his withdrawal from Germany William II has himself frankly stated. " I go to Holland," he is reported to have declared, " in order to facilitate peace "; and no one has contradicted this statement of why he was going. The German people, it seems, when the Kaiser's armies were beaten in the field, suddenly wished him gone, sent forth, as

it were, like the " scapegoat " of ancient times, into the wilderness, not because his people hated him or considered him an arch-criminal, not because they themselves wished to destroy him—as they had, and still have, an opportunity to do—but because it appeared that he might be laden with their sins, and his going with this burden would " facilitate peace " by consigning responsibility to the wilderness of oblivion.

And why was it supposed that his going would facilitate peace? Was it not because an irresponsible nation can demand easier terms than a responsible ruler?

The just, honorable, and trustworthy " people of Germany " seem to be pleading at the judgment bar of history, and preparing to say at the peace table: " We demand peace because we are an innocent and a defenseless people. First of all, we are a ' people,' and how can you punish a whole people? Has it not been said that there is something sacred and sacrosanct in a ' people '? You are trying 'to make the world safe for democracy.' We are now a democracy. See, we have dismissed the Kaiser! We shall have no more of him. Have mercy upon us, Kameraden! We accept all your glorious democratic principles. Now, undoubtedly, you are ready, since you would make the world safe for democracy, to make our democracy an asylum of safety for us! "

Here is a change of plan, but is there any change of heart behind these pretensions? Have all Germans, or most Germans, suddenly become Social Democrats, clamoring for a Socialist Republic? Where are all those millions of troops? Where are all those hundreds of thousands of officers, those Prussian generals who are said to have made the Kaiser declare war? Have they gone to Holland? Only a few of them. The vast majority, armed, organized, waiting for a word of command, are in Germany; and they are silent, as silent as the Reichstag. Why are they silent? They are silent because silence is the order of the day, a token of irresponsibility and acquiescence in a new order of things. They are waiting to see if an economic victory can be won. If it is won, they will have their reward. If it is not won, they will, perhaps, have something to say in the future when the peace has been concluded, and is yet to be executed, when the Allied armies are demobilized, and when the rest of Europe has gone to sleep.

There was, before the armistice, no serious revolution in

Germany. There has been hunger, there has been weariness, there has been joy at the cessation of battle, there has been a vision of peace, of comfort and tranquility. There has been also an emergence of Bolshevism, the weapon which Germany skillfully forged and thrust into the vitals of Russia; but Germany expects to receive no serious wound from this weapon. There is no clear evidence of change in Germany, no movement beyond street fights and bread mobs, such as may occur in any city when the conditions of life are hard and when the passions of low-browed men are for a time let loose. The Councils of Workmen and Soldiers solemnly infest the Herrenhaus under the protection of a machine-gun; but the generals know that at any moment in Germany they could make short work of all this assemblage of the rags and tatters of Bolshevism. But the time is not opportune. The disease of Bolshevism, in so far as it is a social malady, may safely be permitted in Germany to run its course. It illustrates to the middle-class what the dangers of democracy may be. It shows to the world how wide the infection may become, if peace is not quickly made. It presents to the Allies the puzzling problem how to obtain redress from a people who disavow accountability and are too broken and disorganized to enforce the duties of a responsible state.

How real is a revolution when the domestic courts are in session, when the bureaucracy is administering affairs, and when life and property are not in great immediate peril? The Germans are an exceptionally orderly people. Their demonstrations are customarily innocuous. Their habits of life are prudent. Their burghers are not stricken with poverty, and their proprietors, accustomed to the use of arms, are able to guard, and are determined to defend, their own material interests. When a real revolution appears, if it does appear, they will unite their forces and rally to their own protection. What they wish at present to exhibit to their conquerors is a starving population incapable of bearing new burdens, an unsettled public order that may prove a contagion to their neighbors, an effort for democracy that will be an apology for the past, and above all a situation which will excite the sympathy of the credulous and the support of class interests of a revolutionary temper in the population of those countries which they would represent as their oppressors for capitalistic gain.

You wish the evidence of this? Then listen to the speech of Hindenburg to his army, on November 13th at the moment when he had decided that it was an economic rather than a military victory for which Germany was to look. Does he pretend that he or they had fought under merely autocratic orders? Does he confess that the course of Germany was wrong? Does he call for a change of heart, or merely for a change of policy? He says:

"Germany up to today has used her arms with honour. In hard fighting the soldiers have held the enemy away from the German frontier in order to save the Fatherland from the horrors of war. In view of our enemies' increasing numbers and the collapse of our allies and our economic difficulties, our Government was resolved to accept the hard terms of the armistice; but we leave the fight, in which for more than four years we have resisted a world of enemies, proudly and with heads erect."

If we turn to what calls itself a government of democracy, what do we hear from the alleged Premier, Ebert, when he welcomes the troops coming home to Berlin? Does he repudiate the purpose of the war? Does he inform the returning soldiers that they have made useless sacrifices, or have been engaged in an unworthy cause, at the command of an autocracy in whose downfall they should rejoice? Tens of thousands of men march by still bearing their arms, filing between other tens of thousands of people who are supposed to have made a revolution, who welcome them as joyful spectators, the troops laden with garlands, as they tramp on to the loud blare of bands of music intoning, "*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles.*"

"Your deeds and sacrifices," the Premier declares, "are unexampled. No enemy overcame you. Only when the preponderance of our opponents in men and material grew ever heavier did we abandon the struggle.

"You endured indescribable sufferings, accomplished incomparable deeds, and gave, year after year, proofs of your unmistakable courage. You protected the homeland from invasions, sheltered your wives, children, and parents from flames and slaughter and preserved the nation's workshops and fields from devastation.

"With deepest emotion the homeland thanks you. You can return with heads erect. Never have men done or suffered more than you."

Is this a proclamation of democracy? Is the world to be "made safe" by this adulation of a career of national crime? What can be said after this to the heroes who are told that in serving the Kaiser they were nobly defending the Fatherland, if for this glorious service they are asked to toil in the fields and the workshops to pay for the damage they have done to Belgium, to France, to Poland, and to other lands which they have, without just cause, ruthlessly invaded and cruelly devastated? Can they be urged to make reparation? Or will they think it unjust that, having suffered so much in a cause so noble, they must be treated as if they were the perpetrators of outrages for which they, their children, and their children's children must be held accountable?

Here is no note of penitence or contrition. It is the same Germany, speaking with the voice of Hindenburg and Ebert, which accepted the Kaiser as its glorious War Lord, that believed, or professed to believe, in the divine right of conquest, and threatened innocent nations with the extortion of enormous indemnities, covering not only the total cost of their exploits but sufficient to enrich the nation and render it the most opulent in the world.

The attitude of Germany in accepting just conditions of peace, will be the test of the character of the German people with whom in the future other nations must live and deal. The first necessity to a recognition of reformation is the disposition to repay, in so far as that is possible, at whatever sacrifice, the damage they have inflicted. If exemption from this obligation is claimed on the ground of irresponsibility, it will imply a degradation of character as deep as that evinced by the predatory enterprise in which all Germany was to profit by collecting the costs of the war from its innocent victims.

Without reparation for the injuries inflicted, there can be no real peace. The example of such an unpunished exploit would remain as an encouragement to future crime.

Will the German people, whose sense of justice, honor, and moral obligation is soon to be put to a crucial test, voluntarily accept the burdens which a just peace will impose upon them? If not, what confidence can be placed in the proposal to make the world safe for democracy, and what will be the world's judgment upon the ethical standards of democracy itself? We shall soon learn from the conduct of Germany, now speaking only through a mask of democracy,

whether or not we are to ascribe all the enormities of the war to the depravity and malevolence of her rulers, against whom, until the moment of defeat, the people offered no protest; and whether or not a people, left free to express its own character, will accept the burdens of an act of justice.

On account of the Great War, in which their duty rendered it necessary that they should participate, the people of the United States of America have not only freely offered to the cause of justice the lives of tens of thousands of their sons, but have paid, or will have paid, probably over thirty billion dollars, which they have not yet demanded should be returned to them. The whole expenditure of the war, by the Allies, considered merely as a matter of monetary sacrifice, is said to exceed two hundred billion dollars; and yet this gigantic sum, which it will require generations to make good, is one of the least and one of the most easily repaired of the damages inflicted by this assault upon humanity.

The manufacturing plants of Germany are practically intact, and their escape from devastation affords the Germans every advantage over their neighbors in the resumption of their normal industries. The loss of man-power through death and mutilation may amount approximately to three or four million men, but this loss will probably be made good to the extent of at least one half by the growth of population during the period of nearly five years from the beginning of the war to the conclusion of peace.

The greatest hardship for the Germans will be the deficiency of raw materials for manufacture; such as cotton, wool, copper, iron, rubber, and many others. They will doubtless plead for these at the peace table as absolutely essential to them. If they were wholly withheld, it would, of course, be impossible for the Germans to pay any indemnities, because they can only pay to the extent to which they are able to earn the means of payment. This is so obvious that it will probably be strongly urged upon the Allies, in order to procure the means to facilitate Germany's economic rehabilitation. "You must either excuse us from all payments of indemnities," it will no doubt be pleaded, "or you must grant us a full supply of the raw materials to which we may give value by our skill and workmanship, in order that we may sell them at prices which will enable us to live and at the same time create an increment of value for your benefit."

If, however, this argument should prevail, its inevitable consequence should not be overlooked. If raw materials are furnished to the extent of Germany's demand, German manufactures will at once obtain an immense acceleration, German goods will flood every market, and the less favored countries will be driven out of the world's marts by an excess of German production and German methods of commercial exploitation. It would not require many years for Germany, with these advantages, even though promising the payment of heavy money indemnities, to have so taken possession of the world's markets as to make the arrangement a profitable bargain. While the Belgians and the French were slowly recovering their productive capacity by a restoration of their ruined industrial plants, Germany would completely forestall them in securing foreign trade. Such a programme would, in effect, be the formation of a partnership in which, to secure a portion of Germany's gains in the form of an indemnity, they would surrender to her the conduct of foreign business, while they themselves were engaged in merely recovering to some extent the productive efficiency of which Germany's invasion had deprived them.

To appreciate the full significance of such an arrangement, it is necessary to consider that, while Germany's manufacturing plants have not been in any way impaired, and are ready to begin operation, those of Belgium and Northwestern France have been practically destroyed. It is reported that 26,000 factories in the French districts occupied by the Germans are either wholly demolished or stripped of their machinery; which, with the looms and other portable means of industry of Belgium, has been carried into Germany. Thousands of square miles of rich agricultural land have been so deeply plowed with shells as to be utterly unfit for cultivation. Houses and public edifices have been left in ruins and can be replaced only by years of labor. Valuable mines have been rendered useless, and it will require both time and expense to restore them. It would be unjust, even though the money value of all these objects were eventually paid in cash, to impose upon the inhabitants of these devastated countries the concentration of all their skill and labor upon the work of reconstruction while those who had destroyed them were profiting by expanding their own world-wide trade. At the end of the period when the restoration was complete, the money paid would have been spent in the

work of reconstruction, and these unfortunate countries, having in the meantime devoted their energies entirely to this task of restoration, would be no better off than they were when the war began, while German industry and trade domination would in the meantime have been definitely and perhaps permanently established.

The remedy which justice would seem to demand is evident. Whatever of value has been carried into Germany should be immediately brought back and replaced. The reconstruction of houses, factories, and other edifices should then be speedily brought to completion by German workmen at Germany's expense, aided by those natives who for the time being have no other employment, all their labor to be paid for by Germany. In so far as the German shipyards can replace the tonnage destroyed, they should be at once employed for the purpose; and only such ships should be allowed for German trade as may be necessary for the distribution of Germany's just proportion of overseas commerce. The other forms of indemnity would not be cancelled by this process of restoration; but the liquidation of these obligations might be ultimately accomplished by the saving of all expense for military purposes beyond mere domestic police duty in Germany, by special import licenses on German goods, and by the appropriation of a percentage of the profits of Germany's coal and potash mines.

This would be undoubtedly a heavy burden for a conquered people to bear; but it is less than it was the German purpose to impose upon the innocent victims of their imperial schemes of conquest.

Has the alleged German democracy any intention gracefully to accept such obligations?

It will be noted that under the fourteen rubrics of peace proposed by the President of the United States, reparation and indemnity are not included. "Belgium," the seventh rubric declares, "the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored;" but the restoration here referred to, as the following words imply, seems to relate to "the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with other free nations," while no mention is made of the reparation of material damages.

Under the eighth rubric it is proposed that "All French territory should be freed, and the invaded portions restored"; but the implication here appears to be the same as

that under the seventh rubric. In both cases it is the restoration of territory, not reparation that is specified.

Will the German representatives at the Peace Congress frankly admit Germany's responsibility for the injuries inflicted and offer to repair them as justice requires them to do; or will they plead that the "terms" suggested by these fourteen rubrics are the only terms that were accepted, and that the imposition of others is a breach of faith?

The truth is that, in a military sense, Germany was defeated. Her generals have admitted that it was useless to continue the fight. Had no basis of settlement been proposed, the alternative to the invasion of Germany by the Allies and an allied victory proclaimed at Berlin would have been an immediate unconditional surrender. The terms of the peace would then have been the conditions to be laid down by the conquerors. They probably will be thus laid down, even as it is. But who will deny that there would have been a clearer case for the conditions which the Allies must in justice impose, and less opportunity for a plea that only the fourteen rubrics should be discussed and Germany's interpretation of their meaning considered, if the surrender were in no way connected with the alleged "terms" which both belligerents are assumed to have accepted?

As the case stands, Germany will undoubtedly voice her interpretation of those "terms" at the peace congress, and will insist that they be regarded in their entirety as a body of conditions, each involving the others. It will, no doubt, be claimed that the five advantages to Germany referred to near the beginning of this article, should be accorded to her; and that conditions not mentioned under any of the rubrics be not applied. It will also be urged that conditions ought not to be made more burdensome for a new popular régime in Germany than were contemplated at the time the armistice was signed and the alleged "terms" accepted, while the Kaiser's culpable Government was still in command.

All these claims and pleas will prove unavailing, for the reason that they are not just. What gives them plausibility is Germany's assertion that she was led to expect an advantageous peace on certain conditions, and that those conditions have now been fulfilled. The implied condition was, it is held, that a free people could receive better terms than a guilty autocracy. The specific conditions were contained in the fourteen rubrics. On these "terms" a nation that

still takes pride in the cause for which its armies fought, that abandoned the struggle only because its force was exhausted, and that has made no apology for a crime in which it participated, now demands to be received as an equal partner in an international order yet to be established; if, indeed, any "general association of nations" can ever be formed which will "guarantee" the conditions which these rubrics suggest.

All this does not destroy, and it should not obscure, the demands of justice to the nations that have suffered invasion and devastation at the hands of Germany. The whole scheme of the rubrics may have been an error. If it has really deceived Germany, or if its application should leave the injured without redress, it was, indeed, morally and diplomatically a mistake. The demands of justice, however, remain unshaken. There can be no binding agreement to do wrong or to escape doing what is right. The alleged terms of peace may have to be interpreted again and again; but, wholly irrespective of any interpretation, reparation by Germany should be made in Belgium and France, not to mention other devastated countries, or the coming peace will be as wicked as the war.

This reparation, apparently, Germany does not intend to make, unless forced to do so.

"No State," says Maximilian Harden, who now assumes the rôle of interpreter of the Germany of which he has long dreamed,—"no State that was snatched along into this flood of the Deluge can expect other indemnity than those which can be effected by thrift and savings"; which, he makes clear, must be the effort of each people for itself. There are to be, then, no indemnities paid by Germany. "Taxes and customs duties," he says, "that would yield even the interest on the tens of billions of debt would necessarily paralyze trade and industry in competition with America, Australia, and the Yellow World; would necessarily grind to bits the idea of private property. . . . What then shall happen? Something that has never happened before. . . . Let Europe's war debt become a treasure of atonement. Let the war loan certificates of all the European States that have participated in this war . . . serve as legal tender, guaranteed by all debtors; a form of money which in every land that is subject to the jurisdiction of the arbitration court must be accepted in payment in any transaction and by any creditor at its full face value!"

Thus all the national war debts, Germany's included, it is proposed, should be pooled in one great "peace fund" and placed under a central control to prevent the outbreak of future war! "The court of the nations," so runs the scheme,—"serves as trustee of the treasure, and sets aside therefrom in equal parts out of the certificates of indebtedness of all the States what it needs for itself and its militia. It may punish disobedience of its judgments in the case of any individual State by means of a money penalty, declaring valueless all the circulating certificates of that State, calling them in, or destroying them, in the case of any State that breaks the peace without previously being itself bodily and vitally threatened. Here," this writer continues, "is where a community of European citizenship beckons us. Thus the Continent would be delivered from its money stringency; . . . thus it would gently be obliged to bury quickly and deeply the useless reminders of futile conflict."

It is time for Germany, if she would ever regain the respect of mankind, to dismiss such fantastic illusions as these, and to take up the burden of national responsibility in a serious sense. Let her, first of all, establish a government that will admit the responsibility of the nation for the past, and with which it is possible to deal. Then let that government assume and enforce those obligations which a just peace will certainly impose upon the German nation; not forgetting that the greatest possible calamity to mankind would be to write into the Law of Nations, by absolving the German people from complicity in a national crime, the ruinous principle that a "people" is not responsible for the government it supports, and that it may therefore exempt itself from merited punishment by merely changing its form of government.

Has Germany the character to stand this test? When she has proved her ability to do so, then, and only then, can there be a possibility, when years of fidelity have established her good faith, of admitting her to a place in a League of Nations. If those who are gathering to conclude peace now cannot enforce that judgment, then it is more than futile to hope to enforce such a judgment in the future; for the contingencies of a future in which so great a crime was left unpunished would be simply appalling to contemplate.

David Jayne Hill.

THE BRITISH LABOR OUTLOOK

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE war caught British Industrialism on the very verge of a crisis that had long been maturing. The previous five years had seen a formidable and pervasive outburst of labor unrest. In a sense there was something paradoxical in the fact that labor should be most dissatisfied precisely at a time when Parliament was most studious of its supposed interests, and when the national conscience was most keenly alive to and most eagerly bent on remedying social and economic injustices and inequalities. Between 1906 and 1911 more Acts had been conceived and passed for the benefit of the working classes than in any previous half-century of British history. Labor had secured a powerful and presumably authoritative representation in the House of Commons. The "social question" had stepped into the forefront of British politics. There never was a time, I suppose, when the will of the country was more resolutely set on securing a square deal all round.

And along with this there had gone on a seemingly progressive development of the idea that strikes and lockouts were relics of a barbarous and outworn past and that it was to everybody's interest that industrial disputes should be settled by give-and-take agreements. Eight or nine years ago a good many Englishmen might well have persuaded themselves that industrial warfare of the old type was approaching extinction.

With the railway strike of August, 1911, came a change that seemed to infect the very atmosphere of industrialism. New forces, a new spirit, were apparently liberated by that great convulsion. Since then and up to the outbreak of the war Capital and Labor in Great Britain knew hardly an hour of real peace. The intervening years

witnessed some sinister developments. They saw not merely the resurrection of the strike but its vast extension. A strike formerly, and as a rule, was confined to a single section of a single industry, and was directed against a single employer. The other sections in the same industry, or the same sections working for other employers, were neither dragged into the struggle nor felt any call to participate in it. It was, in short, a localized affair.

But between 1911 and 1914 we saw men, admittedly with no grievances at all, leaving their work and throwing down their tools in order to show their sympathy with their fellow-laborers who had struck for some definite cause. We saw strikes not of sections or groups but of whole industries. We saw the principle enforced that no one section or group could return to work until all sections and groups had been satisfied.

Side by side with this phenomenon was another equally conspicuous—the rebelliousness of the workingmen against their own Trade Union officials. We repeatedly saw strikes initiated against the advice of the men's recognized and freely-chosen leaders. We saw terms of settlement arranged by these leaders and then rejected by their followers. We saw agreements between employers and employed broken by the latter at the shortest notice and in spite of the protests of their appointed representatives. We saw employers placed in the curious—two decades earlier it would have been the incredible—position of backing up the Trade Unions against their own members. We saw the rapid supersession of the older and more cautious and conciliatory type of Trade Union leader. We saw the principle of collective bargaining —which was and is the very essence of Trade Unionism—in peril of perishing amid a wreck of broken agreements and repudiated officials.

We saw also that the Trade Unions themselves were being converted more and more into political agencies worked by an energetic Socialist minority. We saw many signs that Labor was turning from Parliamentary propaganda to "direct action," and that its leadership was passing under the control of hot-headed revolutionaries who were revamping the Marxian idea of social reconstruction by a cataclysm, and in whose hands Trade Unions were merely useful as the instruments of a forcible overthrow. Both in the railway strike in 1911 and the coal strike of the succeeding year

nothing was more marked than the impotence of the Labor M. P.'s. In neither case did they originate the agitation; in neither case did they prove able either to guide or restrain it. In both cases it was the work of men who were against the whole policy of Labor representation in Parliament and who believed that for the workingmen there is only one really effective weapon—the universal strike. Labor, in short, had broken loose. It was attacking not only Capital and the community but Trade Unionism itself; and its actions in general were governed by a bitterness of enmity and suspicion towards employers as a class that foreboded an explosion hardly to be distinguished from civil war.

The irony of the situation would have struck with mournful force the early leaders of the Trade Union movement. In the half century preceding the war Trade Unions had circumvented two powerful obstacles that the first pioneers must have thought insuperable. They used to be illegal. They are now, if anything, as much above the law as they were formerly below it. Certainly, although their position in the eyes of the Courts is still full of anomalies and no one can say with precision how far they are, or are not, corporations, or individuals, or partnerships between a number of individuals, they enjoy some legal privileges such as no other associations can show. And not only have they forced recognition and more than ample safeguards for themselves from Parliament and public opinion, but they have also, after a generation and more of fierce struggle, established themselves in nearly every industry in the country. Just before the war in all the leading British trades, except the railway industry, Trade Unions were recognized, and the fight for the " open shop " was as good as over.

What is more, British employers of late years had been finding out how much easier it was for them to deal with a strong and responsible Trade Union than with a multitude of individual employees. And Trade Unions in Great Britain, taking them as a whole, are both strong and responsible. They are managed by men of experience and caution; they have amassed very large funds; they are opposed to unnecessary strikes and to violence of all kinds; they are in the main pacific and conservative organizations, with a far stronger inclination towards bargaining with employers than towards fighting them. The men who started the movement in the dark days of Victorian industrialism, could they in

1910 have surveyed the power and accumulated wealth and membership of the organizations and have noted the practical and in general the conciliatory spirit that animated them, would have felt that their early uphill exertions had been almost miraculously rewarded.

But had they renewed their observations a year or two later they would have realized that the prospect was not as fair as it seemed. The Trade Unions had still one opponent left to overcome, the most formidable, perhaps, of all, an opponent in their own household—the very men, in other words, on whose behalf they had been called into being. What had given Trade Unionism its vitality was its power as the representative of the workers of arranging terms with employers to include masses of men and to cover the conditions of an entire industry. But what if the Trade Unions proved unable to enforce these terms upon their own members? For that precisely in the four years preceding the war was what was happening with increasing frequency throughout Great Britain.

The causes of this indiscipline inside the ranks of the Trade Unions had many and diverse roots. In part they sprang from the fact that while the men remained individuals —and exceedingly human ones at that—with their interests mainly centered in their own immediate industrial conditions, the effective trade organization of to-day is no longer the local branch, is no longer even the Trade Union itself, but is the Federation, composed of all the Trade Unions that are engaged in the same industry. The heads of these bodies are exceedingly busy men, as hard to get at as a Cabinet Minister, and the average working man feels himself almost as remote from them as from his employer. Moreover when a Trade Union Federation on the one side and an Employers' Federation on the other meet to negotiate the terms of a settlement, the process is apt to be as formal and protracted as though two Government officers or two nations were drawing up an agreement; and when the settlement that is finally reached applies to a whole industry, it must frequently and inevitably ignore local and minor grievances, and give rise to the suspicion that the interests of one section or of one trade are being sacrificed to other constituents of the Federation.

Again, it is highly doubtful whether the mass of working men have by any means assimilated the doctrine of industrial

peace preached at them by their leaders; while the leaders themselves, and especially those of a Socialist turn of mind, or who are, or hope to be, in Parliament, unquestionably look upon the Trade Unions less as industrial organizations than as an effective and wealthy machine for securing and maintaining Labor representation in the House of Commons. One must always, too, remember that there are few bitternesses in the world which equal that of the working man towards his former mate who has been elected to Parliament and become a "prominent personage" with £400 a year and a new environment and interests; and the higher he rises, and especially if he reaches a Cabinet position, the bitterness develops into a positive anguish of jealousy and suspicion. There are no leaders whom the working men turn so readily against as those of their own class; and this undoubtedly is one of the reasons why Trade Union leaders since they have taken to politics have steadily lost their hold over those who joined the movement for industrial and social purposes, to advance wages, to put themselves on a negotiating equality with the employers, and to safeguard themselves against sickness and unemployment.

The middle-aged Trade Union leader of to-day, moreover, while a man of limited vision and with little sense of complex play of social forces or international politics, is not a faddist, has developed through actual experience of life and affairs a sturdy practicality, and is as free from "isms" as any man can be who is forced from time to time to descend to the insincerities of public life. But the younger men of the rank and file, with quicker minds but less balance, more pushing and restless, educated up to the point where they can rarely think rightly for themselves and yet resent the advice or guidance of the men who know, have developed in the last twenty years a very decided "class-consciousness" and have embraced with remarkable avidity the theories and formulæ of Continental Socialism. The British working man discovered Marx just when their German and French "comrades" had begun to outgrow him; and his abstractions have been the basis of most of the half-baked harangues and the perverted view of economics that have resounded from Labor platforms during the past decade and a half. The hubbub over Syndicalism and Collectivism and the Revolution and the bourgeoises and the proletariat has been far more widely spread in Great Britain

than most people are aware; and it has resulted in the growth of a definite school of working-class opinion which aims avowedly at the overthrow of the " Capitalist system ", which regards property as robbery, which openly proclaims a " class war ", and which denies with passion that employers and employed ever have had or ever can have any interests in common.

This obstreperous ferment in the ranks was by no means the least of the difficulties that beset the Trade Union leaders before the war. Whenever an industrial dispute broke out they could always rely on finding an active and vocal minority among their nominal followers who were hotly against any settlement by compromise and ready at any moment to denounce the advocates of a peaceful and reasonable arrangement as traitors to the cause of Labor, men who had sold out to the Capitalists, and were using the funds of the Unions to bolster up a position in politics and society. The hot-heads were coming more and more to ridicule Parliamentary representation as mere play-acting. They showed in 1911 and 1912 that they had gone some distance towards perfecting the sympathetic strike. They were already fingering the trigger of the universal strike. Their whole point of view was utterly antagonistic to the authority and principles of Trade Unionism as Trade Unionism had hitherto been understood. It was no longer the employers who disputed those principles or resisted that authority. It was the Trade Unionists themselves. And when to these elements of instability and dissensions were added the wranglings and personal jealousies that afflict Trade Unions, as they afflict all other associations—the scramble for places, the tumult of underground intrigue and the rivalries among the leaders—it was clear that a gathering tension between Capital and Labor was complicated by an embittering and wholly unprecedented crisis within the fold of Trade Unionism itself.

The entire world of British industry was thus in August, 1914, like the entire world of British politics, in a thoroughly bad temper. Not an element was lacking to a comprehensive explosion. Many strikes were actually in progress; more were threatened or being prepared for; and had it not been for the war the autumn of four years ago would almost certainly have witnessed a civil convulsion of the first magnitude. That immeasurable catastrophe stilled as with a magic wand the fretful tumult that was hurrying our industrial

system to a violent crisis. Beneath the compulsion of a common affliction all classes suddenly realized that they were Britons and as such bound to stand together and help one another and the nation through the storm. We were one people in a sense unknown within the recollection of any living man. Over four years have gone by since then and that noble mood of unity and exaltation has suffered a partial eclipse. But it has never completely passed away. There have been some breaches of the industrial truce, some strikes that should never have occurred. But on the whole the steadfastness, the loyalty, the general willingness of British workers under the test of war and the unwonted and irritating discipline of State control have made a proud record. One can say without hesitation that no class, as a class, has been called upon to sacrifice so much or has obeyed the summons with such alacrity and good-will.

Those who were unfamiliar with the conditions of modern industry thought it a small thing that all Trade Union regulations and customs which prevented the maximum output should be swept away. It was on the contrary a very big thing. For these ordinances and privileges represented the fruits of a struggle prolonged through two whole generations of working-class effort. In the collective mind of Labor they stood for a charter of industrial liberty more precious than any Act of Parliament or than any of the Constitutional guarantees of freedom. They entered the daily life of the worker far more intimately than any external authority; they defined the conditions under which he earned his livelihood; there was scarcely one of them that was not a concession wrested from employers by the determination of Labor. And this vast network of rules and agreements, usages and customs, was far more extensive than is usually realized. To give some idea of it I do not think I can do better than reproduce Mr. Sidney Webb's description of its ramifications.

It embraced, then, not only the standard rates of wages, and the length of the normal working day, together with the arrangements for over-time, night-work, Sunday duty, meal-times, and holidays, but also the exact classes of operatives (apprenticed or skilled, semi-skilled or unskilled, laborers or women) to be engaged, or not to be engaged, for various kinds of work, upon particular processes, or with difficult types of machines; whether non-unionists should be employed

at all; what processes should be employed for particular tasks; what machines should be used for particular jobs; how the machines should be placed in relation to each other, and the speed at which they should be worked; whether one operative should complete a whole job, or attend only to one machine, or form part of a team of specialized operatives each doing a different process; what wages, if any, should be paid in the intervals between jobs, or whilst waiting for material, and what notice of termination of engagement should be given; whether boys or girls or young persons should be employed at all, or on what processes or with what machines or in what proportion to the adult workmen; whether the remuneration should be by time or by the piece, and under what conditions, at what rates and with what allowances; and—perhaps, where it prevailed, most severely criticized of all, but by no means universally existing—what amount of output by each operative should be considered a fair day's work, not to be considerably exceeded under penalty of the serious displeasure of the workshop.

Upon this complicated code—the resultant for the most part of degrading enmities, suspicions and greeds—there burst the tornado of the war. It did not take very long to see that the new national interests, which demanded output before all things, were at odds with an industrial system that was neither worked nor framed to secure the utmost possible production. The clamorous needs of the war necessitated the extension or adaptation of factories, the introduction of new machinery, many changes of process, nothing less than a revolution in the relation of the operative to the machine, a great development of standardized and repetition work, and the importation of non-unionists, unapprenticed men, semi-skilled men, laborers, boys, even women and girls. To all these transformations the mass of Trade Union agreements and customs, regulating the conduct of industry, opposed a virtually impenetrable front. It was a question whether this network of rules and usages should be abandoned in toto or whether the nation should be hampered at every turn, and in fact crippled, in the prosecution of the war. The Unions were appealed to by the Government and at its request, and on the definite pledge that pre-war conditions should be restored on the conclusion of peace, agreed with splendid patriotism to suspend, while the struggle lasted, all practices and regulations that stood in the way of output.

Mr. Sidney Webb is unquestionably right in saying that there has thus been compressed into the past four years a transformation in the organization of British industry that equals in scope and depth the revolution wrought in the four decades between 1780 and 1820. Factories and workshops have been turned inside out not only as regards buildings and machinery, but also as regards the hours of labor, meal-times, overtime, holidays, the methods and rates of pay, the conditions of engagement, suspension and dismissal, the fines and penalties, the relation of the operatives to the machines and of the various grades and classes of operatives to each other, and, above all, as regards the grades, classes, ages, trade and sex of the operatives employed. Processes of manufacture have been changed so as to enable work formerly done by skilled craftsmen to be done by women or laborers. New machinery has been brought in with the same object. Boys, women and unapprenticed men, employed in far greater proportions than ever before, have invaded the province of the skilled craftsman. Piece-work and the bonus system have been substituted for time wages, and that without any printed and collectively-ratified list of piece-work rates or any protection against cutting them down in the future. The hours of labor have been increased; production has been speeded up; all the customary understandings as to what constituted a fair day's work or as to the amount of time that should be spent on particular jobs have been abolished; and the rules, written or unwritten, that confined this and that kind of work to this and that Union, grade, group or sex have likewise lapsed.

It is, of course, the fact that the suspension of these Trade Union regulations and practices which stood in the way of output has frequently been more ample in appearance than in fact; that while the men's leaders and officials agreed to their disappearance for the duration of the war, the men themselves have repeatedly fought the battle over again from workshop to workshop; and that nowhere, perhaps, has a perfect freedom from hampering restrictions or an absolutely whole-hearted concentration on production been achieved. Nevertheless the advance in these directions all along the line has been so immense and has been brought about in so brief a time as to deserve the adjective revolutionary. A new industrial order intimately connected with the State at all points, has been established; its effect both upon employers

and employed has been profound. Production has immeasurably increased while the number of skilled operatives has diminished. Employers have learned that in the past they always attached far too much importance to the labor-cost of their products and that high wages and large profits are not, as they used to think them, irreconcilable. It has been claimed and justly that experience has taught them the lessons that economists have long urged and the soundness of which practical men have long admitted—the lesson of the advantage of a large output, of production for a continuous demand, of standardization and long runs, of the use of automatic machinery for the separate production of each component part, of team-work and specialization among the operatives, of universalizing piece-work speed and of not grudging to the workers the higher earnings brought by piece-work effort. They have learned, too, that welfare work, canteen work, and shorter hours make for sympathy and that atmosphere of good-will which, when all is said and done, is the main factor in output; while the workers, who since the war have probably doubled their individual power of production, have been better paid, housed and cared-for than ever before and have realized that the highest possible wages in return for the greatest possible output is no bad foundation for an industrial system.

Now the whole of this beneficent revolution of Government, the employers and the Trade Unions are pledged hand and foot to undo. At the end of the war the nation is explicitly and unequivocally committed to restore things exactly as they were, to reinstate the regulations and practices which have been waived, to revert in all particulars of industrial procedure to pre-war conditions and usages. The guarantee to this effect admits of no doubt or quibble. It was given at the time of the initial negotiations with the Trade Unions; it was the *quid pro quo* offered them in return for the abrogation of the rules and customs that interfered with the output; it has been reaffirmed time and again with the utmost distinctness by Parliament and responsible Cabinet Ministers; it is a statutory undertaking, absolute and unconditional, and equally binding on all controlled employers, on all Trade Unions, and on the Government itself. But neither will it, nor can it, nor should it, ever be carried out. The thing is an impossibility. A pledge has been given that cannot under any circumstances be redeemed. That is a fact

which all the interests concerned—they are coextensive with the nation—must first grasp and then adjust themselves to. There is no question about it being a fact. The only question is whether it will be honestly faced, and whether all men will make it their starting-point in approaching these vast and vital problems. "The old network of agreements and rules, customs and usages," a great authority has declared, "in so far as it has been suspended, would, if it could be restored, fit neither the new machines nor the new organization of the establishment, neither the new processes nor the new classes of operatives, neither the new intensity of production nor the new methods of remuneration."

One has only to work out some of the more obvious effects of a reversion to pre-war conditions to perceive that, whatever other solution of the problem may be practicable, this one at least is hopeless. It would mean driving out of a great many of the factories most of the women and unapprenticed men and non-unionists who have entered them; the scrapping of hundreds of millions of pounds of automatic machines or manning them with skilled engineers when a boy or a girl could do the work equally well; the abandonment of dilution, of any form of "scientific management," of piecework payments; and the reinstatement as a rule of industry of the individual limitation of output. The operatives who would lose their jobs would never stand it. The employers would most violently oppose it. The workers who would quickly find that "the restoration of pre-war conditions" meant also the restoration of pre-war rates of wages, would be not less hostile; and the country as a whole would be hamstrung in its efforts to make good the waste of the war and hold its own in a world of intensified competition. It seems to me, therefore, fundamental that Capital and Labor should at once set about the conclusion of a new treaty of peace on the basis of an open and mutual acknowledgment that the pledge of 1915 cannot and ought not to be fulfilled. To make a pretence of fulfilling it or to leave the matter an open issue would be almost equally pernicious. What has to be sought for is an entirely new adjustment of the industrial relationship.

Many suggestions have been thrown out as to the lines on which this adjustment should proceed. What is it that the workers want and should have? Security against unemployment; protection against the reduction of the standard

rate of wages; the right to determine through their appointed officials the terms and conditions of their service; the right to strike; an improvement in their wages proportionate to the prosperity of the industry in which they are engaged; and the sense and spirit of co-partnership. What is it that the employers want and should have? Protection against all restrictions that limit or hinder output and the right to lock out. These on either side are the fundamentals and it will be the anxious task of industrial statesmanship to discover whether some common ground cannot be manufactured between them by launching such a programme of municipal and Governmental work as will reduce unemployment during the next decade to a minimum, by fixing a standard rate of wages in each industry and its equivalent in piece-work through the machinery of joint boards of employers and employed, by enforcing the universal recognition of Trade Unions, by establishing national councils in each industry that will draft a constitution for the internal economy of workshops, by forbidding the practice of limiting output and by vesting the employer with a complete freedom to employ such operatives on such processes and to instal such machinery as he thinks best.

These are herculean labors, only to be accomplished in an atmosphere of reason and good-will. And how far such an atmosphere exists it is very difficult to say. I believe that the average man to whatever class he belongs devoutly intends that the end of the military struggle shall not be followed by an outbreak of industrial war. The sentiment of the country, on that point, is, indeed, unmistakable. The better sort of employers, the better sort of Trade Union leaders, committees and Government Departments, economists without number, are all seeking the way to peace. Schemes of profit-sharing and of co-partnership, plans such as those embodied in the Whetley report for industrial government and reorganization, are being cogitated and discussed as never before. On the other hand the employer during the war has tasted freedom and the worker has tasted comparative affluence. The former is determined to remain if he can the master in his own works; the latter has had his appetite for the material things of life immensely strengthened. Both need to go to school to learn the essence of a rational relationship. The impetus that has been given to business on a big scale, the extreme probability that the

Government will retain most of its control over such vital utilities as the mines and the railways, the certainty that huge industrial combinations are more and more to become the rule —all these are factors in the general situation. Politics, too, will have their say. With 8,000,000 new electors on the register, and the Labor Party throwing open its ranks to practically all wage-earners, whether manual or otherwise, and a deepening consciousness among working men that, if they choose, they can rule the State, the ground is prepared for many surprises.

But among these surprises I do not include a revolution, in spite of the fact that there is an undoubtedly revolutionary agitation at work in most of the centres of British industry and that the combination of vague yearnings, bad economics, and the stunning upheavals of these tremendous times, is one that feeds the spirit of destruction. The war has unquestionably stimulated all those factors of indiscipline and unrest within the ranks of Trade Unionism which, as I showed earlier in this article, had declared themselves before its outbreak. There are today several more or less organized movements that openly advocate revolution and the overthrow of the capitalist system and that war not less openly on the tenets and policies of official Unionism. The " Rank and File " movement is the most outspoken and formidable of these agitations and to its activities must be ascribed the great strike in the engineering trade of May, 1917. But on the whole the common-sense and the patriotism of the British working man—two very real qualities in his composition—may pretty safely be left to deal with the British counterparts of Russian Bolshevism. And there is this also to be remembered, that the exigencies of war have turned Great Britain into a nation of rentiers, that practically everybody has either invested or is dependent upon the sums which others have invested in Government securities, and that in this way there has been constructed against anarchy and the propaganda of violence a bulwark which will stand any strain. Many and grave are the perils and difficulties that will beset the process of reconstruction but they are not likely, in my judgment, to be complicated by anything even approaching a social or industrial cataclysm.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

RUSSIA LOOKS TO AMERICA

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE American has been the safest of all the conglomerate population of Russia since the Revolution. Everywhere I went in Russia I found things opening up for me and difficulties vanishing and favors springing in my path just because I was an American. I was not off the ship at Vladivostok before I encountered the good will my nationality was destined to call forth for me on every occasion. More as a language exercise than for any other reason, I had tabulated every article in my baggage in parallel columns of English and Russian. When the customs official came aboard, I showed him this list and my American passport. Astonishment at my frankness was followed by a keen appreciation of the humor of the situation and then by a genial recognition of my origin, and finally, although probably not good tactics in war time, he put his pasters on my bags without even unlocking them!

Russia has looked to America ever since she threw away her Tsar. Just why she has looked instinctively to us on her emergence from autocracy is not so easy for us to understand as it is for us to analyze our own reasons for sympathizing with Russia. For years we had watched with interest and deep feeling the struggle of the Russian people for freedom. For years we had looked upon the autocracy of the Tsar as a more cruel if not a more dangerous power than the autocracy of the Kaiser. The first Russian Revolution, therefore, was the most brilliant of those additions to the ranks of democracy which we as a nation have always hailed.

Russia has no single motive in looking to America—no motive so widespread and so generally held as our hatred of autocracy and our sympathy for the people who have thrown it off. Various factions look to us for various kinds of aid and understanding. Conservative Russians look to the

United States as the model for their own republic. Others, a vast unlettered throng, have heard of America as a refuge for political exiles. Others, near the soil, think of us as the nation which started to send them their precious farming machinery but has not sent nearly enough. And still others, who have never heard of America at all, open a wide and hospitable heart to us because they have heard nothing against us.

Beyond these voluntary and spontaneous points of contact, however, we have made slight progress. For almost two years we have permitted benevolence to take the place of understanding, and there seems to be little disposition to change that course. Unless we do change it, unless we look long and frankly at the mistakes we have made, we shall continue to fail Russia in her need and in our opportunity. Fortunately, our mistakes have not been irreparable. We have not, for instance, been too hard with Russia. We have not cursed her and blamed her for her downfall. Neither have we been too sympathetic with her errors, for we have not recognized her new dictators and pardoned their faults. Our failure lies in our mental indolence, our unwillingness to gather patiently the facts in a situation such as the world has never known and then to draw our conclusions courageously and with discrimination. We have tried to apply obsolete political formulæ to the first full-fledged social revolution. The formulæ are not relevant, but we continue to apply them. We seize upon the advice or the credentials of some group that bears earmarks familiar to us without asking whether it is representative of Russia. We condemn everything which we do not understand, without trying patiently and with open mind to see whether it may have its value under the circumstances or whether it may be even more dangerous than our hasty conclusions have indicated.

We sent the Root mission to Russia to tell us that all was well when it was not. We sent a railroad commission to give orders to employees who were not in a mood to take orders. Russia was free now. Why should they take orders from anybody? We sent a Red Cross mission to Russia and dozens of Y. M. C. A. secretaries—all with the avowed intention of inducing Russia, to fight whether she would or could or no.

On their return, Mr. Root and Mr. Russell and Major General Scott and others expressed themselves before Con-

gress as hopeful and confident and satisfied with the course of events in Russia. And yet less than a week after the mission left for home, there had been the bloody rioting of July in Petrograd. Less than a month after their return, the Moscow conference revealed the hopelessness of compromise between the extreme classs, a hopelessness which had long disillusioned many in Russia. Less than three months after their return, the Bolsheviki had seized the power and had begun negotiations for peace.

I was unable to understand what had been the trouble and so I took particular pains to retrace the paths the mission had travelled. Had these men actually seen the real conditions, the ominously evident cleavage of the class warfare and its dark significance for the future, and had they chosen to put another face on the picture for fear of discouraging America, scarcely under way at that time in her participation in the war? Or had they submitted themselves to be led around among the exhibits in the museum of Revolutionary Russia, seeing just what their guides wished them to see, consorting with their kind in the cities and ignoring the vast mass of the Russian people? I tried to believe the former, for although it was a mistaken course, it was a mistake that men might easily make. But gradually I was forced to the latter explanation. A few of the educated classes had heard Mr. Root speak and had read his cordial addresses in the newspapers. Aside from this gentlemanly interest in the mission, though, its members might as well have saved themselves a long trip, for they and the forces toward which power was inevitably gravitating in Russia never came to grips with each other. They did not see all those who represented the various classes in the Russian struggle. An Associated Press correspondent in Petrograd from the beginning of the war until recently told me how Baron Rosen, former ambassador from Russia to the United States and an unselfish worker in the Revolution, had tried again and again without success to warn the mission of impending disaster if the Allies did not adopt a more substantially sympathetic policy toward the new Russia.

Whatever opportunity might have existed to forestall the triumph of the proletarian tyranny, that opportunity was lost in the failure to recognize the Russian Revolution as essentially a class conflict. The Revolution began under Miliukoff as a political revolution, merely the substitution of

one form of government for another. But within a month after the Tsar had abdicated, the upheaval had become a social revolution, the struggle of class against class, of Labor against Capital, preached by the Radicals and the Syndicalists and the Anarchists all over the world for the last seventy-five years. Through the days of Kerensky it was nothing but that under a thin disguise. Today it is still that, and the Bolsheviki are interested first of all and last of all in the class conflict, the supremacy of the proletariat of all lands. If their course has seemed to be pro-German, it has been because a German advantage resulted from their determination to continue the class struggle in the face of a world at war. If the peace of Brest-Litovsk seemed like a German peace and a betrayal of Russia by her representatives, it must be remembered that the Bolsheviki know that their proletarian republic can not live unless the class struggle spreads. Their willingness to dicker with Germany was part of their scheme to spread the social revolution.

Failure to recognize these facts has been the undoing of most of the American attempts to reach an understanding with Russia. Our Ambassador, David R. Francis, is shrewd and determined and gifted with common sense, but he looks on the Russian controversy in political instead of in social terms.

I went out from Petrograd to Vologda to see Mr. Francis early in March 1918, ten days after all the embassies had fled from the panic-stricken capital. The story of how a new diplomatic citadel had been founded is one of the few pieces of vital and constructive action in our relationship with the new Russia and so I shall let Mr. Francis tell it in his own words.

"When the approach of the Germans made it unwise for the embassies to remain longer in Petrograd [said the Ambassador as he sat by the table in the library of the Vologda Club], I realized my responsibility as dean of the diplomatic corps, and so I called together all the representatives of the Allied Nations and I said to them:

"'Gentlemen, I for one don't propose to stay here and get caught like a rat in a trap, and I don't suppose you do, either. Now, here is what I plan to do, and I invite you all to stay with me and coöperate with me. I am going first to Vologda, four hundred miles east on the main line of the Trans-Siberian railroad. There I shall stay until the Germans advance and threaten my safety again. From there, if I have to move, I shall go to Viatka and from Viatka to Perm and from Perm to Yekaterinburg and so on across Siberia, step by step until I am forced to board an American ship at Vladivostok.'

"The chargé d'affaires of the British Embassy was greatly disturbed, and the French and Italian ambassadors were equally horrified.

"'What!' they exclaimed, almost in one voice, 'you suggest that we go out of Russia by way of Siberia! Why, we'd be getting farther and farther away from home all the time!'

"'Well, gentlemen,' I said, 'I don't wish to dictate to you. Do whatever you think best. If you wish to come with me, you are welcome. I have no intention of letting anyone chase me out of this country except the Germans, and I shall remain on Russian soil if I have to move the American Embassy around on cart wheels!'"

The British and the French and the Italian Embassies and their staffs started off toward home across Finland. No one heard what had happened to them for weeks. They had simply vanished among the lakes in the No Man's Land between the Red and the White Guards of Finland's own social revolution. A month or two later, some of them managed to escape into Sweden, while others drifted back like belated prodigals to the court of the American Ambassador.

Meanwhile, the Chinese and Japanese Ambassadors, once well started eastward on the same train with the American Embassy, never stopped off at Vologda but cut for home by the straightest route. Two diplomats alone elected to remain in Russia with Mr. Francis. Two countries among all the Allied Nations were represented in addition to the United States. They were Brazil and Siam! The chargé d'affaires of the South American republic did not have enough money to go farther, and the minister from the strange kingdom in the South Seas did not know how to get home if he had wished to!

The day I arrived in Vologda, the Ambassador gave out to the Russian press the following statement, which was copied throughout Russia:

I shall not leave Russia until compelled by force. The American Government and people are too deeply interested in the prosperity of the Russian people for them to abandon Russia to the Germans. America is sincerely interested in the liberty of the Russian people and will do everything possible to safeguard the real interests of the country.

If the brave and patriotic Russian people will forget political differences for the time being and act resolutely and vigorously, they will be able to drive the enemy from their territory and by the end of 1918 bring a lasting peace for themselves and the whole world. America still counts itself an ally of the Russian people and we shall be ready to help, no matter what Government organizes a vigorous resistance to the German invasion.

Here again, with all its genuine sympathy, was the same misunderstanding of the social revolution as a mere political

quarrel. Here again was the delusion in which most people outside Russia persisted—the delusion that Russia could fight once more if she wished to.

Russia *could not fight.* Her army of twenty millions had been scattered, her transportation system wrecked, her food supply depleted far below the civilian necessity. No man trusted any other man. Organization and morale were forgotten conceptions. The Russian had no illusions concerning the invader. He used the bomb and all the other weapons of terrorism on the Hohenzollern just as he did on the Romanoff. But he did not gather together again his scattered hosts to reconstitute a great Eastern front, simply because he could not.

The Russians made peace at Brest-Litovsk partly because they had a gun at their head and none in their hands and they had to, and partly because the Russian people had been clamoring for peace for over a year. The first Revolution was depicted for us in America as the result of a determination to wage the war more vigorously. That may have been the motive of Professor Miliukoff and his friends. But it was not the motive of the leaders of the social revolution which absorbed and swept aside the political revolution inside a month. The motive of these men, even the most moderate, was to bring peace to Russia just as soon as it could be brought honorably. In three years of war Russia had lost out of her effective manhood nearly three million killed and five million more hopelessly wounded or taken prisoner. The soldiers knew that the court back in the capital was disloyal. At the front they were withdrawn by their commanders from impregnable positions without a shot. The only reason they had ever gone to war was because the Tsar said they had to. For three years they knew nothing about the struggle for democracy, nothing about the rights of small nations, nothing about the purposes of their Allies. They simply felt that they had been sent out to do a dirty job, and they had sickened and tired of it. When they got rid of their Tsar, they saw no reason why they should not get rid of their Tsar's war, too, and they proceeded to do so without waiting for the order to demobilize.

One opportunity and only one lay open to the Allies in their project of keeping Russia effectively in the war. That was to retain the armies in the field, less rather than more active but holding an equal number of German divisions on

the Eastern Front. The opinion of most Russians agrees that this might have been accomplished if prompt aid had come in the way of woefully needed supplies, if the Provisional Government and the Soviets had been vigorously supported, if the Constitutional Assembly and the land reforms had been hurried up instead of postponed, if Russia's pleas for a democratic statement of war aims had been heeded and if a personal propaganda explaining Allied war motives had been sent out over the country to meet the insidious propaganda from Germany. But instead of taking what lay within their reach and enlarging its scope as Russia found her feet again, the Allies demanded that Russia fight when there was no longer the will or the understanding or the ability to fight, and in making that demand they lost their opportunity to receive any service at all from Russia.

By November, 1917, even this single opportunity had passed. And yet as late as last March, on the advice of unofficial investigators from the Red Cross, President Wilson risked the dangerous appearance of recognizing the Bolshevik Government in the remote hope of inducing Russia to reject the peace terms. This is the message which he sent to the All Russia Congress of Soviets in session in Moscow to ratify the Brest-Litovsk treaty:

> May I not take advantage of the meeting of the Congress of the Soviets to express the sincere sympathy which the people of the United States feel for the Russian people at this moment when the German Power has been thrust in to interrupt and turn back the whole struggle for freedom and substitute the wishes of Germany for the purpose of the people of Russia. Although the Government of the United States is, unhappily, not now in a position to render the direct and effective aid it would wish to render, I beg to assure the people of Russia through the Congress that it will avail itself of every opportunity to secure for Russia once more complete sovereignty and independence in her own affairs and full restoration of her great rôle in the life of Europe and the modern world. The whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in the attempt to free themselves forever from autocratic government and become the masters of their own life.
>
> (Signed) Woodrow Wilson.

I shall never forget the wave of bitter disappointment that swept over Moscow the morning after the President's message was read to the Peace Congress. The message was not a recognition of the Bolsheviki, but it was the nearest approach to recognition which any nation except Germany had yet given. The depression extended through every class

except the Bolsheviki themselves. Their leaders, however, pounced on the opening which the President's message had given them to thumb their nose once more at us and the entire world. Trotzky was at outs with the others just then, but someone else took his place and drafted this insolent reply to President Wilson's message in the form of a resolution which the Congress cheered and adopted:

> The All Russian Congress of Soviets expresses its appreciation to the American people and first of all to the laboring and exploited classes in the United States for the message sent by President Wilson to the Congress of the Soviets, in this time when the Russian Socialist Soviet Republic is living through most difficult trials.
>
> The Russian Republic uses the occasion of the message from President Wilson to express to all peoples who are dying and suffering from the horrors of this imperialistic war its warm sympathy and firm conviction that the happy time is near when the laboring masses in all Bourgeois countries will throw off the capitalist yoke and establish a Socialist state of society, which is the only one capable of assuring a permanent and just peace as well as the culture and well being of all who toil.

An able reply, a dignified reply, a reply even breathing certain social ideals. But fundamentally it was an appeal to the laboring men of America and the world to rise up and overthrow their Governments. In effect, the Russian proletariat said to Mr. Wilson: " We thank your working classes for the message you sent us. Please tell them we hope they will put you out of office and start a revolution against your Government."

From the very beginning, the Bolshevik Government has neither sought nor expected recognition from any other Government. It has kept aloof from all because it has foreseen that contact with any so-called " capitalist " Government would endanger its own syndicalist basis. Its idea of internal economics and of international relationships is utterly incompatible with the idea prevailing in the world today. Bolshevik Russia did not ask the assistance of the Allies against Germany, because it knew that its own régime would be the first to fall before any appreciable expeditionary force. It came to terms with Germany simply because it had to. The Peace Congress that ratified the Brest-Litovsk treaty proceeded to a consideration of the best means of violating it.

As long as the war lasted, the Russian Bolsheviki could hope to be ignored by the rest of the world. With the opening of the Baltic and the Black Sea, however, it will be

possible to restore the broken contact with Russia. The test of our ability to deal with the Russian Revolution in a practical, intelligent, and far-seeing manner is at hand. What we choose to do with Russia, more than any of our other international engagements, will be the test of our vision.

It is hardly likely that we shall make the same mistakes with Russia that we have made already. But unless we analyze relentlessly the mistakes we have made, unless we seek patiently for the underlying misconceptions from which those mistakes proceeded, we shall be in danger of blundering on in much the same way as we have in the past. Most of all, we shall have to guard against the temptation of trying to make Russia conform to our ideas of governmental and industrial polity. Already, we are beseiged by refugees from the old privileged classes who are carrying on an open propaganda for the restoration of their former privileges. For many months we have been shut off from a rehearsal of the motives and the ideals of those who are opposed to reaction. Our ports have been closed to any Russian suspected of dissatisfaction with society as we have chosen to order it. Under the Espionage Act, our press and our public forum and our courts have dealt relentlessly with any such expression of dissatisfaction. We have heard one side only, and we are in danger of a natural inclination to continue to listen to that side to the exclusion of other salient convictions.

Even if we were in possession of all the conflicting viewpoints, however, the exact procedure in answering Russia's unspoken appeal to us would be very difficult to determine. The Bolsheviki and the other extreme elements who have subordinated the Russian Revolution to the social revolution prefer to have us keep our hands off completely, for they know that contact with us, as with anyone else, will seal their fate. The business men, the propertied class, the bourgeoise, would have America and the Allies send sufficient military forces into Russia to clear out the whole pack and parcel of Bolsheviki and socialists of every stripe and stamp, unmindful that the vast majority of the Russian population holds socialist beliefs of one kind or another. In between these two extremes is the long-suffering and patient educated class of Russia, the intelligentsia, with representatives in almost all of the so-called " parties." Giving freely of their best blood to further the cause of the Revolution in the old days, they now look with chagrin and heavy hearts upon the wreck that

is Russia. They understand our protestations of sympathy, but somehow they can not understand why there is not something to do. And beyond them all is the silent Russian peasant, waiting, as he would wait for the judgment day, for the time when we can send him more of the ploughs and the harrows and the reapers that will make his acres yield.

In following the difficult path of discrimination we shall have to remember that Bolshevism is a strange mixture of class revenge and class tyranny together with fanatical remedies for a desperate state of society. Many of these remedies may in themselves be constructive if applied under favorable conditions, for they partake of the intuitive vision of the dreamer. There was a plan on paper in Petrograd shortly before the final demobilization of the army last winter which would have remade Russia in a year if it could have been carried out. Russia needs railroads. Russia needs railroads more than any country except the heart of Africa. Many of the lines run out like spokes from Moscow and Petrograd and lose themselves in the fields and forests. There are almost no connecting links. In order to correct this situation, the Bolshevik plan called for the transfer of the soldiers from the trenches to construction gangs. A military army was to be converted into an industrial army to build railroads for Russia. The fatal fault in these calculations lay in the determination of the soldier to go home the moment the army was demobilized. And so it has fared with almost all the other idealistic and constructive plans of the Bolsheviki. The good they have attempted has been impossible to accomplish under the conditions which brought them to power. Many of the evils of their régime have resulted from their will to retain that power. They are a symptom, not a cause, a symptom of disintegration and demoralization of all the forces in the Russian commonwealth.

Nevertheless, the Bolsheviki are still in a sense representative of Russia. By their prompt enactment of the land reforms which the peasants demanded, they have not only silenced that source of unrest but they have made these nine-tenths of the population their tacit supporters. No headway can be made by any Russian party or by any outsider against the Bolsheviki which does not assure the peasant of a solution of the land problem satisfactory to him. With equal jealousy the peasants and the workmen will guard their Soviet, for it is the only form of government with which the

Russian has had any acquaintance and experience since the Tsar and the bureaucracy were discarded. It is the single constructive political contribution thus far of the Russian Revolution. Wherever it is possible, therefore, to restore order and remove the underlying cause of Bolshevism without disturbing the functions of the Soviet, it will be wise to respect that institution and see that it is made truly representative of all the elements of the population, not simply of the industrial proletariat or of those who happen to have arms in a given community and can thereby retain a fictitious majority in the councils of the district.

Whatever we do for Russia, we must not expect immediate payment. Russia has paid already in blood and treasure and sorrow for the new world we are making. For the sake of those sacrifices, for the sake of a freedom toward which she has richly contributed, for the restoration of order and safety in the fabric of civilization, we must give freely of our food and of our resources. More than that, we must give of our patience and our most unselfish thought. Not at the expense of concessions and privileges. We must give for the restoration of Russia as we have given for the restoration of France and of Belgium and of Serbia. And our reward will come richly in the gratitude and the confidence of a people closely akin to us in their passion for democracy and freedom.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

IMMIGRATION IN RECONSTRUCTION

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

It is a long way from immigration to Americanization—a journey the native-born has found quite as hard to make as the foreign-born. The chief regret as one looks back over the rough road is that there should have been so little philosophy to guide us, and that the sense of racial relationships has in the face of a great world war, remained so blurred at home. Some Americans are beginning to suspect that we deal far too much in investigations and surveys, the knowledge of which we never use; that we reject far more than we have learned to use of fine and subtle contributions to American life; that we tend to impose Americanism rather than to leave people to discover its excellencies; and that our methods are machine made rather than hand or heart made.

On any other ground it is difficult to understand how America has come through this war with no clearer a national policy; and with no sounder an international programme for the races resident here than is now apparent. No reconstruction programme thus far announced includes either immigration or Americanization; no international discussion more than suggests the world-wide migration of people which will soon begin from every quarter of the earth and which will cross and recross each other's lines for many years to come.

America today faces a situation unparalleled in its history. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants are clamoring to leave its shores, held back only by passport restrictions and food scarcity abroad. Whether these men will be replaced by others is unknown. The land that once held the imagination of all wanderers is now distanced by prospective republics and by South America and Canada. America also has become the base of many embryo republics engaged in manipulating and influencing affairs in their native country.

The after the war problems of immigration are four:—To unite races in America, involving many varied racial relationships; to interest immigrants already here to remain, involving distribution, protection and education; to determine if America desires additional immigrants and upon what basis of selection, involving the manner of their rejection and of their reception and care; and to make inter-migration express America—involving equipping those who leave with the real spirit, achievement, courage and hope of America.

Is there any recognized authority in America that can state what America's attitude is on these problems? Is there a governmental, an industrial, an economic or an educational programme that can be said to cover them? Is there a united front on them so that any country interested in its own subjects here can intelligently and sincerely coöperate with America and if so, how and through what agencies? Is there any one central authority to which the cities and States can turn for guidance and inspiration so there may be some uniformity of principle as well as of procedure?

No subject is in greater need of having a definite policy and specific measures for expressing and putting into operation such a policy. In normal times the Federal responsibility, such as there is, is divided among eighteen separate bureaus in eight different departments. To this were added fourteen war emergency bodies operating through thirty-seven separate bureaus and committees—all without a central guiding principle and uncoördinated. The war has witnessed in no field a greater confusion of basic principles. The rights of free speech, of opportunity to be heard, of representation, of justice, have all been imperilled in the campaigns and action taken in the name of a one-language country, in the attitude toward a press in foreign languages, and in dealing with the property and other guaranteed rights of aliens. We shall doubtless need a restatement of the rights of men with especial reference to our immigrant fellow men before the guarantees of the Constitution are fully restored.

Taking these four fundamentals essential to a sound republic—that men shall be united; that they shall love and desire to stay in the country of their adoption and defend it; that they shall come to it attracted by its best traditions and opportunities and be guaranteed their realization; and that they shall go forth its champions and missionaries,—is there a policy or a procedure in America today that provides for

these in unmistakable terms and that challenges any infringement of its terms?

The fact remains that never have the racial and nationalistic lines in America been so tightly drawn. It has been deemed necessary in order to win this war that every possible recognition be given to the racial groups in America. There are no less than 300 national racial societies with a known registration of 42,000 local branches. There are 85 nationalistic organizations, one alone including ten nationalities—working primarily for a united and independent native country. These organizations have 1146 foreign language papers not including 483 German papers, to express their point of view and urge their programmes. Twelve thousand steamship ticket agents, of which 80% are foreign-born act as private bankers and as notaries and perform other services which intensify solidarity. The Liberty Loan Committee, to sell bonds, had to recognize these groups and create foreign language committees. Foreign language battalions were created in training camps to facilitate the training of these groups under their own leaders. The Committee on Public Information created Bureaus of Information manned by foreign language leaders, and Councils of Defense in many places created special foreign language committees. It is inevitable that deeply interested as these racial groups are in conditions in their native country that there is a tendency to split America into embryo republics based on racial lines; to reflect here as it occurs there, the mighty battle now going on between the conservative and social revolutionary forces. There is seen everywhere the counterpart here of political differences and feuds there. Old world policies promise to be very much entangled with our own political differences. Remnants of nationalities here are attempting to dictate what the countrymen shall do at home and how those governments shall be run, through the foreign language press of America and through their powerful organizations.

America has but fragmentary knowledge of what is going on or of how this will affect its economic and industrial life. It consequently has no policy for dealing with the situation. It is a war legacy that may loom large as a problem affecting many countries in its final disposition. For the moment America is content with parades and meetings and selling Liberty bonds and war savings stamps and enlisting in the Red Cross and other agencies. These contribute little to the

discovery of a unifying principle or point the way by which these races may live together in America. The entrance of America into internationalism is by no means only across the Atlantic. It is in every city in America that has a foreign-born population and of such there are 2300 communities.

We have not yet determined even the cardinal principle: Shall national action be repression or expression? The beginning of the new year will see many State legislatures attempting to deal with this situation so big in its international aspects that only confusion and racial irritation can possibly result.

I do not say that this situation creates a menace; the future racial relationships of the world are too blurred for any man to know. I do say, however, that the extent and the way in which America is to be used as a base for the manipulation of European politics in the newly-to-be-created republics as well as in the older monarchies; the relation of these embryo republics seething with influences from their native land and beset with appeals for help; and the degree to which racial solidarities develop here—are questions upon which America should have a clearly written policy and procedure. With 13,000,000 foreign-born people and one-third of its population having its roots in other lands and widely scattered over an immense territory loosely governed in many ways, America cannot afford to drift. Every nationalistic society knows where its colonies are in America, even when its headquarters are in Paris or Berne; America alone is unable to find them when it needs them. Demobilization will rescatter them and to America alone will they be temporarily lost.

There is no better proof of the racial divisions in America than the preparations being made by immigrants for leaving the country as soon as the passport regulations are lifted, the peace terms are known and food conditions abroad will permit. The estimates vary between one and three million. Whatever the number, today throughout the country men are saving money to return, ticket agents are doing a landslide business in reserving space, and steamship offices are thronged with men clamoring to go back. Strong appeals are being made to immigrants to go back and help rebuild the home land, and recognition in position and leadership are being held out. The half naked Slav in the steel mill

dreams of the day when he will help direct the affairs of his nation, when with his savings, there reckoned as wealth, he will become a leader. And he dreams not in vain. To lose a million workers upon whom America depends to fulfill her obligations to countries abroad and to hold the lines in her basic industries is no small task. To exchange them for battle scarred and tired workers requires careful adjustment. To return the man with license replaced by liberty, with the sense of destruction replaced by the sense of construction, with revolution stilled by evolution in exchange for the lawless hordes now arising in Europe is no small responsibility. To handle this vast migration of peoples with the least possible loss of manpower, of waste of savings and resources, and of stability and purpose is worthy of America's best thought and effort and it has received but a passing thought from the numerous reconstruction bodies now in session.

America has no policy as to whether it will attempt to retain them and if so what the methods will be or whether it will bid them Godspeed, adding as much as possible to their equipment to help them in the new task. Every immigrant who goes back could have been made a missionary of the American spirit, an advocate of American business, a salesman of American goods, as well as a champion of democracy. Instead, the indifference and neglect with which they have been treated has given many no real love for the American brand of Democracy. Today, allies though they are, they are being exploited by steamship ticket agents who are selling them tickets on vessels whose sailings are unknown, and no provision is being made for their care at the seaports, where they may wait days if not weeks. They will arrive on the coast with their savings, with their faces turned eastward with the hope of seeing those from whom they have not heard during the war, and America will permit them to be exploited as they leave her just as she did when they first came to her. Every such tale told on the other side dims the glory of the Americans who fought in France.

These men and women will go back because of loyalty to the suffering home country, to see what has happened, to settle up family matters, to help the home country and to work out democratic ideals of government in a country free at last. They will be men of position and leadership in their home land. It is of vital and of great significance what America gives them to take back with them; and what their

last impressions are. These depend primarily upon what their experience and life and treatment in this country have been.

This nation has no single policy which reaches all of its immigrants and which surely equips them to interpret America to their native homes; it has no official programme or organization for safeguarding them while here or of insuring a safe or sympathetic departure. It has none of the courtesy of a host; it has not the powers of a despot. If America were to decide tomorrow that she would make efforts to keep her immigrants and interest them in America, along what lines would she proceed? Americanization is the readiest answer, summed up in most people's minds by the teaching of English and the acquirement of citizenship papers. Valuable as these are as channels, they will not be enough to hold the immigrant nor to attract new ones. With the disbanding of war agencies and the taking off of war pressure, the country has still to find a unifying principle of race amalgamation and to find what it is that creates a voluntary allegiance to a new country. When the basic principles of Americanization are reached, they will not be the various campaigns for this or that thing that seems good for the moment. They will be identity of interest in the economic and social and political fields and we shall deal with questions like these:—

Can race superiority and prejudice be eliminated and all races be given recognition and an equal opportunity in America?

How can immigrants be given a land interest and a home stake to compete with the call of the soil of their native land?

How can the worker be given recognition and his talents be utilized and the discriminations in working and living conditions and handicaps be eliminated?

How can the distance between the guarantees of the Constitution and its practical application in the daily lives of men be shortened, and political ideals be fully realized?

Shall the immigrant who tries to buy a home continue to find himself the victim of a colonization scheme to sell sand flats or in the meshes of the installment plan? But one State in America now safeguards his savings in private banks.

Industrial demobilization as well as military demobilization present interesting immigration questions: Does America intend that the immigrant shall return to his colony and section and ghetto? Is the bunk-house on construction work

and the overturned box car his future home? Does he continue a *dago* and a *wop?* Is he to be discriminated against in future employment? Will the foreign-born soldier return to the same footing in his family and in his town when he lays aside his uniform?

To these and a hundred other demobilization questions which affect particularly the foreign-born in America, there is no ready answer. These, too, are questions to which the world will await an answer. America must realize that in becoming a world Power and in deciding situations abroad, she opens the door to far greater interest, accountability and influence upon her affairs at home, especially when these involve many hundreds of thousands of subjects of foreign countries. How they shall be treated may no longer be her own affair. It concerns Europe vitally and may one say as consistently as America is concerned in how Europe treats its various nationalities.

Have we emerged from this war with a real international sense which we are willing to put to the following test: Shall immigration be considered only as a labor matter as in the past or does America recognize her dependence upon other races for elements of fusion and contributions of body, mind and spirit, essential to the future development of a great people and a great country?

America will not attract immigrants upon the old terms of ideals, jobs and wages. America will have the competition of countries eager for manpower and having as much to offer. Making democracy safe for the world relieves America of its monopoly and men will be able to realize in their own lands that which they once crossed the seas to find in America. Foreign countries by anti-emigration laws and other measures will endeavor to keep their manpower, they will direct it when they can to their colonies. Canada and South America have more to offer in adventure and lands and opportunities than America. This country also faces competition with the most frugalized and disciplined people of Europe and must teach thrift and lower cost production—a course not popular with a people used to lavish expenditure. Conditions today raise new questions as to how immigration may be best selected and how much of the revolutionary Bolsheviki element can be absorbed here. It is becoming clear that the old haphazard way of interesting immigrants to come here by leaving it to the enterprise of

steamship companies, and of labor agencies, and to individuals to send for their countrymen will not suffice, if America believes that her future prosperity and power depend on not only immigration but immigration selected for her needs and satisfying her standards.

I am far from saying there has been no improvement in these conditions. Everywhere there is evidence of changing relationships. I am saying, however, that nowhere can men who are struggling with these questions find a guiding principle clearly enunciated in law and backed by authority. In Washington, Government bureaus nullify the work of each other; States contradict each other by statute, and organizations multiply, all bent upon some specific phase of work. Education lags while imposition grows; standards yield to expedients; and incentives are killed by repression. America's voice is not raised clearly against it; and few laws are enacted powerfully to counteract it. Men feeling these inequalities seek the great adventure in other lands.

America enters the international councils today with this equipment for dealing with its races in America:

An immigration law providing for the restriction or admission of aliens, based upon self-defense, governed by an economic point of view, and containing none of the broader principles of selection which the war has revealed. Will it be amended as becomes a world Power and possible member of a League of Nations, or will it remain the provincial expression of a people afraid of labor competition?

A naturalization law, whose citizenship does not protect the naturalized citizen in his native land; which imposes hardships in the name of standards, based on local geographical lines; and which is an antiquated instrument in its expression of the dignity and requirements of citizenship, as well as in its cumbersome and unstandardized methods of operation. Many injustices, like withholding the opportunity to earn a living, are committed in its name, and many a privilege is entrenched along with its democracy. Shall it be amended to give international citizenship which shall be good the world over and having but one meaning and standard at home?

State laws dealing with the most intricate questions of nationality exhibit contradictions and inequalities. In one State men were forbidden to pray in a foreign language; in another aliens may not be employed as barbers; in another

aliens may not own a dog; in nine States men with first papers can vote. There are indications that the legislatures of 1919 will attempt to settle questions of loyalty and of freedom in their own way. Shall there be a uniform policy for States in accord with national and international agreements, with Federa aid to the States having great problems of education and assimilation, or shall we continue to confuse the world and do injustice to the alien as he passes from State to State?

We are not agreed upon whether this shall be a compulsory English language nation; and if so under what conditions other languages may be spoken and under what conditions the foreign press shall continue, and within what terms nationalistic societies may flourish. Shall we have a compulsory English language law and a clear enunciation of where we stand on these matters or shall we drift, increasing bitterness and misunderstanding in our own country and leading eventually to complication abroad?

America unconsciously permits exploitation which necessitates that foreign governments shall protect their own people here. Shall there be a law regulating the activities of private employment agencies doing an interstate business; of private bankers covering both deposits and transmission of money abroad, of colonization and land schemes involving as they do interstate transactions; of steamship ticket agents performing a variety of international services as well as selling tickets?

We now deal with immigration with little knowledge of conditions abroad. Our own official knowledge of peoples in America is based on a decennial census. The results are not ordinarily available until they are two or three years old. Is not the world moving too fast and our own country changing too rapidly to consider people as statistics? Shall we continue to do this or shall we base our selection upon the reports of experts abroad who will advise accurately and impartially of foreign conditions including movements of population, conditions of unrest, etc.? Is it not just as important to know manpower conditions and tendencies as to know trade conditions and not through self-interested and political but through scientific and non-partisan channels? Shall we find no better way of keeping in touch with the strangers in our gates than in aggregate masses of statistics several years old?

Basic Americanization, dealing with the Americaniza-

tion of environment as well as of peoples, with the native Americans as well as with the foreign-born, is in peril of being lost in the confusion of adjustments. War agencies are disbanding and there is as yet no Federal department charged with the responsibility of taking up this work, and no appropriation has been made for carrying it on. Shall the Department of the Interior, under the leadership of Secretary Lane who has shown the most profound and sympathetic understanding of the many elements involved in our racial relations, be empowered to develop and carry on this work? It would seem that if any work belongs to the Department of the Interior this is it, and that definite action should be taken to head up the work authoritatively there in a broad way.

These are but some of the questions that face America. There are others far more delicate and undefined which have hardly yet seen the light. No one person can or ought to attempt to formulate the policies and programme but somewhere in America these matters should be dealt with in a comprehensive and authoritative way, clearly, courageously and without prejudice. Otherwise we are likely to fail at home in the very things which we have set out to show Europe how to do. America will be strong abroad just in proportion as it is strong at home; its ideals will win just in the measure that they are realized at home; its ideas will prevail just in the ratio in which they reach practical results here; and its good faith will be trusted in just the measure in which each man keeps his word and sees that liberty is realized in his shop and in his home and in his neighborhood and in his courts. To depart from this belief is to fail eventually and we are likely to lose sight of the danger at home in our triumphal march abroad.

FRANCES A. KELLOR.

THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT

I

BY LIEUT. COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY

PRELIMINARY to any discussion of the strategy of the war, it will not be out of place to remark that in this war the enormous numbers of the opposing armies, the wonderful improvements in artillery and in small arms, the use of noxious and poisonous gases, and of steam engines, gas engines, railroads, tanks, motor trucks, motorcycles, automobiles, electric telegraphy, wireless telegraphy, telephones, searchlights, submarines, aeroplanes, and other inventions and discoveries have had a far-reaching effect in modifying and changing the application of strategical principles. In some cases they have made their application much easier, and in others much more difficult, but in no case have they had any effect whatever in changing the principles themselves. Those are immutable. They are the same today as in the days of Alexander, of Hannibal, of Caesar, and of Napoleon.

To operate offensively, when practicable to do so; to bring superior forces against the enemy at the point of attack; to manœuver upon interior lines when possible; to surprise and deceive the enemy as to the plans of operation and place of attack; to divide the forces of the enemy and beat them in detail; to operate or attack in such a direction as to threaten or destroy the communications of the enemy without exposing your own: these are the main unchangeable principles of strategy. It is by their observance that the main object of all battles, the defeat and annihilation or capture of the enemy, can best be obtained. They are the foundation rocks upon which all great military successes are built. Their observance shows good generalship; their violation poor. No commander can long disregard or transgress them without bringing disaster and ruin upon his army.

During the war Germany took, or tried to take, the offensive three times on the Western front. She began the war with a great offensive there and continued it until she was forced to take up a defensive rôle as a result of the battle of the Marne. In February, 1916, at Verdun, she began her second great effort to break through the Allied lines, but this also was a complete failure. And on March 21, 1918, she tried for the third time to smash through the lines and to resume a war of movement, but utterly failed in her efforts. In each of these offensives, according to our view, Germany made a great strategical mistake; and it is the purpose here to show why this is so; and to analyze somewhat in detail the operations on the Western front from a strategical point of view.

GERMANY'S FIRST GREAT MISTAKE

Although it may not have been Germany's intention at the outset to take the offensive on both her East and West fronts at the same time, nevertheless this is exactly what she did. At the very time that the German armies were overrunning Belgium and invading France, Hindenburg was engaged in East Prussia in a great offensive which culminated in the battle of Tannenberg.

When Napoleon made war in a single theatre of operations it was his invariable rule to take the offensive,[1] but to take it along but one line at a time; and had Germany followed this rule and held defensively the French front from Luxemburg to Switzerland, and then united the remainder of her forces with those of Austria offensively, first against Russia, then against Serbia, she could have defeated and crushed the armies of both in a short while, and then have returned to the Western front and with overwhelming forces flushed with victory have speedily invaded France *via* Belgium, as she had originally planned, or overrun both Belgium and Holland and conquered France. And in the mean-

[1]It is a well established maxim or principle of war that THE OFFENSIVE ALONE PROMISES DECISIVE RESULTS; but there is another principle just as well established, which limits the application of this principle when war is made within a single theatre of operations, and that is, TO OPERATE OFFENSIVELY AND IN FORCE ALONG BUT ONE LINE AT A TIME. These two principles, which were almost universally followed by Napoleon in his remarkable military career, were several times enunciated by him during his life. In fact, it has been largely through a study of his campaigns and of the methods followed by him in gaining his victories, that these two principles have come to be almost universally accepted by military men as true guides for conducting campaigns.

time, while she was disposing of her enemies outside of France, had Great Britain and Belgium declared war against her, she could easily have held her Western front against them, since neither, at that time, had any army of consequence; and then, upon her return, could have gone through Belgium without bringing upon herself the odium of violating a neutral country.

Since the front between Germany and France was only one hundred and fifty miles in length, and was protected on the German side by the river Moselle and the fortifications of Metz and just back of them by the river Rhine and the fortress of Strassburg; and since the front could not have been turned by France without her violating the neutrality of either Belgium or Switzerland, or both, which it is certain she would not have done, it could have been held by Germany with a small part of her combatant forces, while she was destroying her enemies in other parts of Europe. Had she followed this plan, the war at most would have lasted but two years, and probably not that long. Had she followed this plan, Great Britain would not have declared war against her at the beginning; for it was the violation of Belgium's neutrality which brought Great Britain immediately into the war. Had Germany followed this plan, she would not have turned the good opinion of the world against her at the start. And it was all so easy, had Germany had any strategical foresight; but being obsessed with the idea that she must take the offensive, whether or no, at the very start against France, and having worked out plans along these lines for years, believing that she could conquer France this way as she had done in 1870; and failing to see that Russia's entrance into the war in 1914 made the strategical situation vastly different from what it was in 1870, she swept forward to her ultimate defeat. This mistake, this lack of strategical foresight, this stupendous blunder by the German General Staff was appalling, calamitous, for the Central Powers. It turned what should have been a short war into a long one. It cost the Central Powers billions of dollars and millions of men. It brought the young giant, America, into the war against them, and arrayed against them a world in arms. And what is most catastrophic of all, it has, along with several subsequent strategical blunders, resulted in Germany's practical annihilation as a great military power.

It is interesting to note that notwithstanding the fact that

Germany took the offensive on both her Western and Eastern fronts at the outset of the war, she came very close to being victorious on both fronts. In East Prussia she won against the Russians the great battle of Tannenberg, and on the Western front, had she not been forced to detach two corps from her army just before the battle of the Marne, she would probably have won that battle, captured Paris, and perhaps conquered France before the end of the year. Which goes to show that however strong, well trained, well disciplined, and well prepared an army may be, its commander cannot violate a strategical principle, even unintentionally, without running great risk of serious consequences. It is true that victory will not infrequently be obtained in spite of a violation of some strategical principle; but it is also true that failure must result solely because of its violation.[1]

[1]Since writing this article I have learned that no less a person than Field Marshal von Moltke himself approved of the defensive strategy on the Western front in case Germany was involved in war with Russia and France at the same time. These views, reported by Bismarck in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and quoted by Munroe Smith (*Militarism and Statecraft*, pp. 125-127), are as follows:

> In view of our fortifications in Strassburg, Metz, Mayence, and Coblenz, Field Marshal Moltke was so convinced of the strength of our military position on the western front that he regarded it as possible, in case war should break out on two fronts, that we should limit ourselves to the defensive on the western frontier until the Russian war was conducted to an end. He was of the opinion that, with our railroad communications and fortifications on the western frontier, the French could not so conduct the war as to break through our lines; and he accordingly believed that we could carry the Russian war to a conclusion and then first, as against France, pass over from the defensive to the attack.

This revelation of Bismarck, published on January 9, 1893, aroused considerable controversy in Germany; whereupon one week later he replied and at the same time set forth his own opinion:

> It is an indisputable fact that Count Moltke expressed himself in this sense, and that he was of the opinion that Germany, in possession of Metz and Strassburg, with Mayence, Cologne, and Coblenz behind, could, in case of a double war, maintain the defensive against France for an indefinite time and meanwhile employ its chief force in the East. . . . We should regard it as presumptuous to attempt to support the views of the great strategist with our own opinion; but in face of the skeptical articles published in the *Nationalzeitung* and other similar utterances in the press, we should like to add that, so long as we are in possession of Metz and Strassburg and so long as we remain covered by the neutral Belgian and Luxemburg territory, a defensive conduct by Germany of the war against France would not deprive the left bank of the Rhine, but only a part of Alsace, of protection by German troops.

Commenting on these statements, Professor Munroe Smith says: "In 1914 the German General Staff, with another Moltke at its head, put into execution an opposite plan. It was stated to be self-evident that France must be crushed before the 'slow-moving Russian masses' could make any effective attack upon the Central Empires. To achieve this object, the cover of Belgian neutrality was sacrificed. The attack on France was launched across that neutral territory, as offering the line of least resistance."

As to the German defeat at the Marne, Lieutenant General Baron von Freytag Loringhaven, Deputy Chief of the German Imperial Staff, in his book entitled *Deductions from the World War,* page 94, says:

> Thus the German offensive at the beginning of September, 1914, was not powerful enough to effect the overthrow of the enemy. The intention was to effect an envelopment from two sides. The envelopment by the left wing of the army was, however, brought to a standstill before the fortifications of the French eastern frontier, which, in view of the prompt success achieved against the Belgian fortifications, it had been hoped to overcome. The envelopment of the French left wing was successful up to in front of Paris and across the Marne, but here the German troops found their frontal advance arrested, while they in their turn were threatened with an envelopment.

And again, page 91, he says:

> When the German Western army engaged in the Battle of the Marne, its original first line troops had been reduced not only by two army corps which had been sent to the East, but also by two further army corps which it had been necessary to leave behind at Antwerp and Maubeuge.

Thus we see that the German plan was to envelop both flanks of the French army and that it failed because of the " fortifications of the French eastern frontier." That is to say, it failed because of the natural fortification of the Vosges Mountains and the fortresses of Verdun, Toul, and Belfort. But particularly because of Belfort, which commands the narrow pass into France between the Vosges and Jura range of mountains. Had the Germans been able to capture this fortress, the way would have been opened for turning the Vosges Mountains and the fortresses of Toul and Verdun, and the envelopment of the French right wing, which, with the left wing and the little British and Belgian armies already enveloped, would no doubt have resulted in the final surrender of the French army and the capture of Paris.

This accomplished, their next step would have been to cross the English Channel; and with their submarines, aeroplanes, and Zeppelins, to protect their transports from attack in crossing. With no army of any consequence in Great Britain at that time to repel the invaders, it seems not improbable that they would have been successful, although their losses might have been considerable. With Great Britain's poor state of preparedness at that time, and the flower of her regular troops already destroyed in France, probably less than half a million veteran German troops would have been

able to overrun the island, capture London, and conquer Great Britain.

Then, of course, they would have taken over the British Navy; and with the French Navy already taken over, and their own navy and submarines, they would probably have provoked war with the United States and made short work of the American Navy. With it out of the way there would have been nothing to prevent their transports, loaded with their best troops, from crossing the Atlantic; and with practically no army in the United States to meet them they could easily have taken possession of a good part of the North Atlantic seaboard States, captured New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, and compelled these cities to indemnify Germany for the entire cost of the war.

It is easy to see now that at the battle of the Marne Germany was within a hair's breadth of conquering France; and that this would most probably have speedily led to her conquering Great Britain and the United States and her domination of the world. *But Belfort stood in the way.*

So important was this fact, so fraught was it with momentous consequences, that it may be interesting to inquire how it happened that Germany did not insist on taking over the French fortress of Belfort at the end of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71; for had she held it in 1914, victory would certainly have crowned her efforts in the first great battle of the Marne.

The circumstances were these: Paris capitulated on January 28, 1871, and an armistice of twenty-one days was signed, to date from January 31; it was later extended to midnight of February 26. During the armistice, the German army was not to enter Paris. Heroically, Belfort was still holding out.

On February 21, Thiers, representing France, went to Versailles to get the best terms he could from Bismarck. Bismarck's terms were, that France was to pay an indemnity of six thousand million francs; to give up the whole of Alsace and a considerable part of Lorraine, including the fortresses of Strassburg, Metz, and Belfort; and that the German army was to enter Paris and to remain there until the ratification of peace.[1] To these terms Thiers strongly protested, claiming that the indemnity was exorbitant and that the cession of Metz would make the two nations enemies forever. He particularly objected to the German troops entering Paris

[1] Simon, *the Government of M. Thiers,* vol. 1, p. 133

and insisted on France keeping Belfort if Strassburg had to be given up. The discussion lasted several days. Bismarck was obdurate; but finally Thiers' eloquence, emotion, zeal, patriotism, and fire moved him to consult the Emperor and von Moltke as to a slight modification of the terms. The Emperor consented to a reduction of the indemnity from six to five thousand million francs,[1] but von Moltke insisted that Germany must have Metz, as it would be worth one hundred thousand men to her in case of a war with France.[2] As to the entrance of the troops into Paris, Bismarck offered to yield this, if Thiers would consent to give up Belfort without further objection. But Thiers persisted in retaining Belfort. Feeling that to yield it would leave the Eastern frontier of France open to invasion, he fought for it most strenuously, offering even to consent to the German troops entering Paris provided Belfort could be retained by France. "Nothing," said Thiers, in the course of his long and eloquent plea, "can equal the grief which Paris must feel in opening the gates of its unconquered walls to the enemy who has been unable to force them. Therefore we have besought you, and do still beseech you, not to inflict this unmerited humiliation upon the city. Nevertheless it is ready to drink the cup to the dregs, so that one bit of its soil and an heroic city may be preserved to the country. We thank you, Count, for having afforded Paris the opportunity of ennobling its sacrifice. The mourning of Paris shall be the ransom of Belfort."[3] On this point Bismarck finally yielded and Belfort was retained by France. Theirs' pleadings saved the day. With the fire of a great patriot in his soul, his eloquence, nearly fifty years ago, saved his beloved France from destruction in 1914. It did more—it changed the destinies of many peoples and many nations, crushed out autocracy, and crumbled into dust most of the thrones of Europe.

(*To be continued*)

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[1] Simon, *The Government of M. Thiers*, vol. 1, p. 137.
[2] *Memoirs of M. de Blowitz*, New York, 1903, p. 144.
[3] Favre, *Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale*, vol. 3, p. 106.

THE CURSE OF SPAIN, OR MR. BIGBAG'S SPECIAL FUNCTION

BY VINCENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ

THE great Don José, Member of Spain's House of Representatives, or the Cortés as they call it over there, had turned up somewhat unexpectedly at the chief town of the district he was so kind as to represent. No mere ordinary commonplace Member was Don José, who ran the show on a big scale both in the Cortés at Madrid and at home in his constituency; where indeed he counted for very much more than does the average American Member of Congress, in view of the fact that at each recurring election he regularly counted himself in. But just now there was no election on, and this was a surprise visit from him: so what could be more natural than that his highly flattered supporters should hasten to arrange for a grand function in his honour? The privilege of a visit from the great man was a thing they did not very often enjoy, for Don José never dreamed of living in his constituency; he was a magnificent grandee from Spain's far off capital, who simply condescended to sit in the Spanish Cortés for some out of the way district or other in the Province of Valencia; seldom indeed did he trouble, or rejoice, by his presence the humble folk down there whom he was supposed to represent, except of necessity at election times. The worthy rural voters spoke of him with awe as if he were Omnipotence personified, knowing him to be such an exalted figure, if you like, such an almighty boss away up in the political heaven of Madrid.

"Bossism" is our American name for the corrupt rule of the political thimbleriggers who manipulate the votes of the electorate, but the thing itself is not unknown in some countries on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is the particular curse of unhappy Spain. Nominally Spain enjoys

an admirable system of representative government: really the political bosses run it. All Spaniards know this perfectly well, and the sardonic humour with which they relieve their feelings about an evil they are impotent to cure has found a name for the curse. In the days when Spain was great she conquered Mexico; and there she found a perfectly organized system at work, whereby every Mexican village had its own particular boss, who was entitled the *cacique;* and every village cacique had his district cacique to boss him; and so on up to the head cacique of them all, the Emperor Montezuma himself. To-day the expressive Spanish name for the rule of the bosses is *el caciquismo,* cacique-ism.

The grand function or fête in honour of Don José was held in the lovely gardens of the chief magistrate of the town, and a truly gorgeous feast it was; the local band discoursed merry music, and all the women and children of the place peeped curiously over the wall to watch their betters eat. The rank and fashion of the district were there, along with the priests from half a dozen small towns around, come to do honour to their Member, whom priests and all looked up to as the staunch defender of moral order and sound religious principles; there, too, were the magistrates responsible for moral order in those same towns, accompanied by a host of humbler officials. These smaller fry were gentry the Member had to be especially careful to keep in good humour, for it was they who on every election day might be seen trotting along every highroad, making a bee-line for Don José, in order to hand in to him the election returns in proper order: proper order meant that the returns were all duly filled up, and duly signed with the official signatures, and sealed with the official stamps. The only parts left blank were the columns for the figures, which with brazen impudence purported to record the actual number of votes cast. The humble officials left these columns empty in order that Omnipotence as personified in their Member might fill them up for himself, corrupting their virgin purity with his monstrous majorities. Indubitably Don José was a member who counted.

A few years ago there was a celebrated boss who ruled New York, where his name and fame still survive on account of the cynical frankness of a certain remark of his: "I don't care who votes so long as I count." That was the dictum of the great Boss Tweed, who later on fled to Spain, where

he died; the great Don José was shrewd enough to take a leaf out of his book; and yet people say that Spaniards learn nothing.

The gold spectacles and fashionable frock-coat of the Member shone conspicuous amid the best Sunday cassocks of the priests and the holiday clothes of the populace, creased from the press and redolent of camphor: yet gorgeous as he was to behold, His Omnipotence was not by any means the centre of attraction; in fact nobody looked or thought of looking at him. All eyes were centred on a short man in cord breeches, who wore a black handkerchief tied round his head, showing off his lean, bronzed face and bull-dog jaw; a short, heavy, big bored gun was in his hand, and it seemed as if this blunderbuss was a part of himself, for he never moved a step without it. The man was the famous Quico 'Bigbag', the hero of the district, an outlaw with thirty years' exploits to his credit; he was affectionately known as Quico* for short, and Bigbag for the number of his victims; the younger folk regarded him with a superstitious awe, remembering their childhood and how often their mothers had terrified them into silence with the threat of "Bigbag's coming for you!"

He had begun early; for as a boy in his teens he fell in love with a girl, found that two other youngsters were after her also, and shot the pair of them dead; after which he took to the mountains with his gun and led the life of a gentleman outlaw, a true knight-errant of the hills. To-day, there were more than forty indictments for murder hanging over him; but the indictments would have to wait till he should be so kind as to allow the police, those well armed and mounted riflemen who form rural police of Spain, to catch him. Catch him indeed! He knew the mountains like a book and could skip like a goat from crag to crag; also he could hit a penny tossed up in the air with his bullet, so that at last the police had grown tired of interminable hunts, and finally declined now to see him at all.

A robber he had never been! That was against his scruples as a man of honour! Up in the mountains he lived on the fare that the people of the hill-farms freely offered him, whether from admiration or fear, and if a real robber did happen to turn up in the district Bigbag shot him with no

*Petname for Francisco.

more ado; as a man of honour he must decline to be made responsible for other men's robberies. Shed blood? Why, yes, certainly, and wade in it knee-deep if necessary. He made no more account of killing a man than of kicking a stone out of his road. In short he was a wild beast and a very dangerous one. He was equally handy with bullet or knife, and he was always ready for a scrap, anywhere and in any style: he would fight face to face if his enemies had the pluck to meet him in the open, or if they tried his own game of bushwhacking he could outstalk the stalkers and they found themselves filled full of lead before they knew where they were. He had cleared the mountains of other outlaws simply because he didn't want competitors; he had shot down his personal enemies on the highway, this particular foe to-day and t'other to-morrow, just exactly as he found it convenient; and more than one fine Sunday morning had found him in the streets of a town, waiting patiently till high mass was over; the priests were far too much his good friends for him ever to think of interrupting them at a religious service; but when they had finished their job he would calmly put a brace of bullets into some local bigwig who had offended him (or his protector the Madrid grandee) and leave his victim lying. Nobody dreamed of interfering with him now, nor did the police ever think of bothering him, for here came in the curse of Spain. Mr. Bigbag had taken to politics, and had proved himself an absolutely invaluable aid to the politician. There he was, always ready to kill somebody or other, even if he hardly had the pleasure of knowing them by sight, in order to assure the return of Don José as perpetual Member for the district. It never entered the brute's dull brain that he had now become a mere tentacle of Spain's great electoral octopus, whose central ganglion lay far away in the office of a certain great cacique at Madrid. Bigbag lived in a little rural village not far from the country town, and he had his home there like any respectable man; he had been married by his parish priest, with all due forms and ceremonies of Holy Church, to the beautiful girl he had first fallen in love with, and for whose sake he had shot that unlucky pair of rivals who became his first victims. He was the affectionate father of a fine family of children, and a good neighbour. As for the police, they had their orders, and he was on the best of terms with them; he always offered them a cigarette out of his case

when they met, and if it did ever happen that some exploit of his obliged them to make a pretence of looking for him, he merely went off for a few days' hunting in the mountains and took a nice little sporting excursion.

It was well worth while to watch all the leading men of the neighbourhood while the function was in progress making up to the outlaw and paying him attention. Nothing was too good for the real hero of the day. "Come now, Mr. Bigbag, may I not help you to this excellent liver wing?" "Bigbag, won't you try a glass of this good wine? It's been years in my cellar." Why, the very priests themselves, with a jovial "Ha, ha," slapped him on the shoulder and laughed paternally. "Oho, Mr. Bigbag! Well, to be sure! 'Tis you that are the great man here to-day!" And it was quite true that the function was given specially for him. For him, and him alone, had the omnipotent Don José put off his journey to Valencia and waited at the county town. The Member had found it desirable to allay his supporter's fears and to put an end to his rather ominous growls.

As a reward for his electioneering exploits, Bigbag had been promised a full and free pardon by Don José; and the outlaw, who felt himself growing old and wished for a quiet life as a respectable farmer, had placed himself at the disposal of the all-powerful Member of the Cortés, believing in his ignorance that every fresh barbarity he perpetrated was only accelerating his pardon.

But the years went by, the promises remained promises, and the outlaw, firmly believing in the Member's omnipotence, inclined to attribute the delay to contempt or neglect. His patience at last exhausted, he began to threaten; and Don José got a shock which made him feel like a lion-tamer when his wild beast turns on him. Every week now the outlaw wrote to him, to Madrid, and every letter was a threat. These letters, scrawled by that blood-spattered fist, got on the member's nerves, and he felt it necessary to visit his constituency.

The pair of them were a sight to see, talking after dinner in a corner of the gardens; the Member fawning and obsequious, Bigbag frowning and ill-humoured.

"My dear Quico, this is your special function, and it is solely and entirely to see you that I am here," insisted Don José, emphasizing the honour of his visit. "But what's your hurry? Aren't you all right, my dear Quico? You are per-

fectly safe; I have recommended you to the Governor of the province; the police let you alone; what more do you want?"

Nothing, and everything. It was true that they let him alone, but there was no certainty about it. Times might change, and then he'd have to take to the hills again. He wanted what he had been promised, the pardon, by heavens! He enumerated his claims in his own Valencian dialect, more intelligible than his shaky Castilian.

"You shall have it, man. You shall have it. It's just ready; you may expect it in a day or two."

Bigbag smiled bitterly. He wasn't such a fool as they thought him. He had been to see a lawyer in Valencia, and the lawyer had laughed at him and his pardon. He must let himself be caught, patiently accept the two hundred or three hundred years' imprisonment that his innumerable sentences would tot up, and when he had done a fair share of his time in prison, say, a hundred years or so, then perhaps the pardon might come along. By heavens, he wasn't the sort of man to get off jokes on! And some people had better remember it, too!

The Member turned pale; he saw that the outlaw's confidence in him was shaken, was all but lost.

"My dear Quico, your lawyer friend is a perfect ass. Do you imagine that there is any mortal thing the Government can't do in this country? You may count on being clear from all penalties, absolutely clear. I take my oath on it."

And knowing of old the power of his most crafty tongue over that dull brain, he swept the outlaw off his feet by a flow of words that hypnotized him with their plausibility.

Little by little the outlaw's confidence in the Member returned. Well, then, he would wait, but it should be only for one month and not a day longer. If by that date the pardon had not arrived he would write no more letters nor trouble to speak to him again. Don José might be a Member of the Cortés and a very grand gentleman, but when it came to bullets one man was as good as another.

With that threat he took his leave, picked up his beloved blunderbuss, and bowed his farewell to the whole party assembled. He was going home, and he wanted to get there before dark, for truly great men like Bigbag only turn nightbirds when actually compelled.

As a companion he had the butcher of his village, a youth-

ful and enthusiastic worshiper who adored the outlaw's superb courage and skill, and followed him everywhere like a devotee.

The Member saw them off with feline affability.

"Good-bye, my dear Quico," he said, with a confidential squeeze of the outlaw's hand. "Don't you worry; you are going to be quite all right in no time. I hope all your beautiful children are very well, and tell your good lady that I have never forgotten how thoroughly comfortable she made me when I was your guest."

The outlaw and his acolyte took their places in their village carrier's cart, where three old women made room for them, saluting "Mr. Quico" warmly, while the children passed their little hands over that terrible blunderbuss of his as if it was a sacred image.

The carrier's cart proceeded on its way, bumping along the road through the orange gardens, where the trees were now in full flower. The irrigating channels flashed back the soft light of the evening sun, and the air breathed of Spring and was filled with the murmur of innumerable flies that buzzed everywhere.

Bigbag was in a good temper at last. A hundred times he had had his pardon promised to him, but this time there was going to be no mistake about it. His admiring squire listened respectfully, but said nothing. They saw two policemen in the road, and Bigbag, who knew them quite well, turned round in his seat to give them a friendly greeting.

Round the next corner there were two more policemen, and the young butcher jumped on his seat as if a pin had been stuck in him. He was nervous. Two couples of policemen in one short bit of road were a good many. The outlaw set his mind at rest. That was nothing to get scared over. The police had been brought in from all the country round for Don José's visit.

But a little further on they found a third pair of policemen, who like the other couples followed slowly in the rear of the cart, and the butcher could stand it no longer. He smelt the biggest kind of a rat. "Bigbag, it's not too late! Jump off instantly; make a bolt across country; and get into the mountains. If it turns out that it is not you they want, you can come down home after nightfall."

"Yes, Mr. Quico, yes," cried the alarmed dames. "Oh, do go."

But Mr. Quico laughed at the fears of these folk. "Get on, carrier, get on," was all he said.

And the cart moved on, till suddenly there sprang out on the road fifteen or twenty armed police, a whole troop of them with their rifles in their hands and a lieutenant at their head. Through the openings of the cart they stuck the muzzles of those rifles and covered the outlaw, who calmly sat still, while the women and children flung themselves squealing on the floor of the cart.

"Bigbag, come out of that or you're a dead man," said the lieutenant.

The outlaw calmly got down along with his satellite, and the police had grabbed his blunderbuss away from him before ever his feet touched the ground. He was still under the strong fascination of his omnipotent protector's reassuring language, and he decided not to attempt resistance lest a new crime should impede the progress of the famous pardon.

He called the butcher to him, and bade him run back to the town and tell Don José. This must be all a mistake, an order misunderstood.

The young man saw the police forcibly shoving the prisoner along towards the nearest orange grove, and he ran straight down the road, on past the three couples of policemen who had followed the cart in the rear. He did not get much further, for almost immediately he found himself face to face with a gentleman on horseback; it was one of the county magnates who had been at the function. "Don José! Where's Don José?" he asked eagerly.

The county magnate smiled as if he had a shrewd guess as to what was up. He explained that Don José wasn't there; the very moment Bigbag left the place the Member for the district had started off as quick as he could go for Valencia.

Then the butcher understood everything, the flight of the Member, the smile of the county magnate, the amused look he had noted on the face of the lieutenant when the outlaw called so loudly for his protector, declaring that he was the victim of a mistake.

The butcher wheeled sharp round and sped back to the orange grove; but before he got there a little puff of smoke, soft and white as cotton wool, rose over the tree-tops, and he heard the bang-bang-bang of a crashing volley, long and ragged, as if the very earth were being rent asunder.

He found him lying on his back on the reddening ground, the body half in and half out of the shade of the tree against which they had shot him, the earth wet with the blood bubbling from the shattered head. The flies, drunk with the perfume of the oranges, shone in the sun like golden sparks as they danced wildly round the bloody lips of the corpse.

The disciple tore his hair. "*Sangre de cristo!* Was that how they killed men who *were* men?"

The lieutenant slapped him on the shoulder. "That's just exactly how, my sucking outlaw; that's the way you rogues finish!"

The sucking outlaw swung himself round fiercely, but he did not turn his face towards the police officer; his gaze was turned far away across the hills toward the Valencia road, and his tear-dimmed eyes seemed to say: "Rogues, oh yes, rogues if you like! but the biggest is not poor Bigbag here but him yonder running away, the grand Madrid gentleman who has skipped."

VINCENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ.

THE INTERMEDIATE MILLIONS

BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

THE war is over. The great guns are hushed. And now grave social issues call for settlement. Our reconstruction must be wrought out on new lines. It should be inspired by the idea of human brotherhood.

The problems which that thought involves are numerous. They defy solution by one human mind. But some decisions must be reached ere long. Even now an ear attuned to certain tones can hear warnings of strange possibilities. We talk of freedom, justice, law. We prate of charity. We boast of our democracy—and, in dishonest moods, of—our equality. We gabble about government for the people. Yet all the time we feel, deep in our hearts, that we are living upon words, words, words. Equality, we know, is still a dream. And the same gulf still keeps apart our poor and rich.

Nor have those who are neither rich nor very poor had justice done them. Directly or indirectly, as things stand, this country is controlled by three great forces. Those forces are all organized and active. Above we see the masters of organized capital. Below are the grim hosts of organized labor. While, lurking in the dark or unconcealed, are countless profiteering middlemen and retailers, less organized.

Numerically, those who have accumulated capital are, comparatively speaking, negligible. But, being banded and allied in groups and trusts, they have grown too powerful. Their influence extends to all the essentials of our daily life and comfort, our food and clothing, our transportation facilities, our lighting and warming and even our means of housing ourselves. The power of capital would be much more oppressive, but for the restraining power of labor unionism. Those petty profiteers, the greedy retailers, prey quite impartially on one and all.

But in addition to the three great and powerful forces above mentioned is another element, including a vast multitude of citizens, unorganized and without power. They include salaried clerks; professionals of various categories, among them artists, doctors, teachers, ministers, and writers for newspapers; owners of small incomes; men earning their livelihood, more or less precariously, in minor commerce; some millions of detached and decent storekeepers; some millions of non-unionized farmers, landowners and farmhands; and more millions of as yet non-unionized handworkers employed in industries; besides armies of male and female shop-people, stenographers and secretaries.

Of these we may foresee that many of the non-unionized handworkers and possibly the farm laborers will before very long have joined the labor unions. Therein lies one great hope of escaping what is known as Bolshevism. There will remain still many uncounted millions of units, virtually unorganized, who, being units, are scorned and dictated to in turn by organized capital, organized labor and those retailers who are profiteers. In England they would probably be ranked with the higher and lower strata of the "middle classes." Here, though we baulk and shy at certain terms, we might describe them as the "intermediates." In England even our multi-millionaires would be called "middle-class." For there they have a well-recognized upper class. And, to their shame, they also have a pauper class.

Our hordes of still unorganized intermediates have few defences, few ideas, few or no leaders in the public press or Congress. Most of our newspapers are owned by aggressive interests, which, whether political, financial or industrial, do not concern themselves to a great extent with the burdens of citizens too feeble or too unmindful of their own welfare to protect themselves. Labor has its mouthpieces and leaders, more especially outside the walls of Congress. The great railroads, the express companies, the packers and brewers, the bankers and steel corporations, the mine owners and milk trusts, have agents and lobbyists (more or less concealed) and many newspapers. What have our futile, shiftless, feeble intermediates to assert their rights or to redress their wrongs?

Just now, in the swirl preceding reconstruction, the three organized or half-organized contingents of American society seem to be jockeying for positions, struggling for

vantage points, from which, at some time they may find it most convenient to coerce their fellows. The poor intermediates look on in bewilderment. They feel—more than they see—that, in the manœuvring of surrounding heartless forces, they stand to lose, no matter who may win.

Of those who read this, a majority maybe belong to these intermediates. They know that they are entirely at the mercy of their organized fellow-citizens. They are the butts of " gentlemen's " combinations, unfeeling unions, and superfluous middlemen. Each one of these plays a lone, selfish game. The intermediates serve them all as counters. When grafting landlords, with the high cost of labor and war taxation on their lips, see fit to raise their rents, not just enough to cover their expenses, but to a point at which they add bloated percentages to their right incomes, they groan and pay. When the coal dealers, after agreeing to supply coal at a fixed price, refuse to deliver it in the bins of their customers, and allow their employees to charge extra fees for shovelling work—they groan and pay. When insolent gas companies defy their customers by reducing the lighting power of their gas, despite their charters, who opposes them? Plumbers and carpenters make their own ruthless prices. Milk trusts increase the cost of milk and lower its quality; in many cases adding adulteration and chemical conservation to other crimes. The poor, feckless units moan—but still they pay. Life, once endurable, is now a nightmare. Unscrupulous storekeepers put up the price of meat, of bread, of fruits, of drugs, of fish, not in accordance with the facts of trade, but at their own sweet will. They lay the blame upon the rascally middlemen, who ascribe it to the wholesalers, who impute it to the trusts, who fasten it upon the grasping farmers and unscrupulous feedmen. In the last resort, these send one back to the "cost of labor." So we go round in an eternally vicious circle. But, though the unorganized units—the unfortunate intermediates—groan, they pay, and go on paying. It does not occur to them that, by protesting actively—at the same time enduring patiently some self-privation, and above all by organizing—they could protect themselves and perhaps compel their oppressors, the trusts, middlemen, storekeepers and handworkers, to accept a re-adjustment fair to everyone,—to producers, trusts, agents, wholesalers, retailers, and, above all, consumers, who include them all.

Within the last four years the profits of the rich have become egregious; so egregious, indeed, as to awake alarm. For it is not in human nature that those who are in want will look on unmoved forever at the processions of automobiles, the long streams of luxuriously gowned and unfeeling women, the riot of extravagance, that mock the poor in our broad and stately streets. The unthinking may admire the signs of wealth which confront them on Fifth Avenue. But the more sensible must often ask themselves if what they see is not a warning and a menace. The late Bishop Potter, who could scarcely be suspected of sensationalism, was more than anxious as to the future of this country. What he is said to have foreseen was an upheaval of the poor against the rich. But, since his death, things have grown complex. The intermediates are now becoming restless. And, unless they organize, we may have tragic troubles. The handworkers are learning how to protect themselves, to win their share, if not more than their share, of material happiness. The very rich have always known how to defend their gains. Unhappily for themselves, the intermediates have learned nothing. From year to year they are dwindling in importance. They cannot cast their lot in with the rich. They have no places in the armies of the unions. A re-adjustment of some kind must come—and soon. The rich grow richer and the handworkers are able, thanks to the labor unions, to command good wages. The intermediates steadily grow poorer. They are forced to pinch and scrape, to spend their savings. Society has somehow passed them by. They are helpless. Why? Because they are unorganized.

It may be difficult for many to conceive of a rebellious bank clerk. And most professionals have borne their wrongs so long that they have almost had the will to fight crushed out of them. As for the writers for the reviews and newspapers, they are so wrapped up in their special hopes and dreams that they do not protest. The artists are essentially unpractical. The preachers, teachers, authors, wait for leaders. The dread of losing the small pittances they earn keeps the stenographers, the shop girls (or, if you will, the saleslades) from incautious action, however justified. But, if the worm will turn, so may the mildest bank clerk, the most patient teacher, the most orderly saleslady. The man who has spent his life in accumulating a small income, as an anchor in advancing age, may wake some day to ask himself why

he is defrauded of his savings. The unorganized farmers and improvident farm hands may become envious of the organized artisans. And those storekeepers who have preferred honest independence to equivocal combinations may grow dissatisfied as they consult their passbooks. As they look around them, vaguely conscious of injustices to which they are subjected, they may come to wonder why the dollars which they have earned by their month's effort mean so much less to them than they did years ago; and why the handworkers should be truculent in their prosperity, when they themselves are straining so painfully and fruitlessly to make ends meet.

If there existed the least prospect of relief for them within the near future, the poor intermediates might make shift to bear their woes. But is there such a prospect? According to a table compiled by the Bureau of Labor and published in Washington a few months ago, the purchasing power of the United States dollar had shrunk, between July 1913 and July 1918, to 54 cents in Washington and Baltimore, 57 cents in Philadelphia, 59 cents in New York and Chicago, and 63 cents in San Francisco. In the same five years the price of food had increased 85 per cent in Washington, 84 per cent in Baltimore, 77 per cent in Philadelphia, 69 per cent in Chicago, 68 per cent in New York, and 58 per cent in San Francisco, which is apparently the least grasping of our great cities. The cost of shoes and suits and gloves and hats and underwear has gone up by leaps and bounds, while rents have soared to suit the landlords' whims.

All this has meant little to the rich. Nor has it harmed the organized handworkers, whose increased wages have enabled them to pay their way—and more, much more. But to the helpless and unorganized intermediates it may be calamitous. For, unlike labor men and women, they have not dared to clamor for fair pay; or, in the case of the long suffering journalists, to demand higher "space rates." There has from time to time been talk of raising the low salaries paid to school teachers. But it has led to nothing. As for the artists (except the musicians, who are unionized) and the actors, of whom thousands are to some extent protected by their defence societies, they have been more or less deprived of even the most modest and uncertain sources of revenue.

The chief need of this great nation is better and more rigid organization. The old *laissez faire, laissez aller*

theories of Mid-Victorian days are being abandoned. All but the improvident millions of intermediates are getting together—whether for a clash, which may be tragical and violent, or, as we hope, for a re-adjustment upon legal lines, no man can tell. One thing seems sure. Those who omit to organize will soon find it hard, and perhaps impossible, to retain their self-respect and enjoy what are supposed to be the rights of every citizen—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Labor organizations may bring comfort to the handworkers. But to the brainworkers and to those luckless nondescripts who can be strictly classified neither as brainworkers nor as handworkers it means little good. What then? The bank clerk, the merchant's clerk, the stenographer, the small independent storekeeper, the journalist, the doctor, the artist, the preacher, the saleslady and the school teacher, are theoretically entitled to the same justice as the labor unionist. Need they be fleeced, ground down, and bullied by contemptuous handworkers, or victimized by conscienceless trade barons? Can they do nothing, really nothing, to protect themselves? The clerk is an essential of our system, no less than the plumber. A writer for a daily or weekly newspaper may be (to put it modestly) at least as important to the State as the most upright truckman. The fact that he does not consort with truckmen is in a way condoned by the other fact that most truckmen do not care for *his* companionship.

It would be prudent for the intermediate millions to take the initiative, to devise means of self-defence, to trust more in themselves and their own unsuspected and untested strength than in anything that other folk may do for them. "But how," you ask, "can the intermediates do anything to protect themselves? Are they to beg admission to the labor unions, with whom, apart from a desire for material happiness, they have little sympathy? Must they affiliate themselves with alien interests, and go on strike, when ordered by the walking delegate or head of some labor brotherhood, to redress the grievances, possibly not justified, of strangers?"

It is hard to answer questions such as these with conviction or authority. Offhand, however, it might be suggested that societies of a protective character could usefully be organized quite independently of the labor unions. Why, for example, should not every clerk employed in a bank or in a merchant's office be a member of a Clerk's Defensive Soci-

ety? Why should there not be an equivalent here of the French and Italian Authors' Societies? Why should not all the newspaper men and newspaper women, with the assent and good-will of their editors, publishers and proprietors, have—not a union in the rigid labor sense, but a Society for the redress of wrongs, the protection of members against unjust dismissal, and the determination of a minimum living wage? There is nothing either unreasonable or subversive in the suggestion.

As a model, or at least a useful hint, the unorganized professionals might turn to the Actors' Equity Association. It is not rigidly affiliated with the Labor Federation. Nor should it be. And none the less it has been able to act quietly but efficiently. On the letterheads of the Actors' Equity Association is printed the following quotation from Marcus Aurelius: "Love the art, poor as it may be, which thou hast learned, and be content with it, making thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man." The purpose of the suggested Societies should be, not the promotion of strife or of ill-feeling between members and employers, but the readjustment of conditions in a way fair to all. Their foundation would be every bit as useful as the backfires with which greater fires are combated. Doubtless efforts would be made, once they were founded, to have the proposed intermediary Societies linked up with the labor unions. These efforts should be resisted, tooth and nail. Not in a spirit of hostility to the labor unions, which may be desirable and are surely now inevitable, but because handworkers have interests which differ widely from those of clerks and salespeople and professionals.

As a corollary and complement of such associations, there should be duly authorized Arbitration Boards, with power to enforce their rulings. In the long run it would pay employers to encourage the formation of societies by their employees, especially if, as some do already, they associated their employees with them in the division of profits. Chiefly, there should be humanity and good will in the inter-relationships of all our citizens. For, although named by different names, in this democracy all men and women but a very few, do work, with brains or hands. They are all laborers.

Aside from sociological generalities, what can be done to make life easier, safer, saner, for the intermediates? And, not for them alone, but for consumers of all kinds?

The Federal Food Board, the Federal Trade Commission, the Public Service Commission and other agencies have, in the past, been more or less looked up to by the intermediate millions for the redress of wrongs. What have they accomplished? The Public Service Commission has been conspicuously unable to act resolutely and effectually. The results have been seen in inexcusable railroad accidents; and still more, in the persistence of the outrageous mockery of justice which has permitted light and power companies to give grossly inadequate service.

The cost of food and clothing must be lowered. Or salaries, and rewards for work in general, must be greatly raised. In some fields, salaries have been raised—a little. But the increase has not been nearly on all fours with the changed conditions.

What follows? Can there be really no relief for all the millions upon millions of intermediates who are now wrestling with the problems of existence? How can they find a way to eat and drink, to warm and clothe and light and house themselves, without being ruined? Petitions to the powers that be might help. Public meetings and discussions might do more. But there are other ways. *Aide-toi, dieu t'aidera.* Boycotts in England have worked wonders. A much better and more thorough means of settling things than boycotting, however, would be the foundation, on a great scale, of coöperative stores.

Coöperation is of various kinds. Sometimes it deals with the coördination of the producers' rights—at other times with the organization of plans for the benefit of the consumers. For the moment let us think of the consumers' interests. The most practical and useful expression of this special form of sociological work is the coöperative store.

Coöperative stores are not unknown here. In Great Britain and in other lands they have long been truisms. The principle on which they have been managed, with immense success, is simple. So many citizens subscribe so much apiece. They form a society of shareholders. The society then chooses salaried officers, who engage agents and employees to buy commodities of various kinds, at wholesale, and retail them in the stores of the society, either to holders of membership tickets only, or to outsiders also. As the first purpose of the plan is to economize, the prices at which things are sold are based on their real wholesale cost, plus running

expenses, interest on invested capital, and other considerations. One can buy almost anything, from a spool of cotton to a motor car, at honest prices. The members own the stores; and on the judgment they may show in selecting their own salaried representatives, depend the quality and cost of what they purchase. To make this clearer. The coöperative stores are roughly equivalents of our department stores—but with this difference. Our department stores are run for private profit, whereas the coöperative stores are installed and managed for the advantage of the coöperators.

It should be proclaimed a crime to exact more than fair profits on such wares as fish, milk, bread, meat and vegetables. There should not be a fish or meat or milk trust.

If the poor intermediates stood together they could alter things. Their want of will, and their reluctance to endure some slight discomfort for a time, explain their impotence. Rather than go without fresh eggs, or fish, or meat for a few days, they allow those trusts and storekeepers to rob them. They lack vision, public spirit and initiative, and they are unorganized.

If statistics can be trusted, the organized handworkers are today a small minority of this nation. With the addition of all the now non-unionized farm folk, mechanics and others to whom they are related, they would still be a minority, though a strong minority. Side by side with them, and not opposed to them, the intermediates should form unions or associations of their own, possibly federated, which might hold the balance, minimize injustice, and save society from shipwreck. The producers, whether employees or employers, are no more essential to the welfare of the world than the consumers and distributors of their products. It is the fashion of the hour to say that we must choose, now and forever, between Capital and Labor—meaning, by one, the oppressive moneyed magnates, and, by the other, the industrial working folk. But there is something besides both to be remembered —the oppressed millions of unorganized intermediates, who are neither handworkers, nor "I-Won't-Workers," nor "Bourbons."

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

CODDLING ANARCHY

BY ERVING WINSLOW

THE Celtic orator who smelt a rat and heard him brewing in the storm, but declared his determination to crush him in the bud, was mixed in metaphor, but clear and single in purpose and possessed obviously by common sense, a quality which seems to have fled the modern world. Philosophical inferences have often been proved by later investigations of the new science of biology to be in fact sound and sane. One of these which seems now in the way of demonstration is the old speculative assumption that madness may befall a nation or group of nations, as genuinely as it seizes upon the individual, and that waves of confusion and passion sometimes deprive them of reason. During the last century such lapses occurred after the French Revolution and to some degree in 1848. We are in the midst of another one, produced by a similar cause, the upsetting of established order and authority. There is no mystery about it. Like the afreet of the Arabian Nights, long confined in the sealed jar, when suddenly let out, the expansion of the spirit fills the air with smoke and darkens the sun.

Common sense, guided by the analogy of experience, might see in the great upheaval of the world today an inevitable reaction, like those of similar previous episodes, only on a vaster scale than ever before, which have followed despotisms grown unbearable and overthrown, license succeeding bondage, and rampant individualism the broken machine; cogs and levers whirring wildly, freed from belts and bearings. After a time the chaos crystallizes somehow, and its unconditioned accidents fall into order, the " divinity " which shapes our " rough-hewn " work into good ends taking a hand. In our mad world there seems no recognition of all this, but only random hypotheses, the one certainty about which is that they are certain not to be permanent. " Self-determination " is

the panacea propounded for the regenerated life of mankind, but self-determination carried out strictly to extremes in every little would-be autonomy is deplored by those who seek international thinking, and, if logically fulfilled, is simple anarchy.

We hailed the arrival of a " bloodless," democratic revolution in Russia after ages of oppression and cruelty, relieved by assassination and insurrection, as the triumphant success of an enslaved people, forgetting all history. After two years' experience of its results, shaping themselves to anarchy, we seem ready to believe with the same mad credulity that Central Europe is immune from the infection, and, while the flames still range higher in Slavia, ignore their awful work, and are blind to their actual spreading into the fields where the Kaisers have made ready the fuel; and self-determination again means anarchy.

As for the Russian situation it is not needful to follow in detail the various sporadic movements with various local and special objectives, under Generals " One-ski " or " T'other-off," growing up as iridescent bubbles swell from a mephitic marsh to a bursting point, and a collapse. He who runs can read the diagnosis of the great epidemic.

Our " intrusion " at first might have been directed largely to aid the " coöperative " societies, eagerly accepting loans and perhaps partnerships from friendly foreigners. How soon and how widely the news of such sympathy would have spread and fructified! No official recognition was possible to a " government " based on confiscation and repudiation, and it was necessarily spurned by it, unless coming from an anarchist state, but it would not have been challenged any more than the British Government was challenged when cargoes of food were sent to famine-suffering Ireland.

How great was the error which failed to apply the remedy in the early stages of it, instead of helplessly watching and by inaction coddling the infant disease in Russia and allowing it to come to the defiant stage of maturity when it has to be challenged, as it had become a formidable adversary and may possess revolutionary Germany, so that the soldiers of America may have to fight a Russo-German-Bolshevik army! Think of it! When, lest offence should be taken by the Lenine-Trotsky group, and through urgency perhaps of those " red radicals " among ourselves who wanted it " recognized " and made so much of the panic terror of Japan hav-

ing part therein, a little force of Americans and our Allies was not allowed to accompany for " police protection " a proposed Mission of Mercy with supplies and food and engineering help for the Russian people!

There is no desire to offer any particular suggestion from " the ranks," but only to exercise the right to see, and to say what he sees, which must be exercised by the citizen if democracy is to be made safe for the world. As Americans it is our right and duty to see and to say how our country is to "function" in the conditions before us, facing them fairly and courageously.

Anarchy is the menace of this great moment in the world's history. There are many claiming to be leaders of opinion, it must be recognized with shame, who believe it is the necessary vestibule to the new freedom and that class-war is inevitable and desirable!

The function of America with her experience, her history and traditions and the place she holds today in the minds of men as true democracy's representative, is to hold them to *via media*, to an orderly democracy, containing as we believe full generative power.

Against king-craft defiance seems needless, and eager eyes are watching and hot tongues denouncing everywhere the grasping plans of capital and privilege, but anarchy now, enfranchised from special war-time restraint, unafraid is ruling in one quarter of the world, is coming to grips in Europe and perhaps even at home, where it has its most wicked and dangerous advocates who have even their organs of publicity among ourselves. These witnesses inspired to coddle anarchy yet can not be brought to do so without misgivings. One of these publications, which in one place demands withdrawal of all military force protecting property and checking, upon its fringes, some of the Russian Terror, because " war has not been declared," in another column suggests that the horrors of it may serve the good turn of warning, which the exposure of the drunken Helot did to Plato's " aristocratic " youth of Athens. Those who edit and support these organs are to be reminded that while Danton, Marat and Robespierre have their apologists, none has been found for " Philippe Egalite."

Erving Winslow.

THE TWELFTH OF FEBRUARY, 1918

BY MARY HUMPHREY

LINCOLN'S birthday was all that a holiday ought to be, even in a strange land that knows it not. After weeks of rain, the Lorraine sky was so blue the little white clouds seemed swimming in a summer sea. There was that snap in the air that makes it like wine. I thought of the school children at home, of the days that are so unreal now when I used to dread the hour that I must stand up gulping to say "Fourscore and seven years ago"—what a relief when "These dead shall not have died in vain" was safely reached!

As I went early to my work in the prefecture I was thinking, a trick of fancy, of the dead who have proved anew the glory of the battlefield. Here in the war zone with the dull distant booming that becomes the heavy background for all earthly sounds, the meaning of death has been transfigured. This war of today is only the world phase of the war our Lincoln waged to its victorious end, the greatness of the cause transfiguring all the steps up to the hallowed place he shares with the martyrs.

I worked in the dusty old room, among the archives that tell many a story of Nancy, its days of beauty and pride, its stormy course through the dark struggle of 1870, its great part in this cataclysm. Never has the place echoed to such excited voices. For the official decree has gone forth, citizens are to leave as quietly as possible. The people are coming to hear the news and to receive their cards of permission. There is no argument, only the soft tears of despair and grief. I feel the deep current of human misery, but through it runs the electric flash of heroism, of the ultimate sacrifice.

I cannot see to fill out my record cards for tears shed with Madame G. who comes with her old man-servant and maid. They refuse to leave her. Will Monsieur order them to go? Her own possible doom—she shakes her head—what

has the world, safe though it be, for her, with her two sons fallen on the field before her beloved city? But this stupid peasant pair that have served her so long must be forced into a place of safety.

A young factory worker, her wee baby in her arms, stands pleading for the two children she has housed and cared for since their parents were killed in the air raid of October last. She will stay on in the munitions factory if only they can leave by tomorrow's train.

An army officer comes in for papers for his family and servants. His face is anxious and his fingers twitch as he talks. The trains are so crowded, the wife is nervous—the day is too bright for excited nerves. I glance out—can any day be too bright for love and joy? It is Lincoln's birthday, a day for celebration far away at home.

A long line is waiting as we leave the building at noon—peasants in sabots and little knitted shoulder shawls staring straight ahead. They know, for they sought refuge here months ago when Pont-à-Mousson, when Gerbéviller were bombed. They have tasted exile and it is not sweet and now they must go forth again, a long journey where the accent of Lorraine is not familiar.

The Red Cross camions have been busy all day, transporting the possessions of this home-loving people. Strong arms from across the sea have lifted ancestral marriage chests, they have stored carved wooden beds and marble-topped French tables. The boys have cheered and comforted tear-stained housewives who clung to the great bundles of linen and the precious family quilts. They have whistled *Yankee Doodle* and *Over There* to the envy of the small Renés and Pierres to whom all this mighty excursion is a dream adventure come true. It's hard work, but definite and concrete. They see what service they are doing. They hear the words of gratitude and feel how great is the tragedy.

"I never supposed any one could care so much about things," said a khaki-clad truck driver to me, as he stopped to wipe his forehead; "with us folks at home, we move so often, up in one flat and down in another, you know. If a piece of furniture don't fit, we sell it to the next fellow moving in and swap with the one moving out—that's the way we do this house-moving stunt out in Chicago where I hail from. But these poor folks—they tell me it's their great-great-grandmother's wedding-bed, or that's the table some

great-uncle made, or this is the esquitoire—is that what you call it? of some duke or other—and the linen! They just cry over their linen—it all looks like rags to me, but if they feel so bad about it, I try to be as careful as they are—and anyway the poor devils are getting the worst of this Fritz game."

He glanced up apprehensively. I looked up too. The sky was so blue, so blue. Far overhead a tiny bird was winging its way. A soft hum, like the memory of sound, came through the ether. The bird seemed to swoop, the wings spread, became suddenly pointed golden shafts, then turned to gleaming silver. The whispered hum became an insistent and sharp whir.

"Aviators on the job, all right, all right. Fritz will have his hands full tonight."

"Why do you keep harping on Fritz?" I said impatiently. "You take all the wine out of spring on a glorious day like this. If you're from Chicago, you must remember —it's Lincoln's birthday! Don't spoil the holiday!"

"So it is." He laughed a bit wistfully. "I reckon the kids are fourscoring all over the State!"

We Americans live in what was a humble French boarding-house. Now the turn of war has made it a popular centre and it is full to overflowing, with two or three tucked into tiny single rooms, making for mine host a harvest that helps to compensate for our overweening ways. The French officers are an exclusive group, sitting at their own table and eyeing with disfavor the vulgar display of wealth shown in our own sugar and butter. There are provincials, heavy-bearded merchants, and quick-eyed, dapper little Frenchmen. Among the Americans are two ladies who have been serving the wounded in small hospitals, day by day going the rounds, supplying through a great committee in the States the little needs that mean so much in the regaining of health and strength. There is a fine, athletic girl, young and enthusiastic, who drives their car. There are several nurses of a unit doing dispensary work in near-by towns in the line of fire and falling bombs.

And last there are the truck drivers, three tables full of fine young American boys, rejected by Uncle Sam, enlisted in the Red Cross camion service,—a good-natured, ready-witted bunch, struggling with a new language, trying to

understand a race that does things in the most unexpected and roundabout way. They lead the pert little maid a merry chase, confusing her count, addressing her in English and French, teasing and helping her, and looking out for all of us in the friendly openhearted American way.

They troop in late to dinner. Some have washed and brushed up a bit, others dirty and tired come direct from a fractious motor.

"Anybody's a fool that tries to drive without understanding these new gears," grumbles Bob, the big fellow from Pittsburgh.

"I never had no trouble with mine," says the one they call Ham, "you had too big a load and you jammed her home too quick."

"Well, she's laid up now and Lloyd 'll give it to me when he knows it," is the reply. "There's the whole blooming hospital of wounded to move in the morning——"

Lloyd, their chief, comes in and takes his place—short, well built, with sharp black eyes, cited more than once while he was with the Ambulance. He begins to outline the work for the morning. There is much laughter over the day's experiences. Suddenly one of them lifts his head.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothin'—thought I heard a gun——"

"You've got 'em——"

"Pass the panne, Henriette."

Leisurely we were folding our napkins after an hour at table. The next thing I knew I was standing against the wall, looking at a truck driver pushing the others ahead of him. Something was carrying us all out through the door. The windows were rattling as though giant hands were shaking them. There had been a quick explosion, it seemed in the garden just outside, followed by crashing, breaking, crushing, tearing of timbers and iron, of plaster and glass and stone. Simultaneously the heavy roll of the big guns, the sharp snapping yap of the rapid firers, the bursting of shrapnel, the din and chaos of savage cannon.

The stairs to the cave were full of rushing people. Frenchmen struggled, old women whimpered with fear, a little girl wept aloud for her mother, frantically calling her from the cellar below. The truck drivers were shoving people ahead, calling to the maids to go down first.

Once in the cellar the din sounded a bit further away.

There was no air. White faces began to move before my eyes. Why did every one have such trembling lips, why did their eyes look so big and hollow? The French drew off by themselves and settled down for the night. An old lady quavered piteously and asked questions. The boys joked and laughed, counting the crashes that seemed to be exploding bombs. The two American women stood quietly, strengthening us all by their composure.

Finally there came a lull and Lloyd motioned that we might venture out for air. Through the dark halls we felt our way to the street door. Quiet voices were discussing the amount of danger. Suddenly there was a blinding flash in the sky, shrapnel pattered on the pavement, the anti-aircraft barked again. Through the garden came a little girl, her face ghastly, her eyes round with horror.

"Some one called, they want help," she gasped to Lloyd, who went to meet her. "The café on the corner is destroyed."

On the corner—just a few doors away, all the houses in a row touching each other. A cosy little room was that café, where all day French soldiers could be seen over their wine and newspapers, and where our American boys were in the habit of dropping in for a smoke in the evening. Kept by a woman whose young daughter waited on the customers, it was a place of quiet, friendly cheer.

In an unknowing way I looked about me. Lloyd was gone, one of the trained nurses, a number of the Red Cross boys and the girl chauffeur. One wonders what he will do in such an hour, under the shot and shell of attack in the war zone. I felt a great sense of being face to face with realities. Another savage crashing and banging, the stinging ping of the busy Archies.

"Let's see if we can help."

We hurried out to the street and into another world. The stars were shining gloriously, golden lamps swinging in the sky throughout the ages. Like a tired lady the halfmoon rode down her course. The wind lapped at our faces. Dark forms ran past us, muttering and gasping. The street was filled with débris. Fine powdered dust was settling down. Soldiers with dim lanterns motioned us to the side. I saw the Red Cross boys carrying something, some one. People were pushed back and sharp words of command from the gendarmes maintained a certain order.

On the corner a great hole and jagged walls from which had been wrenched a living home. The very timber and stone that remain seem like bleeding flesh. A bed hangs out over empty space and the blankets flap in the wind. There is an expectant hush, the solemnity of death is in the air.

"Ah," says a voice and one of the officials supervising the rescue work stops to greet us, "you Americans are wonderful—when the Préfét arrives, your woman doctor and nurse are the first ones he finds here."

From the darkness into the dim light comes the doctor, her bag on her arm.

"Nothing to do but give a little morphine," she says shortly. "They are past help."

My eyes fall on a man's face, gashed and bleeding, distorted with the horror that has swept him out into the deep current—a soldier he had been, visiting his mother before he returned to the trenches.

"The little boy is dead," the doctor went on, "and the little waitress—the girl was caught on her way to the cave. We could staunch the hemorrhage, but she died—in agony."

That poilu on leave—and the children——

Something I never knew before rises up within me. Through a long line my people are speaking within my soul, those grandfathers who fought in the Revolution, who bled at Shiloh. I feel my resolve, born in this hour, go rushing forth with all the hosts of those who witness and endure tonight.

> It is rather for us, the living, to be here dedicated . . .
> The great task remaining before us . . .
> These dead shall not have died in vain . . .

It is Lincoln's birthday, in France.

MARY HUMPHREY.

TOUL

BY BURGES JOHNSON

STEADFAST the hills of Toul,
  Ever to northward gazing,
Stand with a warrior's pride,
Unsleeping, steady eyed,
  Over the broken plain their serried heads upraising.

Ancient, unwavering, armored from greave to helm,
  Mighty as Right, and uncompromising as Truth;
Sternly you challenge each foe that would overwhelm,—
  Yet gather about your armor the warm green togas of youth.
Drawn to the friendly shadow where the hems of your garments are reaching,
Assemble the children of men, your wardenship shyly beseeching.
Timorous in their mortality they have thronged to the feet of the hills,
And your quiet immutable courage has nurtured their puny wills.

Towering twin spires pointing God-ward,
They alone, mighty hills, scarcely heed you,—
  They seem in their faith not to need you,
But have 'stablished their gentle rule
  Over the age-tinted roofs of the city of Toul.

Breached are the circling walls, crumbled and broken down,
Where the errorless guns of Time have battered the ancient town;
Bridging deep moats with the dust of eroding centuries past,
With fetters of root and vine binding each drawbridge fast.
And the hoary watch-towers stand facing across the keep,
Their eyelids filmed with moss and closed in a dreamless sleep.
Time bears no withered grudge, but is proven a kindly foe
Who smiles on the broken toys of the foemen of long ago.

He has seen them playing their games of war and harked to their
battle calls,
And marked them scooping their moats of sand and rearing their
pebble walls.
And he decks them now with his living wreaths, and leaves them
beautified
As monuments whereon men may gaze with a cleansed and worthy
pride.

Beyond the ancient city walls green undulating farm lands reach,
Fields that have cherished all who toiled, and granted simple gain to
each.
Here peaceful folk, who yet have formed stern ranks in war have
steeled their wills;
A gentle folk, who yet have proved a kinship to their steadfast hills.
And here amid their shattered homes the ready-handed women toil,
And delve or reap, all undismayed, to keep the faith with their own
soil;
Though it be plowed as hell is plowed, nor ever granted any rest,
Though day by day sees deeper wounds disfiguring its generous breast;
And suns shine kindly on a foe who spares not fane nor ancient rune,
And Death flies over in the night, directed by the traitorous moon.
Stern sentries ribbed and girt with rock; though old as Time, still
standing fast,
Are these fresh scars in roof and field a proof you fail your trust
at last?

Moon mistress, here your lover-city lies,
Weary of war, and seeks an hour for dreams;
Sleeping he smiles 'neath your caressing beams—
Is there another lovelier in your eyes?
Oh calm Delilah in your white nun's garb,
What wanton's bribe has bought your soul away?
You lead the mad assassin to his prey
And guide the flight of that death-dealing barb.
You could betray him—he who couched his lance
As champion of beauty all his days.
You seem alight with faith. Yet as I gaze
Your light reveals the gaping wounds of France.

Twin spires of Toul, fretted against the sky—
A spirit-city's upward pointing fingers—
You tell of faith unwavering, still held high
Despite that Judas one whose pale light lingers
Upon your pinnacles. Not even Time
Has touched your forms in aught save love and awe.

And from your courtyard throbs a steady rime—
From feet of those that come to learn your law.
I hear them singing there within your door,—
Men from the gun-pit, women from the plow.
I hear your bells ring clearly as of yore
With tongues that never sang so sweet as now.
Fled is the foeman, faded every danger,
Gone is the blighting threat of foul misrule.
"We are Truth", the hills shout;
"We are Faith", the bells sing,
Clanging their song above the clustered roofs of Toul.

BURGES JOHNSON.

LOWELL AS CRITIC

BY JOHN M. ROBERTSON, M.P.

Dr. Joseph J. Reilly's verdict, in his *James Russell Lowell as a Critic,* that Lowell is "not a critic," raises the question, Who is? For surely our final estimate of Lowell turns on that. Dr. Reilly's verdict implies that there are critics who set the standard, who succeed where Lowell fails, who accomplished what he missed. He fell short in philosophic depth, in consistency, in breadth of sympathy, in the power even to unify his separate literary estimates by coherent principles of judgment. I admit, in general, Dr. Reilly's indictment, and would at points even carry it further.

Lowell's philosophy, on the side of psychology (or, as the experts might put it, on the side of epistemology) is a quite empirical assimilation of the transcendentalism in which he was, so to speak, brought up; and which he later had the air of dismissing, when it had become popular. It is just a form of Emerson's dogma of the secret augury, the supremacy of intuition—a mode of thinking which stultifies itself at the first step by ignoring all the contrary intuitions which its very statement implies. Again and again does Lowell dispose of a critical problem by asserting that intuition ("the illuminating property of intuition") is above reason, thus always evoking from any one who has taken three steps in the argument the question, Is it reason or intuition that is speaking? If the latter, there is, in the terms of the proposition, no appeal to reason, to reflection, to judgment. There is formally such an appeal, but with the logical implication, "You must assent without reflection." What then *is* such an assent? If on the other hand the appeal is really to reason, what becomes of the alleged "supremacy" of intuition? It is reason that is to give the decision.

The solution is simple enough. The dispute, like so many more, is set up by mere slovenly handling of words. To Emerson's maxim, "Revere your intuitions" the answer is the modification: "Revere the intuitions which you have tested, which satisfy your deliberate reason: otherwise you are merely deifying caprice, or emotion, or self-will." And to Lowell the answer is, that inasmuch as in these deliverances he is merely putting the poetry of feeling above the poetry of ratiocination, he is not touching the philosophic issue at all. Not only is the formula false, but its obtrusion is a confusing irrelevance.

Lowell's inadequacy on this side is further made fatally clear by Dr. Reilly's analysis of his hopeless self-contradiction on the theme of "character" as not only the basis but the mark of literary greatness. One wonders how a man of letters could so pronounce. He must have met a hundred men of admirable character who had no literary gift; in his reading he must have found twenty famous and gifted writers whose characters left much to be desired. To put the condition of character as primary is to raise the question, What of Catullus? What of Aristophanes? What of Villon? What, on different planes, of Rousseau, of Coleridge, of Burns, of Byron, of Heine, of Poe? Are we, in the name of morals, to deny ourselves the comfort of knowing that flawed and ill-balanced men have produced beautiful things? As well affirm that all the good ones have done so. Lowell's dogma collapsed in his own hands when he came to apply it to Rousseau, and he affected to salve it by the pseudo-corollary that the genius is greater than the man—its explicit negation. Yet he never realized his collapse; and the two terms of a contradiction stand as the pillars of his aesthetic creed.

A mind which thinks thus incoherently will do its work of simple generalization badly; and Lowell often commits the primary intellectual sin of making a generalization on the strength of an instance. At one point, for him, Milton's "place is fixed as the most classic of our poets"; at another, Goldsmith's *Village* and *Traveller* are "perhaps the most truly classical poems in the language"—which sets us asking where we are to place Gray. It is singular that a mind so little given to the exactness of definition which is required for classification should be constantly given to classifying. One of the results is a perpetually shifting heirarchy of

English poets. Of Dryden we are told that " In the second class of English poets perhaps no one stands, on the whole, so high as he," but what the second class is we can never make out. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, singly considered, are all hailed as " great " poets; but of the " *very* greatest " it is asked, " is there, after all, more than one of them? "; and when we come expressly to Shakespeare, " it may be doubted whether any language be rich enough to maintain more than one *truly* great poet." Here the circumscribing condition is the language, apparently; in the essay on Spenser it had been national deficiency of " secreted choice material " that left the void between him and Chaucer. Yet the abundant material of the nineteenth century yields almost nothing great after Wordsworth, to Lowell's vision.

The laxity of generalization correlates with the lapses from catholicity. Many readers must have wondered how Lowell, so ineffectual as a serious poet (though a humorous one of great power and merit) could write as he did of " the dainty trick of Tennyson," and dwell on the failure of Arnold. Could it be that he put his own work higher? Surely not: the blindness was part of his general failure to " open new windows " to new stars, the conservatism which left him quite unappreciative of the bulk of the great modern product of prose fiction, whether English or Continental, after Thackeray and Balzac and Hawthorne. It is part of the penalty of unchastened impressionism that it thus ceases to be impressionable, for lack of mental gymnastic. It is indeed not safely to be inferred that because Lowell wrote no essay on fiction after Fielding he could not have done so with power and zest; twice he speaks of Hawthorne in terms of the highest admiration; and had he written at length on Thackeray he would probably have elaborated finely his just praise of that master. But for the great French and Russian masters he had apparently no recognition; and Ibsen did not interest him.

With great justice does Dr. Reilly condemn Lowell's dismissal of Greene as a wholly worthless dramatist—an inequity to be explained only by Lowell's resentment of Greene's deathbed insolence to Shakespeare. A true critic must not do these things: here we have Lowell's own backing:

> I have often thought [he writes in the Shakespeare essay] that unless we can so far free ourselves from our own prepossessions as to be capable of bringing to a work of art some freshness of sensation,

and receiving from it in turn some new surprise of sympathy and admiration—some shock even, it may be, of instinctive distaste and repulsion—though we may praise or blame, weighing our *pros* and *cons* in the nicest balances, sealed by proper authority, *yet we do not criticise in the highest sense.*

And again we have his weighty and memorable avowal in the " Apology for a Preface " to the English *Camelot* collection of his essays (misentitled *The English Poets*) :

As my own excursions widened, as I opened new vistas through the crowding growth of my own prejudices and predilections, I was fain to encourage in others that intellectual hospitality which in myself I had found strengthening from an impulse till it became a conviction that the wiser mind should have as many entrances for unbidden guests as was fabled of the Arabian Prince's tent.

Shall we take this as a confession, and assume that Lowell would have pleaded guilty to many charges of heedlessness and unjudicial intolerance? The next sentence, it is true, is complacent, and shows no sense of sin; and after avowing lack of fitness for the place of a professor he confesses merely to being " quite too impatient of detail in communicating what I have acquired." But there is a clear sign of grace in the letter in which he expresses the hope that some grandchild of his may attain to the method which he never developed; and we may infer much from the contradictory judgments scattered through his essays. In one place Shelley is carelessly and indiscriminately disparaged; in several others he is highly praised; though the critic yet again names Wordsworth, Keats, and Byron as regenerating English poetry, without saying a word of Shelley or of Coleridge. In the essay on Pope we have this crude and repellent estimate of so powerful and important a book as *The Leviathan*:

Hobbe's unwieldly Leviathan, left stranded there on the shore of the last age and nauseous with the stench of its selfishness—from this Pope distilled a fragrant oil with which to fill the brilliant lamps of his philosophy,—

which Pope certainly did *not* do, by Lowell's own showing. One wonders that the Muse of English prose should not have defended one of her sons from such an assault by such a hand. But in the essay on Milton we read that

Hooker before him and Hobbes after him had a far firmer grasp of fundamental principles than he;

which is something of an amends. But why those veerings of judgment? Was it a matter of moods, or of writing at one time with knowledge after writing without? I suspect it was the latter, as I suspect him rather of not having read Spenser or even Chaucer through and through than of wilfully shutting his eyes when he ascribed to the former a Quixotic purity and to the latter only an unqualified "healthiness," while he asperses Dunbar for coarseness. He seems to have put together his essays from material written at different times. Plainly, as Dr. Reilly shows, he forgot some things about Dryden which in another page of the same essay he indicates; and his two flatly contradictory pronouncements about Pope's malice raise the questions whether his mood actually swayed his memory, or whether he never bethought him of revising his essays. In the essay on Chaucer, which is early, he writes of

> the difference between Aeschylus and Euripides, between Shakespeare and Fletcher, *between Goethe and Heine, between literature and rhetoric.*

That almost escapes the minimum limit so quaintly claimed for Carlyle's criticism by Lord Morley, that it is "never indecently absurd." In the latter essay on the said Carlyle, Lowell recognises that Heine could "combine the most airy humor with a sense of form as delicate as Goethe's own"; and, having now read Heine, would doubtless have retracted what he wrote in critical ignorance. But in the essay on Pope, again, he rhapsodizes over the erst despised Fletcher: "What instinctive felicity of versification! What sobbing breaks and passionate repetitions are here!" And this time we still dissent, for in the cited speech of thirteen lines there are six of Fletcher's double-endings, two of them being "about me"—a repetition neither felicitous nor passionate. Thus did the balance vary with mood and season; and we can but trust that in some mood he saw the iniquity of summing up all Euripides as rhetoric.

But generalizations in Lowell's hands are too often instruments framed for a momentary purpose, and forgotten as soon as used. In the essay on Dante, his most careful performance on the side of learning, and therefore probably composed over a long period, the question of Milton's and Dante's different management of the gigantic in imagery is thus decisively disposed of:

We read the *Paradise Lost* as a poem, the *Commedia* as a record of fact. It is false aesthetics to confound the grandiose with the imaginative.

A few pages further on we read:

To consider his [Dante's] hell a place of physical torture is to take Circe's herd for real swine. . . . His hell is a condition of the soul.

Two diametrically opposite generalizations, two flatly contradictory rescriptions, are applied to the same data for different dialectic purposes, and both are left standing, the immediate purpose being served. It would be difficult to be more lawless in a fair cause. We are compelled to conclude that it was either a radical defect in logical faculty, a congenital lack of conceptual coherence, or an overplus of perceptual impressionism, or both, that so often yields in Lowell these wills-o'-the-wisp of generalization. He is always sadly at the mercy of a false thought. In the essay on Pope (in which he notes of that poet how " an epigrammatic expression will tempt him into saying something without basis in truth ") he writes:

Pope had *one of the prime qualities of a great poet* in exactly answering the intellectual needs of the age in which he lived—

a monstrosity of mistake. Obviously that cannot be the prime quality of a great poet which is possessed by a multitude of merely popular poets, and is avowedly lacked by some great ones. His own notation of the fact that Milton died without foretaste of fame from his chief work might alone have withheld the critic from marking contemporary vogue a prime quality of a *great poet*—in one to whom he expressly and rightly denied poetic greatness.

That his mental machinery was unstable is further suggested by his contradictions in terms and his contradictions in taste. He is indeed to be credited with a generally fine palate; but he startles us by pronouncing that to make " Heaven " a person is in Pope an inelegancy, after—or before—defending that very usage against Dryden as good old English, used by Dryden himself;[1] and again when, con-

[1] Lowell at this point cites Jonson for the usage: he does not mention that it occurs twice in one scene of *Richard II.*

demning Pope's "ethereal plain," he cites as a delightful sample of "lack of simplicity" Quarles's

> In Abram's bosom, *on the sacred down of soft eternity,*

He himself declares that "To look at all sides, and to distrust the verdict of a single mood, is doubtless the duty of a critic." To that precept he did not conform. It was itself, for him, the verdict of a too rare mood—the right mood; and the other moods often prevailed.

In fine, we are moved to agree with Mr. Greenslet[1] that Lowell had a "complex and *wilful* intellect," and again that in the case of a man so many-sided in his studies "some of his dislikes and indifferences are specially surprising." So that when Mr. Greenslet goes on to avow his conviction that

> nowhere in American literature is there so remarkable an instance of how the very great gifts of talent, nay, genius itself, may fail of their full fruition through the slightest inattention to the counsels of perfection

it is with a mixture of relief and surprise that an old admirer of Lowell comes to the next sentence: "Of Lowell's extraordinary critical virtues there is less need to speak at length." It seems to me that there is pressing need, especially after Dr. Reilly has followed up Mr. Greenslet with such systematic and telling consorship. But it is clear that the tribute must be circumspectly paid; and above all, our estimate must be comparative. It must have regard to the other critical work of the age, putting again the question, Who is "the" or "a" critic if Lowell is not one?

One of Dr. Reilly's searching criticisms of Lowell as critic is to the effect that he generally failed to reduce or refer a critical estimate to "some radical principle either in the mind or in the art of the author." The criticism is weighty in so far as it is true; and the implied test is of great critical importance. But are we entitled to say quite confidently that there always is "some radical principle" that will unify a critical case? And does Lowell always fail to establish any?

If there be a radical and unifying principle in Dr. Reilly's own able criticism of Lowell, it is that Lowell lacked philosophic depth, power of "penetration," of scientific analysis. But that is only a negative principle, a statement of defect; and even at that it is supplemented by others, one being that Lowell suffered from not living (in Arnold's early phrase)

[1] *Biography of James Russell Lowell*, by Ferris Greenslet.

" at the centre," a judgment in which Dr. Reilly coincides with Mr. Greenslet. Both critics are here very kind to us of London; but I hesitate to acquiesce, even for London, in so large a compliment. Arnold, living more or less " at the centre," was so dissatisfied with English criticism and culture in general that he called for an Academy to rectify the critical disorder which he detected alike in metropolis and province. Macaulay lived at the centre, and Arnold held him " intolerable " for his Philistinism. Carlyle came to the centre, but did not visibly purify his fires, or refine his criticism, in middle and later life. And is it really probable that Lowell, with his lack of philosophic thoroughness, would have become quite a tower of strength if he had lived in London as many years as he did seasons?

Dr. Reilly, indeed, does not suggest this; he is pointing to flaws of manner and taste and moral tone. But flaws of manner as serious as any of Lowell's are charged against the centripetal Macaulay and Swinburne, to name no others. Dr. Reilly thinks London life temporarily cured Lowell of his propensity to the superlative; but it assuredly never cured Swinburne. And some of us will undertake to make out against Arnold the critic—certainly with many differences—about as long an indictment as Dr. Reilly draws up against Lowell.

Lowell's criticism of *Hamlet,* and his merely panegyric handling of Shakespeare's work as a whole, are two of the counts against him as a critic; but here, at least, he is pretty much on a par with Coleridge. The latter, indeed, though he found a false solution of the enigma of the play in an untenable thesis of Hamlet's character, adopted by Lowell, did lay his finger confidently on some of the non-Shakespearean matter in the Shakespeare plays, whereas Lowell never did and never sought to, a singular abstention on the part of such a believer in intuition, who maintained that Shakespeare's style defied imitation—only, indeed, to contradict himself on the point later, as Dr. Reilly notes. But both Coleridge and Lowell wholly failed to relate their criticism of *Hamlet* to the fact that the play is a recast of an old one, although Lowell refers to the old story on which the whole is founded. Only by a structural comparison of play and story, and a deduction of Kyd's part in shaping the play-plot, can a true critical comprehension of the work be reached; and such an analysis, I am prepared to maintain, will vindi-

cate Voltaire's objection, which strikes against Kyd's primary dislocation of the sham-madness motive by the introduction of the Ghost. But in failing to make that analysis Lowell is at one with all the Shakespearean critics of his and our day.

That he is to be lowered in critical status by comparing him, as Dr. Reilly does, with Hazlitt and De Quincey, I confess I cannot see. Hazlitt, surely, is an impressionist, if ever there was one, and albeit generally trustworthy, is no deep searcher of critical problems. Lamb, indeed, in his two great critical essays, markedly excels Lowell in a kind of critical thinking at which Lowell aimed, as he excelled every other Shakespearean—perhaps not without stimulus from Coleridge's talk. But De Quincey does not become a great critic by his essay *On the knocking at the Gate in Macbeth*—to which, by the way, Lowell offers no bad parallel in his defence of the gravediggers' scene in *Hamlet,* the ironic interlude before the catastrophe; and De Quincey's dichotomy of the literature of knowledge and the literature of power, though strikingly put, is only another way of distinguishing between the scientific or ratiocinative and the oracular modes of teaching. There is more depth, surely, in the Coleridge-Wordsworth dictum that the true antithesis is not between poetry and prose but between poetry and science—or in Wordsworth's further-leading though only partially right thesis that poetry is " the impassioned expression that is in the countenance of all science." And all this leaves Lowell uneclipsed.

Will even the great performance of Sainte-Beuve serve to put Lowell out of court as a critic? Sainte-Beuve was assuredly a much more diligent and productive student of men and life than Lowell, saner as a humanist, more catholic as a connoisseur of personality, more capable of seeing individuals as wholes; even as, doubtless, Arnold in several ways excelled him as a surveyor of life and its problems. But always we come back to the inevitable *per contra.* Sainte-Beuve is unanswerably accused, by Frenchmen who highly appreciate his great mass of work, of giving way, even ignobly, to personal rancours; even of downright *canailleries,* as when, after flattering excessively the living, he aspersed the dead Chateaubriand on points of character as to which Chateaubriand's record was more easily defensible than his own. But, yet again, Sainte-Beuve's work, which runs so much to the pre-

sentment of character in its environment, is so largely different in aim from Lowell's, so essentially biographic, that its great merits really cannot serve as a foil or touchstone by which to bar Lowell from critical status. Sainte-Beuve never attempted such things as Lowell's appreciations of Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Wordsworth, and Lessing; and I incline to think that had Lowell devoted an essay to Virgil he would have given us a more luminous and stimulating, though doubtless a far less orderly account of the *Æneid* than Sainte-Beuve's course of lectures, which begins by declining to pass an opinion as to the genuineness or spuriousness of the four rejected introductory lines. Sainte-Beuve, in turn, with all his lucidity, was no rigorous thinker on deep problems. "Like Solomon and like Epicurus," the wrote of himself, "I have penetrated into philosophy by pleasure. That avails better (*vaut mieux*) than to arrive there painfully by logic, like Hegel and like Spinoza." [1] But he thought more searchingly than did Lowell on his own procedure; and he has given us another *Pensée* which may serve to guide us finally to the right point of view for our estimate of Lowell:

> Concerning criticism I think two things, which seem contradictory but are not so:
>
> 1. The critic is a man who *knows how to read,* and who teaches others to read.
>
> 2. Criticism, as I understand it and as I seek to practise it, is an *invention,* a perpetual *creation.* (*Id.* xiii)

This is the philosophic and psychological truth that generalizes the product alike of scientist and poet, of impressionist and analytic reasoner. Each conceives, constructs, and expresses his own world in his own way. Sainte-Beuve "creates" his great gallery of personages out of his closely studied material, "inventing," as he says, the figure he produces for us. Lowell "creates" with a difference, getting his impressions less judicially, more spontaneously, trusting his "intuitions" until further knowledge moves him tacitly to discard them, and then giving us the second thoughts as he gave us the first. But the fact remains that each in his own way is an artist in judgment, a constructor of ideal figures out of impressions, as was Carlyle the historian, and no less Macaulay or Michelet; as was Taine the historian-critic, and as was Hennequin the scientific critic.

[1] *Pensées,* vii, at end of *Derniers Portraits Littéraires,* ed. 1855.

Trying to see Lowell as a whole, as an organism, as Sainte-Beuve might conceivably have seen him, we find a man primarily endowed with a great gift of copious literary expatiation, highly "impressionistic," and only under pressure of challenge analytic. Clearly typical, as Mr. Greenslet notes, are such essays as *My Garden Acquaintance,* and the *Fireside Travels,* where expatiation is seen at natural play without the stimulus of books. Psychically, he is not well balanced; and the heredity is even menacing. The father seems to have been amiably Quixotic, the mother, credited with "second sight," becomes insane; the sister shows a similar tendency. The young Lowell is hyper-sensitive, enthusiastic, unstable, changing his youthful opinions almost as readily as did Coleridge, and become much of a zealot for new convictions.

Impressionist on all sides to begin with, he becomes fixed through his emotions and affections: there is no scientific bias to carry him further. In philosophy, he runs through the environing Transcendentalism without reaching any philosophic conclusions beyond an Emersonian form of Theism. His psychic anchorage proves rather to be literature, in the habitual study of which he seems to find a medicinal and formative ministry.

An uneducated Lowell, a peasant, would have been an exceptional talker on the things around him; but might have tended to social failure on the side of his sensitiveness and spells of melancholy. Literature in the end braced and balanced him. Alternating between boisterously high animal spirits (of which the artist Charles Akers gave a notable account in the *New England Magazine* of December, 1897) and melancholy, he found in his faculty for hard reading, though mainly in *belles lettres,* his best security against himself. Few men reputed healthy have shown a greater physical fluctuation in mood than he records of himself; and a stay was needed. Lacking any turn for hard systematic thinking, for science of any kind, natural or human, he found what mental discipline he had by way of attention to imaginative literature, mainly that of the European post-classic past.

Such a study gave him no training in logic, in evidence, in inductive analysis. True, he worked hard at Italian and Old French; but in English, where he was most at home, he is hardly a trustworthy expert. Discussing the scansions of

Chaucer, he confidently reads " the more he " and " the more he " in two successive lines of the Legend of Lucretia:

> And ay the more he was in despair,
> The more he coveted and thought her fair—

where Skeat supplies in the first line the missing " that," from three MSS., and the Globe editors give it without caring to mention the false reading. Mr. Greenslet has noted, again, his double false scent from the phrase " lapped in lead," which was a standing Tudor tag; and his notion that Shakespeare's use of a sequence of words beginning in " un " came of a knowledge of Greek shows a strange inattention to Spenser. But it is not for authoritative scholarly guidance that we now read Lowell's essay on Chaucer or on Spenser, any more than for the facile historical and ethnological generalizations sprinkled through them. Their charm and their merit lie in the stirring zest; the virtuoso's enthusiasm for his beloved themes; the masterly writing, a rare literary service in itself; the untiring play of wit and judgment and feeling, captivating as the springing eloquence of a great orator. " Will it *do* to say anything more about Chaucer? " he begins; and straightway he proceeds to talk of the Old Master more vividly and arousingly than any one had done before. To many of us, in youth, it was a call to the quest of El Dorado.

Impressionist and " expressionist," his function was to expatiate, not to compare notes, or to reason reciprocally.

And the same qualification holds of his intercourse with contemporary literature. Once his tastes were formed, he learned little from the ever-enlarging mass of good nineteenth century criticism. The one great new-guiding and remoulding factor in his outlook on life was his relation to slavery and the Civil War, a result of the marked influence of his first wife. That newly-determinant factor once spent, he recognised himself as temperamentally a conservative. Such he would doubtless have been all along had he been born in England; such in fact he was in tendency while there; and such he was on the side of his very passion for literature. " What was there to hinder? ", as the farmer said of Niagara. He was a man of aesthetic and moral feeling; only under pressure of contradiction, an analyst in aesthetics or morals; positively averse to science, which, he humorously confessed, he feared as does a savage. What philosophy he

had, moral, political, or cosmological, was thus a direct reflex or distillation of feeling, passing through no scientific medium. Transcendentalism, grown common, became for him a form of verbiage; and orthodoxy equally repelled him, but neither in philosophy nor in politics did he rebuild his inner world.

As against the view that he would have gained much by living all along " at the centre," I venture to put this other, that he was partly saved from the full sway of his temperamental conservatism by being born and brought up an American, to that extent detached from English tradition, even to the point of flaunting the detachment, and encouraged to work out for himself his special impressions and tastes. Scotchmen perhaps have a similar advantage—as in the case of Carlyle. John Mill had it, if not directly from his Scotch father, then from his isolated education; Arnold had it in youth through his French culture. As an Englishman, Lowell, I fear, would have been more commonplace.

Finding truth always and mainly on the line of his affections, his impressions, he had, however, always the benefit of their special vividness. First and foremost, he strongly liked or disliked in literature; and his own free taste early declared itself, as against the reigning Popean tradition, for the free and living way of poetry and prose—for Spenser, for Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor, for Shakespeare, for Chaucer, and against Pope and Dryden and their successors. But on the one hand his conservatism, soon invincible as against most new work, made him ultimately concerned to find what there was to be said for any " classic "; while on the other hand—and this is one of the main counts in his favor as a critic—he really developed, as he himself said (albeit only within the limits of that conservatism) a power of reconsidering his impressions. In the case of Pope, the effort is so great (Dr. Reilly recognises it) as surely to entitle him there to credit for a really judicial performance —barring the incidental lapses and laxities.

But his chief successes of this kind, naturally, arise where he could at vital points strongly sympathise, as so true a Spenserian and Shakespearean (let us say so good a judge of the older poetry) never could sympathise with Pope. To admire and praise Dryden was much easier; and Garnett reckoned the Dryden essay Lowell's masterpiece. Full of *verve* and observation it certainly is. But the really happy

test was put when, in his maturity, he came to pass serious criticism on Wordsworth. To that two-natured poet his early attitude seems to have been predominantly one of derision, of revolt from the lakes of aqueous thought and dilute diction in which float the " glorious islets " of chronic inspiration.

So late as the essay on Carlyle, Wordsworth was for Lowell " *wholly devoid* of that shaping imagination which is the highest criterion of a poet "—truly an astonishing judgment. But while we must say with Mr. Greenslet that the well-read critic's dislikes and indifferences are surprising, we can proceed to find them all intelligible. Wordsworth's didacticism and prevailing prosaism must have been to the young Lowell intolerable. His likes and dislikes are spontaneously in keeping with his primary or acquired bias. His early admiration for Carlyle is checked and chastened by the sage's notorious contempt for Abolitionism. His great cult of old and Elizabethan English, ungoverned by any intellectual receptivity which should put him in sympathy with new thought and intellectually revolutionary tempers, deepened his recoil from the neo-Hellenism and pseudo-archaism of Swinburne into a general distaste for modern poetry and modern novels later than Hawthorne and Thackeray. Browning, in whom he had seen " the richest nature of the time," at length drove him off by his growing grittiness—unless Browning's resentment at the strange fling at Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* had something to do with Lowell's later " indifference." It needed a modernly thinking and experimenting mind to take in the new Russian, French, and Scandinavian humanists. Lessing could readily win him by loyalty to Shakespeare. Even Rousseau was a classic, concerned in bringing about the American Revolution. On reflection, it would have been really surprising if an elderly Conservative, steeped in Dante and intensely alive alike to the verse of Spenser and Shakespeare and Milton, should have taken to Ibsen.

To Wordsworth he at length turned, as every one must who can forget and forgive the presence of the prose partner in the Wordsworth combination. In the Shakespeare essay:

> Wordsworth had in some respects *a deeper insight,* and a more adequate utterance of it, than any man of his generation. But it was a piecemeal insight and utterance; *his imagination was feminine, not masculine, receptive, and not creative.* His longer poems are Egyptian

sand-wastes, with here and there an oasis of exquisite greenery. . . . Ere this century is out, he will be nine parts dead, and immortal only in that tenth part of him which is included in a thin volume of "beauties."

In the Keats essay, we pass from the verbalism about masculine and feminine genius to the pregnant thought: "As if Wordsworth the poet were a half mad land-surveyor, accompanied by Mr. Wordsworth the distributor of stamps as a kind of keeper." That is the conception developed in the Wordsworth essay, up to the point of bringing us in sight of the physiological problem of a brain only chronically operative in its special capacity, and, for the rest, pedestrian, prosaic, uninspired. And it is the vivid and various expatiation around that view of the case that moves one to pronounce the Wordsworth essay Lowell's masterpiece, though we still get amateur allocutions on imagination, Wordsworth being now definitely credited with it, as against Wellington, in whose case "entire absence of imagination . . . perhaps helped as much as anything to make him a great general."

The Wordsworth essay has all the *verve* of that on Dryden, without the idolatry which makes the Shakespeare essay "dim with excess of bright," miscarrying by overplus of eloquence and concentration on panegyric, and that on Dante weigh heavy by excess of circumstance.

It is on the whole the most nearly orderly of his essays on the English poets. Rightly does Dr. Reilly pronounce Lowell's arrangement of his essays in general bad. They tend indeed to be quite formless—another of the penalties of impressionism ungoverned by method. Any poet, broadly speaking, is discussed in an essay on any other: free expatiation, the master faculty, is the sole directing power. And this is no small blemish. But again we must note that there is no such common attainment of good order in literary criticism as can put Lowell out of court on that score. Coleridge, Carlyle, Arnold, do not attain it. Dr. Reilly, indeed, will perhaps grant that it is hard of attainment, and that the problem rather baffled him in his own book, where the division into "The Man and the Writer," "Range of Knowledge," "Sympathy, its Breadth and Limitations," "Judicial Attitude," "Penetration," "Lowell's Type of Mind," "The Critic and his Criticism," are *prima facie* interferent, and result not only in large schematic overlappings but in many duplications of points, problems, judgments.

And so, having ourselves in turn made returns upon our tracks, we are fain to sum up that Lowell is indeed to be pronounced an unwary critic, abounding unduly in self-contradictions and oblivious judgments, much given to very empirical psychology and philosophy, excessively ruled by moods, and finally unresponsive to new impressions through excess of prior impressionism; but still not to be denied, on these grounds, the status of an eminent critic. Despite his deficiencies, the range of his appreciations, their vividness, their general aesthetic rightness, their constant preoccupation with the problems of comparative literary merit, all forbid the exclusion. If he be expelled, and the same tests be applied all round, it will be hard to save a representative of the genus.

A great deal of truth—perhaps, indeed, the main part of it—is put in Dr. Reilly's verdict that "if Lowell is to survive, it must be frankly as an impressionist"; though I should prefer to put "an unscientific impressionist" even at that point. Lowell is indeed not the critics' critic—whoever else may be: he is too erratic to be put in command, so to speak. But neither is he negligible by the critics. It is not merely that his untiring literary energy and his rarely failing felicity of phrase are a needed reminder that all literary work should preserve the literary spirit; but that his criticism, where he has really steeped himself in his theme, is the response of a very fine receptive faculty to a great many forms of literary appeal. Rightness in these matters, once more, is a question of degree; and impressions, when all is said, are the stuff of criticism, whether it be of men or of books. Few critics put so much material, so to say, in their readers' way; and surely no English critic has explored quite so much ground with such vivacity and variety of craftsmanlike observation as are shown by Lowell. So wide is the range, indeed, that the charge of defect of sympathy with modern work suggests the question whether any brain, doing Lowell's official work, could have carried a larger literary cargo.

I would say, then, that Lowell *is* a critic, and a memorable critic, as critics go. His criticism has to be rectified, even as science is constantly being rectified; and his antipathy to science is likely to rouse a reciprocal antipathy in the scientific student. But the latter will surely admit that he in turn has no business with antipathies, and is in a manner bound to acknowledge Lowell as one of the path-breakers for a

more scientific criticism than his own. But there is no generic gap between his product and that of his successors. They too will come in for criticism and for rectification.

Let them see to it that they not merely transcend him in circumspection and method, but retain his living hold of interest. Lowell will continue to be read by multitudes of book-loving people whom he "teaches to read," as Sainte-Beuve would say, and who do not know all the risks they run of being incidentally misled. Warned or unwarned, they find Lowell as critic excellent reading, whatever they may think of the paradoxical problem of Lowell as poet. And there seems to be much vitality in the *Biglow Papers*. Even for such readers, the facile theism which crackles in phrases like "Nothing pays but God," and "reading God in a prose translation," may ere long grow stale. But it is not quite inconceivable that, even as we still go back past the "science" of Kames and Hume to Dryden's impressionism, our children may go back past our science to Lowell.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

EDWARD THOMAS

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Two years ago, Edward Thomas was unknown outside of England, and known there only by a small group who understood his sharp and unflinching honesty. Upon his death, his work suddenly took on a heroic significance. Those who for years had neglected everything he wrote but his pungent criticism, began to appraise and praise Thomas as a national poet. No one would have scorned most of the exaggerations more than Thomas himself; he would doubtless have resented even so mild and misleading a characterization by Edward Garnett, who spoke of his " Celtic vision " as " an abiding example of the richness of our poet's inheritance."

How specious such a summary is, may be seen after the perusal of even a few pages of the edition of his recently published *Poems*. For Thomas' verse (as well as his " Celtic vision ") owes less to his inheritance than it does to that of another poet—and, by a rather ironic twist, to an American poet. The genius, the influence, the inflection, even the idiom, of Robert Frost can be found in almost all of these English pages. The book itself, with its logical dedication, is a tribute to Frost the person as much as Frost the poet. And this debt is acknowledged in a dozen places; it is even revealed in the fly-leaf with its brief legend, *Other Books by Edward Thomas*. There is a list of over twenty careful volumes, including such titles as *Beautiful Wales, The Woodland Life, Oxford, Norse Tales, A. C. Swinburne, Marlborough, The Icknield Way*—travel-books, holiday books, illustrated gift-books, biographies, pot-boilers.

Hating his hack-work, yet unable to get free of it, putting most of his creative energy into uncreative labor, he had so repressed his ability that he had grown doubtful concerning his own power; it needed something altogether foreign to

bring out what was native in him. So when Frost visited England in 1912 and for the greater part of a year became Thomas' intimate, Thomas, drinking the same poetic brew as his transatlantic associate, became intoxicated with what he had too long denied himself. Like Frost, he loved the *minutiae* of existence, the quaint and casual turns of ordinary life, the wealth of poetry in things too common to be commonly regarded as " poetic." But, unlike Frost, he was only beginning to express these things. It was a late maturing at an early middle age. What his verse lacked in vivacity it more than made up in an intense and even solemn regard for earth. The poems are full of a slow, sad contemplation of beauty and a reflection of its ultimate futility. It is not disillusion exactly; it is rather an absence of illusion. He has caught not merely " the magic of the English countryside," but the great charm of scenes so potent in their actual colors that they need no magic to give them glamor. In this he is again like his American model, and it would be pleasant to record that he has spoken for Old England what Frost has said for New England. But the voice lacks a full-throated utterance; it has the sound of something far off and yet familiar, something that might be mistaken for an echo. Turn, for instance, to the closely-observed *Fifty Faggots:*

> There they stand, on their ends, the fifty faggots
> That once were underwood of hazel and ash
> In Jenny Pinks's Copse. Now, by the hedge
> Close packed, they make a thicket fancy alone
> Can creep through with the mouse and wren. Next Spring
> A blackbird or a robin will nest there,
> Accustomed to them, thinking they will remain
> Whatever is for ever to a bird:
> This Spring it is too late; the swift has come.
> 'Twas a hot day for carrying them up:
> Better they will never warm me, though they must
> Light several Winters' fires. Before they are done
> The war will have ended, many other things
> Have ended, maybe, that I can no more
> Foresee or more control than robin and wren.

It is not only in this sort of musing that one is reminded of Frost; the turns of speech no less than the turns of thought seem like fragments from *Mountain Interval.* Even the accent is Frost's. It does not need the memory of the first lyric in *The Hill Wife* to recall the idiom. Or examine that exquisite and quiet painting, half-landscape, half-lyric, *As*

the Team's Head-Brass, with its characteristically Frostian dialogue:

"When will they take it away?"
"When the war's over." So the talk began—
One minute and an interval of ten,
A minute more and the same interval.
"Have you been out?" "No." "And don't want to, perhaps?"
"If I could only come back again, I should.
I could spare an arm. I shouldn't want to lose
A leg. If I should lose my head, why, so.
I should want nothing more. . . . Have many gone
From here?" "Yes." "Many lost?" "Yes: a good few.
Only two teams work on the farm this year.
One of my mates is dead. The second day
In France they killed him. It was back in March,
The very night of the blizzard, too. Now if
He had stayed here we should have moved the tree."

Elsewhere the influence is more fugitive and fragmentary. In such fine poems as *The Sign Post, Tears, Lob, The Glory, Tall Nettles, The Long Small Room,* it is noticeable only in occasional phrases and a certain roundabout soliloquizing in an aftermath of emotions. But always the love of earth shines quietly through his lines. It is an unwavering affection, even though it is joy without buoyancy; a fantasy that cannot keep from being wistful. Witness, for instance, *Tall Nettles:*

Tall nettles cover up, as they have done
  These many springs, the rusty harrow, the plough
Long worn out, and the roller made of stone:
  Only the elm butt tops the nettles now.

This corner of the farmyard I like most:
  As well as any bloom upon a flower.
I like the dust on the nettles, never lost
  Except to prove the sweetness of a shower.

This natural and almost abject reverence for the soil is his authentic gift. In *Haymaking* it reaches the perfection of pictorial art; a picture of three squat oaks, a few farm laborers, a white house at the foot of a great tree:

Under the heavens that know not what years be
The men, the beasts, the trees, the implements
Uttered even what they will in times far hence—
All of us gone out of the reach of change—
Immortal in a picture of an old grange.

Thomas was killed at Arras two years ago, fighting not merely for England, but for the English country-side which he loved in that queer blend of brusqueness and passion. He loved it with a fidelity that was exceeded only by its gravity and truth; an affection that dwelt upon things as unglorified as the unfreezing of "the rock-like mud," the opening of a long swede pile, a child's path, a list of tiny villages, birds' nests uncovered by the autumn wind, dusty nettles. It is not strange that the martial notes in this volume are few; no man cared less to make capital of his patriotism, or even of his emotions, than Thomas. For instance, the opening poem, *The Trumpet,* has none of the bluster or braggadocio that takes the place of patriotism in so much war-verse. It has, instead of glib battle-cries and loud heroics, a calm acceptance, an almost glad acknowledgment of the inevitability of conflict. Thomas was not intrigued by the slogans and "new causes" that came so easily to the lips of the verse-writers. He sang half-mournfully, half-ecstatically:

> Forget men, everything
> On this earth newborn,
> Except that it is lovelier
> Than any mysteries.
> Open your eyes to the air
> That has washed the eyes of the stars
> Through all the dewy night:
> Up with the light,
> To the old wars;
> Arise, arise!

"To the old wars"—that phrase explains Thomas' attitude not only as a soldier but as a poet. Even the last poem in the volume is, for all its national pride, a celebration of nothing more chauvinistic than English words.

These random quotations illustrate what is most typical in Thomas' work. They do not, however, show the blend of quiet fantasy and quieter fact that is his rarer but no less authentic talent.

Never a great poet, he will undoubtedly go down as one of England's lesser singers, but also as one of her greatest though possibly quietest and most reticent lovers.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE MIND OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD [1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Lafcadio Hearn, his wife tells, us, disliked liars, abuse of the weak, "Prince Albert coats," white shirts, the City of New York, "and many other things." A sufficiently comprehensive view of the objects of a man's hostilities will infallibly paint for us that man's psychic portrait. Certainly a little of Hearn emerges out of even the brief list of his irritants so tantalizingly disclosed by his widow. A literary artist of quite another type whom we have just been reading is more considerate of her own and of future generations: Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose career is now spread before us in two volumes, has not left this vital matter of antipathies to the possibly inadequate records of a surviving consort, but has most thoughtfully and satisfyingly disclosed them to us herself. We shall not say that, in the survey of her literary contemporaries which constitutes the bulk of her "Epilogue," Mrs. Ward has painted a completely revealing portrait of her mind and soul; but if one goes to her *Recollections* for an insight into the intellectuals which produced *Robert Elsmere,* one might skip the first 472 pages and still find a perhaps sufficient revelation of the essential Mrs. Ward in her last chapter.

Three main interests have held sway over Mrs. Ward's thoughts during the half-century upon which she can look back. The first of these, she says, is "contemporary literature" (the other two, "outside of my home life," are religious development and social experiment). Observing Mrs. Ward's appraisal of those among her literary contemporaries who, like herself, have used the medium of fiction, one is impressed by the triumphant manner in which her Vic-

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[1] *A Writer's Recollections,* by Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper and Brothers.

torianism has resisted and survived. Mrs. Ward "wishes Mr. Hardy had not written *Jude the Obscure*" (she does not say why; but life speeds on, and we shall not waste time in guessing). Joseph Conrad, for Mrs. Ward, is "richly representative of what goes to make the English mind"—a mind "shaped . . . by all the customs and traditions, written and unwritten, which are the fruits of our special history and our long-descended life. *It is this which gives value often to Mr. Conrad's slightest tales*" (the italics are not Mrs. Ward's). In this, it seems, he is "at one with Mr. Kipling," though "the tone and accent are wholly different." But let us draw a friendly veil over this vision of Mr. Conrad as the embodiment of the English mind and English customs, and pass on to the alluring spectacle of Mrs. Ward giving Mr. H. G. Wells "what for" (as the lower classes say in Mrs. Ward's native island).

It will be recalled that Mr. Wells, in his impious *Boon*, presented excerpts from a series of tentative notes for a remarkable study to be devoted to "Poiometry," or the scientific measurement of literary greatness. It was there recorded that Mrs. Humphry Ward is the last of the British Victorian Great. And these further notes on Mrs. Ward, intended for subsequent development, were appended:

> Admiration of Mr. Gladstone for her work.
> Support of the *Spectator*.
> Profound respect of the American people.
> Rumor that she is represented as a sea goddess at the base of the Queen Victoria Memorial unfounded. Nobody is represented on the Queen Victoria Memorial except Queen Victoria.
> Necessity after the epoch of Mrs. Ward for more and more flagrant advertisement to reach the enlarged public.

It would seem that Mrs. Ward has failed to regard in a spirit of sweetness and light the handsome tribute implicit in Mr. Wells' perhaps excessively vivacious references. It may be true, after all, that Mr. Wells is no gentleman (he has admitted it himself). But Mrs. Ward is, of course, a lady. Testimony to the effect that King Edward VII called her "Mary" is inconclusive; but there is no doubt that she once had a pleasant chat with the Empress Frederick at Windsor, in the course of which Her Germanic Majesty described to Mrs. Ward "how she read *Sir George Tressady* [a novel of Mrs. Ward's] aloud to her invalid daughter till the daughter begged her to stop, lest she should cry over it all

night." Furthermore, "the Empress began by asking after Uncle Matt, and nothing could have been kinder and more sympathetic than her whole manner . . . " But we wander. We were about to reflect Mrs. Ward's view of the exuberant Mr. Wells.

Mr. Wells, as seen through the critical lorgnon of Mrs. Ward, is "a journalist of very great powers, of unequal education, and much crudity of mind, who has inadvertently strayed into the literature of imagination." The "heroes" in Mr. Wells' novels—"whose names one can never recollect"—are merely Mr. Wells himself. "Who, after a few years more, will ever want to turn the restless, ill-written, undigested pages of *The New Machiavelli* again—or of half a dozen other volumes, marked often by a curious monotony both of plot and character, and a fatal fluency of clever talk?" Mr. Wells has no "charm." Why? The answer is obvious: because he writes "for a world of enemies or fools, whom he wishes to instruct or show up . . ." And Swift, who, like Wells, wrote "for a world of enemies or fools"—he, too, had no charm. Perhaps, though, Swift had "magic," which is also denied to Wells by Mrs. Ward. But would even Uncle Matt, the celebrated discoverer of literary "magic," insist that it was necessary to the equipment of a satirist?

But enough of Wells. What does Mrs. Ward think of another eminent contemporary, Arnold Bennett? Well, Bennett has "detachment" and "coolness," but, alas, he also has "ugliness"—"the ugliness of Balzac:" and his "detail," though it may be "true," is not "exquisite." Turning to yet another contemporary, Mr. Galsworthy, we find that he has not, since *The Country House,* found "a subject that really suits him"—and, as Mrs. Ward observes, "subject is everything."

It is one of Mrs. Ward's most arresting conclusions that "with the young lies the future." Yet to the young among her contemporaries she is even less kind than she is to comparative oldsters like Wells and Bennett, for she does not even mention them. Frank Swinnerton, W. L. George, J. D. Beresford, Hugh Walpole, Gilbert Cannan, D. H. Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie, Rebecca West—these will never know what Mrs. Ward thinks of them, unless she invites them to tea with her and, daring the melancholy result described by the Empress Frederick, reads aloud to them

from *Sir George Tressady* until their hearts are sufficiently softened to hear her verdict without taking offense.

But Mrs. Ward's most memorable comment on her literary contemporaries is inspired by the writings of George Meredith, which, she implies, can be fully enjoyed only by those who know little of French books and French ideals. It appears that Uncle Matt is to blame in this matter, because he so completely Gallicized Mrs. Ward's sense of literary style that Meredith, "to this day," fails to satisfy her. But one might have known that she who achieved the prose of *Marcella* and *David Grieve* would look askance at the ineptitudes of Mr. Meredith.

As for "beloved Henry James," who wrote to Mrs. Ward charming letters full of generous praise of his fellow-artist's creations, he is presented to us in the sunny light of Mrs. Ward's critical approbation—though she does confess that Mr. James, in his own fiction, thought too much about technique. *The Wings of a Dove,*[1] for example, "is almost spoiled by an artificial technique." If Mrs. Ward could only have collaborated with Henry James in the fashioning of his later novels!

You have now, perhaps, by means of these assembled reactions of Mrs. Ward to her contemporaneous literary environment, a rather vivid picture of Mrs. Ward's mind. We shall not attempt to characterize that mind, for it reveals itself with crystal clarity in all its manifestations. To call it a bourbon mind would seem, to some, what a Meredithian character called "a rough truth"—too rough, indeed, for the scrupulous; for it is the pathetic aspect of Mrs. Ward's case that she has wanted to understand. She has leaned forward eagerly out of her milieu upon more than one provocation. One must not forget her obviously sincere enthusiasm for the London Play Centers, her connection with the founding of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, her interest in what she herself has called "the liberalizing of religion." Whatever one may think of *Robert Elsmere* to-day, it is needful to remember that the book could not have been as easy to put forth thirty years ago as it would be to-day. Moreover, Mrs. Ward's serene stupidity as an observer of intellectual phenomena should not blind one to the fact that

[1] The title of this faulty novel of Mr. James', according to its author, is "The Wings of *the* Dove"; but we have quoted literally the doubtless superior version of Mrs. Ward.—L. G.

one is witnessing a triumph of conventionality over intelligence. The lady really has a mind. The Romance scholar, the indefatigable student of Christian origins, the examiner for the Spanish Taylorian scholarship at Oxford, the faithful daily reader of Greek and Latin, causes you to turn wonderingly to pages so and so of the *Recollections* for assurance that " Uncle Matt's " niece did really think it worth while to embalm in the cold permanence of print the ineffable platitudes, the obtuse æsthetic *clichés,* the dull traditionalisms, that sprinkle these two solemnly playful volumes.

It is, one often thinks, a mind without sensibility. Could a mind not thus deficient have exhibited so comfortably the collection of testimonials to the worth of *Robert Elsmere, Marcella, Eleanor,* and the rest, that Mrs. Ward flaunts with the smug satisfaction of a patent-medicine manufacturer?—what the late Richard Watson Gilder thought of *Eleanor,* what Frederic Harrison wrote about the same *chef d'œuvre* (" I am quite sure that it is one of the most subtle and graceful things in all our modern fiction "), what Lord Bryce said about what Mr. Gladstone said about *Robert Elsmere*—" a refined criticism," he called it. Concerning *Robert Elsmere,* indeed, we hear so much—of its history, its sales, its profoundly unsettling effect upon the spiritual tranquility of cab-drivers, duchesses, and Pillars of the Church—that one is tempted at times to dismiss the autobiography as Robertelsmerely.

Yet the *Recollections* are rewarding—chiefly so by reason of their sketches of the great ones of the Victorian Age. Mrs. Ward has been fortunate in her acquaintanceship, and you will find in her pages numerous mementoes of Matthew Arnold and Pater, Jowett and Dean Stanley, Mark Pattison, George Eliot, Swinburne (a particularly happy glimpse), Newman, Canon Liddon, Lord Acton, Browning, Gladstone, Huxley and his cat, Sir Alfred Lyall, Lord Dufferin, Harriet and James Martineau, Tennyson, Morley, and (most memorable of all) a portrait of Henry James that one will long cherish for its true felicity and feeling. Here Mrs. Ward is at her most ingratiating—when she forgets to exhibit *Robert Elsmere* and *Eleanor* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale* as literary Perunas, and is willing to let her epoch speak in the rich timbre of her meditations.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

FAIR PLAY FOR THE WORKERS. By Percy Stickney Grant. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company.

Religion—or rather the faith that underlies all true religion—should lead and control in all things. That this is believed, in the broadest sense and in the last resort, by the vast majority of civilized human beings, the war would seem to show.

There is, however, connected with this view of religion, a difficulty in the form of a subtle paradox, which has been responsible for more misunderstanding than it would be easy to trace.

Briefly, the paradox is that you cannot successfully regard religion as either the *whole* or *a part*. The attempt to do either breaks down invariably in practice, and religion suffers by the failure.

If you regard religion as the *whole*, then you have theocracy in government, and servitude of the sciences to theology—or, at lowest, such an importation of theological methods and preconceptions into the sciences as deprives scientific thought of its independence and its worth.

But if you choose the other alternative—if you regard religion as only a part of life—then promptly religion ceases to be spiritual. It either becomes altogether a side-issue or loses itself in welfare work, in clubs, in forums, in politics, in culture.

The true view, if one may venture to formulate it, would seem to be that religious faith works through knowledge, just as the soul works through reason. The two are almost inseparable, but they are distinct. Without faith, no sanity, no good use of knowledge, perhaps ultimately no knowledge at all. Without knowledge, no faith that is easily distinguishable from placid ignorance—except, perhaps, in the moral geniuses, the saints and the mystics. Normally, intuition works through reason, guides it, informs it, but is felt as something higher than reason —something almost identified with reason, which cannot safely be either divorced from reason or substituted for it.

Thus much, in definition of his own attitude, the reviewer may perhaps be justified in writing, because there appears no other way of expressing adequately his thorough approval of Dr. Grant's interpretation of the ministerial function as indicated in this book.

Dr. Grant—rector for many years of the Church of the Ascension in New York, and author of several books, among which is *Christianity and Socialism*—perceives that religion must affect industrial life, and affect it in more than a consolatory or compensatory way. He declares

with as much truth as force that " the Great War has exploded for our generation the idea that religion can be something apart from the whole organization of life." He intends, it would appear, to make his religious convictions effectual through knowledge and through acts. He is, thus, no mere theological dabbler in sociology bringing ready-made formulas to solve trying problems, or soothing phrases to reconcile men's minds to them. Nor is he merely a student of social questions who happens to be also a clergyman. He is a man of religion who studies sociology in order to know what is right. This is eminently one of the things that religion should lead men to do.

What Dr. Grant gives us is a critical and challenging presentation of the real industrial problems.

The cause of industrial unrest, Dr. Grant perceives, is simply that the workingmen have been " deprived of industrial franchise." Labor has lost the status—the security—that it had under feudal conditions. The modern theory of contract " has not restored the workingman to an integral place in our social economy." Nor can the resultant ills be cured by philanthropy. " Philanthropy," Dr. Grant says bluntly, " is practically played out "—and he proves his assertion.

Industrial dissatisfaction so deeply based is not permanently compatible with patriotism. The average well-to-do citizen in this country has little conception of the number of workers who are frankly unpatriotic because they feel that the country has given them no cause to love it, and that its boasted democracy is, so far as they are concerned, a humbug. True, all classes of labor loyally supported the Government during our war with Germany. But it is not to be forgotten, as Dr. Grant acutely points out, that the patriotism of the working classes is founded not so much upon actual conditions as upon an ideal which they believe their country specially qualified to realize. The lesson is plain.

The problem of securing justice and contentment for the American laborer broadens to include the question of immigration. It must be said just here that Dr. Grant dismisses Malthus rather too curtly as a mere " Jonah ", and that he disregards a rather large and authoritative body of opinion when he declares that " we cannot shut out ' foreigners ' and still be true to our ideals and to our practical requirements." To Dr. Grant, indeed, immigration appears to be less a matter of competing standards of living than a question of education and of moral assimilation. He is certainly right, however, in contending that the blending of races not too diverse is advantageous, and that practically all the races that come to us furnish sound and adaptable human material. He points out, moreover, a phase of the matter that has been too little emphasized when he suggests the wisdom of making America a country that will attract immigrants of the most desirable type.

Dr. Grant formulates the needs of the workers clearly and eloquently. As a believer in physical culture he places bodily training for health where it belongs—among the major goods of life. He advocates greater opportunity for free speech as a means of " mental adjustment." He does not hesitate to call some of our laws unjust as bearing upon labor, and to say that laws are unjustly administered. He calls for a greater sense of responsibility upon the part of the rich. He makes us ashamed of the enormous waste of material and of brains and of manhood which he proves to be going on constantly.

In many ways Dr. Grant gives his readers a real insight into the industrial unrest of the time. He shows the depth of the feeling and its reasonableness; he makes plain that trades-unionism is not really an adequate means to relieve it. He demonstrates that much of what we are accustomed to call socialism is merely "democracy getting its second wind." And finally he affirms with truth that "the cure for democracy is more democracy."

What form is this enlargement of democracy to take? Not that of radical socialism certainly. "Current legislation indicates the lines of future advances—what might be called the liquidation of privilege. Public Service Commissions, Rates Commissions, Corporation Tax Laws, Income Taxes, and not socialistic platforms, will, for a long time to come be responsible for our economic reforms. Notice the list of Federal Commissions that a few years ago would have been thought socialistic:

"Civil Service Commission, Eight-Hour Day Commission, Federal Reserve Board, Federal Trade Commission, Interstate Commerce Commission, National Forest Reservation Commission, United States Board of Mediation and Conciliation, Federal Farm Loan Board."

But is there not a more specific "way out"? There is. It is called industrial self-government. And so logically does this mode of securing social justice fit in with Dr. Grant's whole analysis—with his prescription of "more democracy", with his melioristic rather than revolutionary temper—that what the book needs for final effectiveness seems to be just a full and detailed exposition of this plan. Lacking this, the treatise seems somewhat inconclusive, and it appears to place what is, so far as industry is concerned, a new principle, too nearly on a level with governmental concession and governmental attempts to regulate.

Dr. Grant's book has, indeed, the fault of being somewhat fragmentary in its treatment of social problems. Its chapters are rather too much like public addresses, practical, bullet-like, but not fashioned and joined with sufficient care. And although the author brings to bear upon his theme a store of knowledge both varied and thorough, it cannot be said that he selects and orders his facts with quite the skill of a trained economist.

Nevertheless, Dr. Grant shows a large grasp of the whole industrial situation, a sympathetic understanding of the point of view of the workers, a rare knowledge of the facts which they know and feel.

He has, moreover, an unusual power of arresting attention, of condensing much truth into a phrase, of rousing public opinion and pointing out the general direction of reform.

Quite as significant as anything in the book—though nearly all its contentions are timely and right—is the spirit in which the whole is written—a spirit of moral enthusiasm and of rigorous inquiry. Moral courage, strict impartiality, sympathy, and broad but thorough knowledge—who can use all these gifts to better advantage than can the man in the pulpit, and how except through their vigorous and practical employment is religion to accomplish its full usefulness?

IMPRESSIONS OF THE KAISER. By David Jayne Hill, former ambassador to Germany. New York: Harper and Brothers.

There are several ways in which one may attempt to account for the greatest crime in history. There is the economic way, which, rightly pursued, serves only to show the need of further explanation. There is the personal way, which, though it rightly emphasizes unescapable personal guilt, fails to account for the character of the individual. There is the view that throws all the burden of responsibility upon a movement, a tendency, or a group, thereby seeming to prove that no personal responsibility exists—as fallaciously as scholastic philosophers proved that Achilles could not overtake the tortoise; the obvious facts being that Achilles *would* overtake the tortoise, and that there exists in our lives no more real and constant element than personal responsibility. There is—most cynical of all—the racial view which, logically carried out, relieves Germans as individuals of a large part of their guilt, while it condemns the whole nation to everlasting hatred and contempt.

The historic view unifies all other views, setting the truths they embody in true proportion and relation. This is precisely what David Jayne Hill has done in his work, somewhat misleadingly named, *Impressions of the Kaiser*. Dr. Hill gives us a unified view of the whole German phenomenon, with the Kaiser as at once its cause and its result, its center, its bond, its active agent.

The effect of this is to increase rather than to diminish the personal responsibility of William II.

If the Kaiser had acted otherwise the great catastrophe would not have occurred. "A different kind of Emperor would have produced a different kind of Germany"—the historic facts, the Emperor's own public acts and utterances, prove this beyond cavil. The violation of Belgium was "the morally inevitable culmination of the ambitions, the fantasies, and the impetuosity of Kaiser William II, unrestrained by a responsible government representing the interests of the German people."

The Kaiser, to be sure, is not solely responsible—is there any such thing as sole responsibility? Can any one initiate anything *ab origine?* The Kaiser is not Satan. He did not invent sin! He is merely as responsible for the war as one man can make himself for any great event by *identifying himself* with the forces of evil rather than with those of good—by giving the forces of wrong willing passage through his mind.

The Kaiser had historic antecedents and worked amid favoring conditions. We have to remember that "to the German, who even when he is in bondage can believe he is free, 'freedom' means being free from want and misery; he demands no other liberty." We have to remember that constitutionalism has never been a tradition in Germany as it has in England. "The Reichstag in 1914 had no idea that the question of peace or war was within its jurisdiction." We have to remember the whole medievalism of German life and thought—a condition of things so dimly recognized by other nations before the war. But these things cannot serve to attenuate the Kaiser's responsibility or to elevate his character. He partakes of the evil of that with

which he identified himself, and in no small degree that evil is due to him.

A man irresistibly swept into a net of wickedness, to which he yields under protest, may enlist our sympathy; but not the Kaiser.

"Having in hand the formula of peace, needing only Russia's acceptance—which, as a fact, was in substance already assured—would the Reichstag have failed, as William II failed, to communicate it to the Russian Government while Nicholas II was solemnly protesting that mobilization did not mean war? . . .

"Analyze the situation as we may, we are always brought back to the 'necessities' created by Kaiser William Second's desire for prestige and the pressure of a military camarilla of which he was the head."

In short, what we have to do with in the case of Germany is the perversion of a whole people—in which one man played a prominent, a decisive, a whole-souled part. Economic motives, German ethics, junkerism—all these had for pretext and historic cause dynastic ambition and medieval ideals—of which ambition and ideals William II was the active exponent and in part the creator.

Yet the historic view does not justify childish animosity. The *actual* guilt of the Kaiser is plain; let us leave his *metaphysical* guilt to God. *It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.* The thing for the rest of the world to do is to get permanently rid of dynastic ambition: we are justified in doing with the Kaiser whatever it is necessary to do in order to achieve this end.

In any case, the study of his career is morally and historically illuminating.

Dr. Hill sums up the result of his comprehensive and penetrating study in words notable for breadth and justice:

"That which creates our interest in Kaiser William II is not any merely personal qualities that mark him as a man. It is that in playing the part of German Emperor he has exposed to mankind the danger that inheres in the Prussian doctrine of the state. His personal faith and teaching have only brought to maturity its deadly fruitage; for, believing himself endowed by special divine appointment with the immunities of the irresponsible state, in lighting the torch of a World War he has held himself without accountability to the standards and judgments of civilized men."

THE STORY OF THE SUN: 1833-1918. By Frank J. O'Brien, New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Story of the Sun, by Mr. Frank P. O'Brien, is so much more than the biography of one of the most interesting newspapers in the country that the title seems too restrictive. And yet it is the right title, for Mr. O'Brien, with all the wealth of collateral matter of such varied interest with which he has covered the 455 pages of his book, never once gets far afield from a straightforward, flowing narrative of the *Sun's* brilliant career from the day of its birth to its present effulgence under the comparatively recent ownership of Mr. Frank A. Munsey.

But, in reality, Mr. O'Brien's book may fairly be described as an outline history of Journalism in New York during the past eighty-five years. It even goes a little beyond that. It gives one a satisfying glimpse of an entire journalistic world of the then not very important little city into which the *Sun* was born at 222 William Street on Tuesday, September 3, 1833. At this point Mr. O'Brien stops to note that of all morning newspapers then existing in New York on that day, only one other, the *Journal of Commerce,* is now extant save the *Sun* itself. How Benjamin H. Day, while working as a printer in the office of that same *Journal of Commerce,* as far back as 1830, became inoculated with a newspaper microbe then infesting the intellectuals of another *Journal of Commerce* printer, named Dave Ramsey; how this germ fastened itself upon Ben Day, until at last it resulted in the inception of the *Sun* on the date above named—all this Mr. O'Brien tells in the few spirited pages with which his *Sun* biography opens.

It was Ramsey's great idea, elaborated and practically applied by Day, that what the public wanted was a cheap newspaper, a penny newspaper that told in a quick, concise, live way the daily story of those near-at-hand actualities of the world in which they lived. The other newspapers were top-heavy—top-heavy in price and top-heavy in topics. They had created a long-felt want, Day believed, and he set about filling that want.

He was a graduate of that great academy of journalism—the Springfield *Republican.* He was only twenty-three years old at the time of his venture and he had learned to set type in the *Republican* office when he was a mere boy. Samuel Bowles was then the editor of the *Republican* and it was two years before another and a greater Samuel Bowles was born.

Naturally there was the usual derision of the Ramsey-Day cheap newspaper idea and the usual benevolent prophecies of failure when young Day, Ramsey having vanished from the scene, so far as the history of the *Sun* is concerned, set a pair of very firm, square jaws and reduced the idea from theory to practice. About 1,000 copies of the first *Sun* were printed, and of these only five are now known to be in existence—one in the private library of the present editor of the *Sun,* Edward Page Mitchell; one in the Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street; two in the library of the American Type Founders Company, Jersey City, and one very carefully locked up in the *Sun's* safe.

There were seven morning and four evening newspapers in New York when the *Sun* was born. The *Evening Post,* with William Cullen Bryant and Fitz-Greene Halleck, its editors, was flourishing with a circulation of 3,000. The *Morning Courier and New York Enquirer* (morning), had a larger circulation than any of its esteemed contemporaries—4,500. New York was even then the nation's metropolis and was about as large as is the present Indianapolis. Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Halleck, Nathaniel P. Willis and George P. Moonis were the largest figures of intellectual New York then, and four of them, at least—Irving and Cooper, Bryant and Halleck—still loom large on the intellectual horizon of their country with its hundred-odd millions of population.

It is in the delightfully intimate glimpses Mr. O'Brien continually gives us of these and other names, now developed in a rather awe-inspiring reverence, which is one of the great charms of his book. A little startling, to be sure, are some of these glimpses. For instance, it comes as something of a shock to read of the author of *Thanatopsis* and *The Death of the Flowers,* having a spirited fist fight in front of the City Hall one sunny afternoon with William L. Stone, one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser.* But journalism in those days wallowed in billingsgate and hair-raising personalities, and coffee and pistols, as well as bare knuckles and horsewhips, were some of its equipments.

J. Watson Webb was the leading New York newspaper man of the day. He was not a pacifist, although his father had held the Bible upon which George Washington took the oath as first President of the United States. J. Watson had been in the army and his militant spirit was still with him when he was editor of the *Morning Courier* and united it with the *Enquirer.* He was a progressive in journalism. He established a horse express between New York and Washington at a cost of $7,500 a month to get news from Congress and the White House twenty-four hours ahead of his rivals. Incidentally he was a fighter. He had a row with Duff Green in Washington in 1830, and in 1830 he thrashed James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald,* in Wall Street. He challenged Representative Cilley, of Maine, to a duel. Cilley, who was a classmate at Bowdoin of Longfellow and Hawthorne, refused the challenge but had no objections to a gentlemanly exchange of rifle shots with Graves, of Kentucky, Webb's second, and was shot dead at the first fire. In 1842 Webb fought a duel with Representative Marshall, of Kentucky, and was not only wounded but sentenced to two years in prison for leaving the State with the intention of fighting a duel. He was pardoned in two weeks.

It was upon this stormy sea of New York journalism that the *Sun* was launched, a pretty frail bark, as many believed, but destined quickly to show proof of staunch sea-going qualities. It prospered; but its great event, the event which confirmed it as a financial success of the first order, was its publication of the Great Moon Hoax. This curiosity of American newspaper literature is but a dim memory of tradition even among the older New Yorkers and little more than a meaningless phrase with most people. Mr. O'Brien tells the whole curious genesis of this remarkable bit of fiction with a minuteness of detail and a vividness of narrative which is fascinating to a degree. He also reproduces extracts from the story itself as well as the fanciful pictures of moon life and landscapes which the *Sun* printed. In all the earlier reminiscent part of his *Story of the Sun* there is no chapter that more agreeably engages the attention than the one devoted to Richard Adams Locke's exploit in "faking"—the Great Moon Hoax.

With the exception of an interlude of about a year when the *Sun* was purchased and conducted as a rather oppressively dull publication on a religious basis, the paper was ever the sprightly, very worldly publication it became during the best years of the Dana control. Ben Day sold it to the Beaches for $40,000. They sold it for $250,000. Then it passed, on Charles A. Dana's death, to the ownership of the

Laffan interests; then to Mr. William C. Reick, and, finally, to its present owner, Mr. Frank A. Munsey. The two epochs in the paper's history are the Day-Beach and the Dana, and it is hard to say which of the two, in his admirable work, Mr. O'Brien has made the more interesting. The Day-Beach times are undoubtedly the more picturesque, for life in that first half of the nineteenth century seems to have had a tang and zest which gradually faded into more colorless days with the growing communication and tendency towards standardization in newspaper production. The story of the *Sun* with the brilliant group of writers, headed by Edward Page Mitchell, which Mr. Dana gathered about him, is so close to the days in which we live that many of the old, the no longer young, and those treading on the heels of the no longer young will find Mr. O'Brien's book a most refreshing and entertaining reminder of men and events that may be growing somewhat dim. It is quite within the mark to say that there is not a dull line, much less a dull page, in all Mr. O'Brien's record. It is not only a history of journalism in New York for nearly a hundred years back, but it is a rich store of biographical data of men who made up New York's intellectual life during that period. The *Sun* was ever called "the newspaper man's paper," and with quite as much warrant Mr. O'Brien's *Story of the Sun* may be called the newspaper man's newspaper book.

THE RECKONING. By James M. Beck. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In his eminently sane, vigorous, and democratic book, *The Reckoning*—logical successor of *The Evidence in the Case* and *The War and Humanity*—Mr. Beck presents, explains, and solidly builds up three definitive ideas, three principles that every one needs to grasp and apply with reference to the present state of the world.

If we cannot at this juncture take hold with firmer conviction and with broader comprehension upon the elemental truths of civilization and of democracy—if a majority of us cannot do this—then the ultimate benefit of the war will be lost.

No other post-war discourse flies so straight to the mark as does Mr. Beck's.

The first of the fundamental ideas of which the author treats is the Higher Law.

The grasp of this large conception as something no less real than the Constitution of the United States, no less familiar than the Ten Commandments, no less mighty than the force of national patriotism, is the thing most needed to insure sane, confident, resolute thinking about problems big and little.

The existence of the higher law has been recognized more or less clearly in all religions, all mythologies, all literatures. It has found a place in ancient Roman and in modern English jurisprudence. Before the comparatively recent doctrine of the omnipotence of Parliament arose, "the great masters of common law all supported the doctrine, as laid down by Lord Coke, that the judiciary had the power to nullify a law if it were against common right and reason." Again the Pil-

grims who signed the famous compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, "did not covenant to obey *all* laws that the majority might dictate, but only such as were 'just and equal.'" The founders of this Republic wrote the higher law into the Constitution. Of this same higher law, international law is the largest, albeit an imperfect, expression. But the higher law is not confined to the regulation of great affairs; it runs from the top to the bottom of life. The passengers on the *Titanic* obeyed it without question when they gave to women and children the first chance to be saved.

From the conception of the higher law flows the best definition of Germany's guilt. In the words of Mr. Beck: "It is Germany's greatest crime that for the time being she has impaired and nullified this divine ideal, which in this time of blood and iron constitutes the best hope of the human race. Her consistent conduct, from the beginning of the world war, has been not only a ruthless challenge to the paramount authority of the higher law, but a flat denial of its very existence."

Inseparably connected with this same conception, is the idea of just and righteous punishment. The punishment adequate to the crime, in Germany's case, is not merely the pulling down of the Hohenzollern dynasty, but the destruction of the German Empire. And to attain this end economic pressure may properly be employed. "I cannot see," argues Mr. Beck, "that an economic boycott to bring Germany to its senses is less justifiable than the destruction of its cities and towns by heavy artillery." And has it not become increasingly manifest of late that Germany still needs something to bring it to its senses? "Why should not the Allied nations at the peace table," pursues the author, "use this potent weapon in order to democratize Germany and to separate the German States from Prussia?" Reparation, then, indemnities, restoration, by all means; but besides this the break-up of an empire that has been only "strong to hurt," and that must not be perpetuated under new forms!

The second definitive idea that Mr. Beck sets forth is, briefly, that the Germans, bad as they have shown themselves to be, are human—and being human are not beyond the bounds of reasonable hope. Sanity requires that we should take into consideration facts such as those presented by the author—facts tending to show the existence in Germany of a remnant of real morality, of real reason, of real democratic opinion—the total absence of which would mark a condition below "the dignity of human nature." For there is always the danger that moral indignation, thinking only of the law and losing sight of that spiritual solidarity which alone makes the law binding, may pass into moral madness—that is into cynicism.

The third fundamental idea that the author lucidly states and practically develops is the need in a democracy of free and intelligent criticism of those greater policies which the Government adopts in world affairs. Taking up, one by one, President Wilson's "Fourteen Points," Mr. Beck subjects each of them to a fair and searching criticism, pointing out ambiguities and possible dangers, warning against undue idealism, marking out, in a manner which can arouse no partizanship and excuse no prejudice, the lines of reason and of enlightened expediency.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ARMY NAMES ITS CHOICE

Sir,—"Your American Army is the most wonderful army that the world has ever seen. In its outstanding mental quality, in its clean intellectual vigor, this whole A. E. F. is the most extraordinary revelation and portent of the Great War."

Strong language? Not to those who know at first hand the facts on which it rests. And the speaker, moreover, was not an enthusiastic compatriot exalted by national pride, but a European military officer, cool, critical, trained, sophisticated, and a close observer of the war in France.

He was thinking, as he spoke, of the broad general outlines of that virile intelligence characterizing the stream of picked men that America has poured into the Old World,—an intelligence evidenced in almost as many ways as there are aspects to human life. And he could have illustrated his thought through countless phases—could have illustrated it very partially and superficially, had he chosen, by citing merely the types of books that most strongly appeal to the Army overseas.

On the 19th of September the American Library Association, finely installed in the late residence of the papal legate, on the rue de l'Elysée, Paris, inserted in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* a little anouncement to the effect that it was now prepared to loan to any member of the American Expeditionary Force any book in its stacks, free of charge. Books must be faithfully returned to the Library but might be retained a month, and could be franked back and forth through the mails.

The response was instant, and, to the too-small library staff, almost as overwhelming as it was gratifying. At first from near-by points, then from more and more removed or isolated stations, letters poured in by multiplying hundreds, acclaiming the dawn of a great day and begging for books. And the titles given told in small an eloquent story of the army's mind.

Men familiar with the French and English Forces in part differentiate the psychology of these two bodies from that of our own troops by saying, in effect: "The older armies are tired, while the Americans fairly snap and crackle with initiative, with creative ambition, with energy that, in season and out of season, must have outlet and a free road ahead." Concretely, a big camp of Tommies that make bread for the British Army in France sits in its Y. M. C. A. hut contented and happy, night after night, reading and discussing Shakespearean plays, under the gentle guidance of a young Irish lady, daughter of a notable

Quaker house, and widow of an officer killed at the front. Having served the men behind the counter all day long, selling them tobacco and chocolate, making them tea, attending to their material wants, she finds it still an easy task to hold and amuse them during a long evening with joint speculations on the mellow wisdom of three hundred years ago. But this same young prophetess who has unerringly found her way to the Tommies' hearts, quite freely confessed herself nonplussed by a company of American boys suddenly added to her flock.

"I don't reach them. They are very polite and good to me, but I don't get at them—I don't understand them—and I must!" she lamented.

A Major of Engineers, trustee of Columbia University, fresh from the actual front and experienced on all sides, explained the enigma.

"You can't thoroughly interest our American boys, here and now, in dead or dormant or abstract issues," he said. "Whether they consciously know it or not, they are here, every one of them, as fighting champions of a great, fighting crusade. The impetus lies deep in their hearts. They have crossed the seas to drive home a living principle by which the world of tomorrow must *move*. And the spirit, the demand, of active progression, is on them every one. You can interest some of them, lightly, passingly, in matters of another cast, but their mental impulse, their craving, their necessity, is to bend their minds to things creative—to things that tend to increased production or force—to increased driving power in one form or other, either now or in their future lives at home."

Approximately ninety percent of the letters received from soldiers of the A. E. F. ask for "class-books"—books concerned either with a better handling of the day's work or with preparation for active work at home, when civil life shall have been resumed.

Before there was any talk of peace—while the army as a whole accepted with certainty the prospect of another two years' fighting, and when the boys' indomitable ambition and intellectual thirst were still their only incentives, scores of such letters as the following reached the American Library Association by every post.

From Corporal R. P. C., of the Searchlight School:

"In yesterday's New York *Herald* I noticed the article about your present system of sending books through the A. E. F. mail. It answers a longing for text-books, the lack of which I have felt keenly since I struck France. Have you Bell's *Transmission of Power,* or the later numbers of Hawkins's Electrical books? If you have none of these, any good advanced book on almost any branch of modern applied electricity will be appreciated."

Private C. H. L., ——— Aero Squadron, writes to ask for a first course in algebra. "I passed up that study in school," he adds, "and have been sorry ever since."

Sergeant J. G. S., of the Medical Department, says, "When I enlisted, I was about to take up a course in economics and banking, and any book you could send me to enable me to start over here would be greatly appreciated. I desire also to learn my present work well, and have been trying to get Mason's *Hand-book* to study."

"I want a book of American Civics and Government," writes Private L. D. C. of Hospital Unit A., "a book of elementary law, and a book or books dealing with transportation and commerce, mainly in relation

to merchant marine affairs, if possible. I somehow feel myself growing rusty. . . . In the evenings and now and then during respite in the day's work I can find time for a little reading. . . . Can you help me?"

First Sergeant F. M. S., Base Hospital Number One, wants Henry L. Grant's *Industrial Leadership, The Awakening of Business,* by E. A. Hurley, Hartness's *The Human Factor in Works Management,* or, failing these, "a good book on cement manufacture as applied to our Army requirements will be appreciated."

Corporal F. B. M., Company K, 23d Engineers, was quick to plead: "I should like to procure text books on physics, mechanics or calculus, in order to do some studying in spare time. I am not only speaking for myself, but for other fellows in the detachment, as we are in an isolated camp in the woods, some miles from the nearest town. Over 60% of the detachment are college men, so we expect to form classes."

Taking a file of letters at random, and listing the requested titles and subjects as they come, without selection, this is the result:

> Auditing, or Advanced Accounting, Anatomy and Diagnosis, *The Rubaiyat, Les Misérables, Electrical Engineers' Handbook, Science and Health,* Aviation, Ancient History of France, Automobile Repairing, O. Henry, Tennyson, History of the 19th Century, Practical Wireless Telegraphy, Strength and Elasticity of Metals, Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations,* Telegraphy & Telephone Work, General Geology of South Central France, Banking, Advanced Trigonometry, Stenography, Civil Engineering, Concrete Construction, Carlyle's *French Revolution,* Barrett Wendell's *France of Today,* Re-enforced Concrete, all books of Ralph Waldo Trine, Agriculture as to Gardening, Dairying, Stock-raising, Rupert Hughes's stories, Industrial Economics, Business Methods, Bret Harte, Lighting and Starting System of Automobiles, Bee-Culture, Salesmanship, Architecture, Building & Contracting, Textiles.

It is worthy of note that the very great majority of these letters come from enlisted men or from non-commissioned officers, while the relatively few officers' requests are mainly for books to be consulted in preparing lectures for their men, for collections to be placed in company barracks, or for primary readers and children's story-books—actually for the Elsie Books, in a few instances, and for Horatio Alger, to be used in teaching the illiterate to read.

Such wants must be speedily supplied. Meantime books from the Paris stacks, in twos, in fives, in twenty-fives and in multiples of seventy, are daily streaming over France into the outstretched hands of the A. E. F. And with them goes a little printed notice, to tack over the shelf:

> These books are loaned on the honor system. If you fail, it fails. America is far away, tonnage scarce, and books precious. Play square with the other fellow; he has played square with you.

The boys play square. They handle the books as carefully as they can, and return them just as promptly as conditions permit. The percentage of loss is small, and the harvest of appreciation beyond all reckoning. And it is only just to add that Mr. Burton Stevenson, at the head of the work, puts a spirit, intelligence, sympathy and enthusiasm into the whole operation that guarantees the handsomest success.

The purpose of the A. L. A. is "the placing of books everywhere that American Soldiers or Sailors may be found." To accomplish that purpose it uses whatever vehicles can best serve its end. Fifty percent of its out-go, it has estimated, has been distributed through the agency of the Y. M. C. A., whether in the "Y's" big centres, or in its widely scattered huts, whether by its travelling camionettes or by its riders doing errands on the wing. Of the remaining fifty percent about half has been handled by the Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army and other organizations, each assisting according to its reach, while the remaining twenty-five percent has been sent direct from the A. L. A. stacks to military units of every description, and to the individual applicant.

So the Y. M. C. A. buys standard literature in small pocket volumes —the English Nelson Edition, light and little and clear of print, affords one fruitful source—packs it up in cases of twenty volumes each, and sends it into the fighting trenches strapped on "Y" secretaries' backs. Books so despatched the Library Bureau writes off its accounts as gone.

It is the business of the Y. M. C. A. to get the daily papers to the A. E. F., wherever that may lie beyond the reach of ordinary civilian supplies. In the combat areas it delivers all papers free of charge. And, whenever possible, it sends newspapers from home along with the rest.

The English-speaking European dailies are as manna in the wilderness, but a home paper—any good home paper—means a pearl beyond all price. A "Y" Secretary recently rode his rickety, shell-shocked motorcycle into an isolated camp, sure of a welcome because his sidecar was full of cigarettes, and because tobacco had been "fini" in those parts these many days. His tobacco flew as on angels' wings, but good news flew faster still. Someone had seen a New York *Times* sticking out of his overcoat pocket.

Presently came the Colonel's Adjutant, with the Colonel's compliments, and might he borrow that *Times,* briefly? Then came the Major, in person, keen on the same scent. Then came a little first lieutenant, very deprecatory, very anxious, who knew he was "asking a great deal—too much, probably"—but he was just going into the front trenches—and if he could only take that paper along to the boys, he—words failed him. His pleading look finished the phrase.

I sat down to write about books—about the books our boys want, and what that want shows of their splendid brains—their alertness, their ambition, their grip and design upon the future, each in his own way. But I end as we all must end who see them over here—in the overwhelming impression of their clean-minded loyalty—of their intense belief in and love for the people, the ideals, the faith of their own homes across the sea.

PARIS, FRANCE. KATHERINE MAYO.

"THE REAL COLONEL HOUSE"

SIR,—The December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has an attack on Colonel Edward M. House, that, as a friend and biographer (in a small way), I feel that I cannot let pass unchallenged. The author of the attack attempts to veil his philippic under the guise of a review of a

volume recently offered to the public, entitled, *The Real Colonel House*, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. The name of the author of the attack is Frederick W. Henshaw, accredited to the Supreme Court of California, and whose name has recently been mentioned in the Mooney case, calling for a newspaper explanation from Judge Henshaw, that may or may not have satisfied the reading public. I cheerfully waive all criticism of him, since he has received his billet of approval from Judge W. M. Morrow, former member of Congress from California and now on the circuit bench of the United States, who says Judge Henshaw is a brilliant lawyer.

The limits of my letter will not furnish an opportunity for answering completely and conclusively the several counts in Judge Henshaw's indictment of President Wilson's friend, companion and trusted messenger extraordinary to foreign lands, Colonel Edward Mandell House, but I offer first for the unprejudiced judgment of the readers of the REVIEW the opening paragraph as follows:

> It was undoubtedly due to the growing restiveness of the American people against a man who, without official position, is sent on secret missions of vast consequence to their welfare,—*who has never done one act or uttered one word by which the people might guage his capacity,*—that the world is indebted for this unique volume.
>
> [The italics are mine].

Sent to Europe on five separate international diplomatic missions by the President of the United States, and yet this representative of the Golden State with its Golden Gate and its Pacific Ocean that is never pacific, bawls like hoarse (not coarse) Fitzgerald that he, Colonel House, of Texas and not Missouri, "has never done one act by which the people might gauge his capacity." This same nobody is the man of whom Colonel George Harvey said (to me) he would like to see succeed W. J. Bryan as Secretary of State. And the same who, through me, passed the compliment back to the brilliant editor that he, Colonel House, would like to see Colonel Harvey appointed in Bryan's place.

Soon after it became known that Colonel House was enjoying the confidence and esteem of President Wilson, Charles Willis Thompson said of him in an article in the New York *Times:*

> Colonel House is a man whose words are few, and when he does consent to drop one it is worth its weight in gold; not only because he tells the truth, but because his judgment and insight are great. It was the perception of this fact that bound the President to him. The President relies more on his judgment than on any one else's, because he has found it always right; and with this keen judgment and insight goes a wonderfully clarifying power of statement and an impersonal and an objective way of looking at a situation which make his views on any question things of golden value.

Peter Clarke Macfarlane, in *Collier's Weekly*, said of Colonel House:

> In matters of policy his judgment seems to be colored by no passion and clouded by no prejudice. His manner is ingratiating. He does not bluster; he thinks. In argument he does not overbear with a full tide of his own steam, but instead sets up the cards carelessly almost, a reason here, an inference there, a situation yonder, and so allows his opponent to convince himself. He turns no thumbscrews; he wields no clubs; his weapons are of the mind. Nor does there appear to be anything ulterior in his motives, or occult in his method. I see no foreboding in his relationship to the President. The closeness of that relation is creditable to both men and fortunate for the country. It

has no sinister connotation. Edward M. House is no *Oliver le Diable.* He is at once a friend of the President and of the people. Because he is the last so completely, he is the first so intimately.

Mr. Lloyd George, speaking of the American Mission to the Allied war conferences held in London and Versailles, said:

The mission which has thus successfully terminated its labors, was, so far as we are concerned, an unqualified success. To that conference President Wilson could not have sent more sagacious and useful representatives than Colonel House and the other members of the mission who accompanied him. Colonel House, indeed, has proved himself not only a worthy representative of the United States but has won the friendship and respect of all the European Allies.

André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States, speaking on the same subject said:

The presence in Europe of the American mission is an event upon the importance of which it is superfluous to comment. Colonel House, by his eminent qualities, has merited the confidence of President Wilson. I have had many opportunities to observe him, and no finer representative of American idealism could have been selected. He will represent among us completely the thought and will of the President of the United States.

I submit the following newspaper dispatch printed in a well-known New York daily:

London, June 25, 1915. An interesting development of the recent stay in London of Colonel E. M. House, intimate of President Wilson, came to light this week, when it became known that Colonel House visited King George twice at Buckingham Palace. In both instances the invitation to see the king came to Colonel House from Buckingham Palace unsolicited, etc., etc.

Now, perhaps, some Aldiborontiphoscophorino, from the home of Abe Reuf, or some blatant partisan politician or some American Bolshevik or disguised Boche, will prate about Anglophiles, Regiphiles and autocrats! Lord Byron, a blarsted Englishman, said:

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.

The California jurist complains that Colonel House has never "uttered one word by which the people might gauge his capacity." Ralph Waldo Emerson says:

I have read that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said [and]
We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits.

Judge Henshaw, speaking of Mr. Smith's book, *The Real Colonel House,* makes this delphic observation: "It is unique in that, while in form biographical, in its essence it is autobiographical." He seems unwilling to accept the word of the author, who says by way of preface:

This is an intimate biography only in the sense that it reflects my own interpretation of Colonel House based upon an acquaintance and friendship of several years. It is in no sense official for I have not sought access to confidential papers nor have I asked for undue confidences from Colonel House.

Colonel House's reputation among all fair-minded men for modesty and reticence is so well established that it will take a heavier gun than the writer of this diatribe on *The Real Colonel House* to harm or hurt or even arouse any other interest than disgust, and I refer all guilty persons to the lines of Byron:

> Believe a woman or an epitaph,
> Or any other thing that's false, before
> You trust in critics, who themselves are sore.

The attachment between President Wilson and Colonel House and the use of the services of the latter in some of the stupendous problems of American life and politics make an epoch in American history. A great mind once said that there is nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist, after much exchange of good offices, between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend.

I have noticed only Judge Henshaw's opening shot at his victim. The balance of the screed is little more than vaporings, balderdash, and twaddle, and I dare say, even in the honest opinion of the author, reflect only on himself.

HENRY HERBERT CHILDERS.

Washington, D. C.

SUFFRAGE QUALIFICATIONS

SIR,—In a recent number of the REVIEW, Arthur T. Galt, of Chicago, in a letter to the editor, expresses what is a frequent criticism of "the present propaganda for woman suffrage," namely, "that it should be universal without qualification of any kind." He asks the REVIEW to "bring the point favorably and forcefully to public notice before it is too late."

It is already too late, as the proposed Federal Suffrage Amendment has passed the House of Representatives and is very close to adoption by the Senate, and if the slighest change were made it would have to go through the Lower House again and to be presented to the Senate with entirely new arguments. This amendment reads simply: "The right of suffrage shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex." It leaves every State with liberty to impose any qualifications for voting that it chooses except the unsurmountable one of sex. Mr. Galt argues that "there should be some mental and a slight property qualification." Nothing in the proposed amendment would prevent any State from making these requirements, but the fact that most of those States where they once existed have removed them, and the others never have had them, shows that they are not considered desirable. A few of the Northern States have a very slight educational test, and the Southern States have both educational and property requirements, chiefly to keep out the negro vote. This is shown by the fact that they are worded in such a way as not to disfranchise white men. Most of those States and a few in the North have a poll tax.

A Federal Amendment imposing even slight educational and property qualifications would have great difficulty in getting through Congress, as most of the members have in their districts and States a considerable constituency of illiterate and non-taxpaying men, who would bitterly resent

requirements which would bar out the women of their family. This reason would also make it impossible to carry a State Amendment, which would have to be acted upon by the individual voters. Since we have universal suffrage for men, nothing less is possible for women. No educational test could be imposed more severe than the ability to read a few sentences from the Constitution, and a taxpaying requirement would have to be very slight indeed.

Would a man or a woman necessarily be a more intelligent and responsible voter if able to meet these tests? There are people in the professions who do not pay taxes, and there are others without any education who know under what kind of conditions they wish to work and to rear their families. "The crimes against the ballot box" are not committed by the ignorant and the poor, but very often they are instigated by the rich and carried out by shrewd, intelligent political "bosses," nor is it by any means only the poor and the ignorant whose votes are for sale. What we need to secure a more desirable electorate than we have at present is a higher standard of civic virtue and a better appreciation of the value of a vote, and this is needed quite as much by the rich and the educated as by the poor and illiterate.

IDA HUSTED HARPER,
Editorial Chairman National Leslie Suffrage Bureau.

NEW YORK CITY.

WE ARE INDICTED

SIR,—A copy of the December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and one of the WAR WEEKLY came to hand according to your enclosed letter, and I write of my unwillingness to add these journals to my reading list and venture to offer one or two reasons.

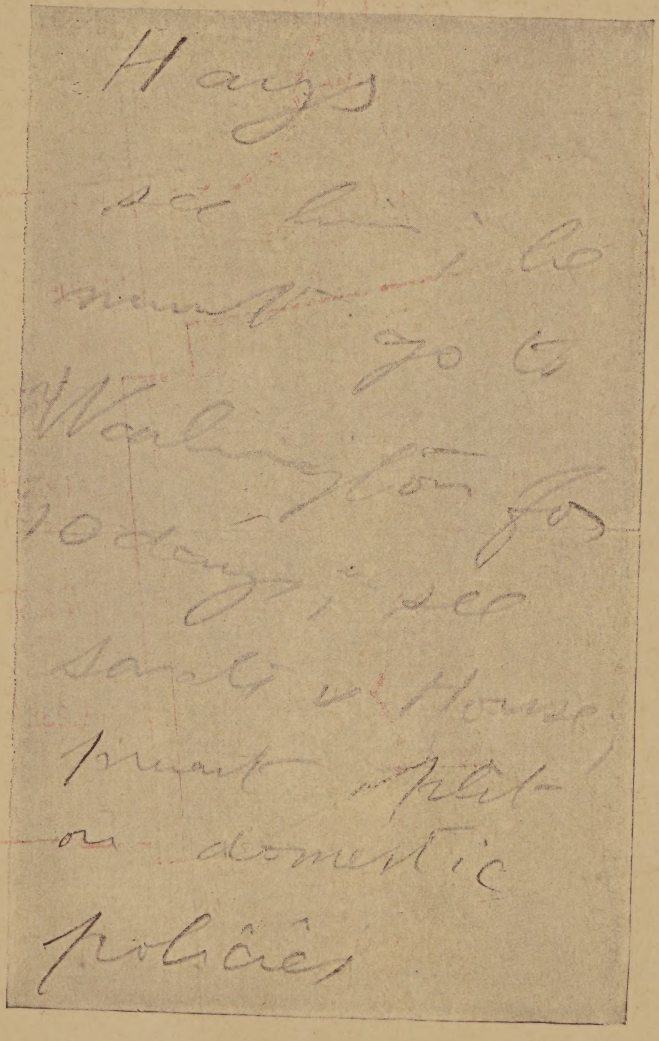
I do not share in the REVIEW's evident bitterness toward President Wilson and Colonel House, though I am willing to accept all it says in criticism of Secretary Baker.

In particular, I am opposed to its advocacy of militarism, its endorsement of Secretary Daniel's plan for a great navy, when we ought to be planning for a lesser force than we have. It seems to favor universal military service and general preparation for war.

I have a son, a university man and a minister, who resigned his congregation to enter the ranks as a private in the infantry. He was killed in battle and we shall never see him in this world. I am sure he did not leave all and give up all that we should adopt the system against which he fought. If we should adopt the ideas of the REVIEW, Germany would win in principle, even though she lost in the actual conflict. . . . Our son thought that he was giving his life for humanity, for the rights of the common man and the freedom of all men. What a tragedy it would be if our victory should result in a triumph of the Tories of the Allied nations, the exploiting of the common people by Big Business, and the Prussianizing of America!

W. J. COLEMAN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.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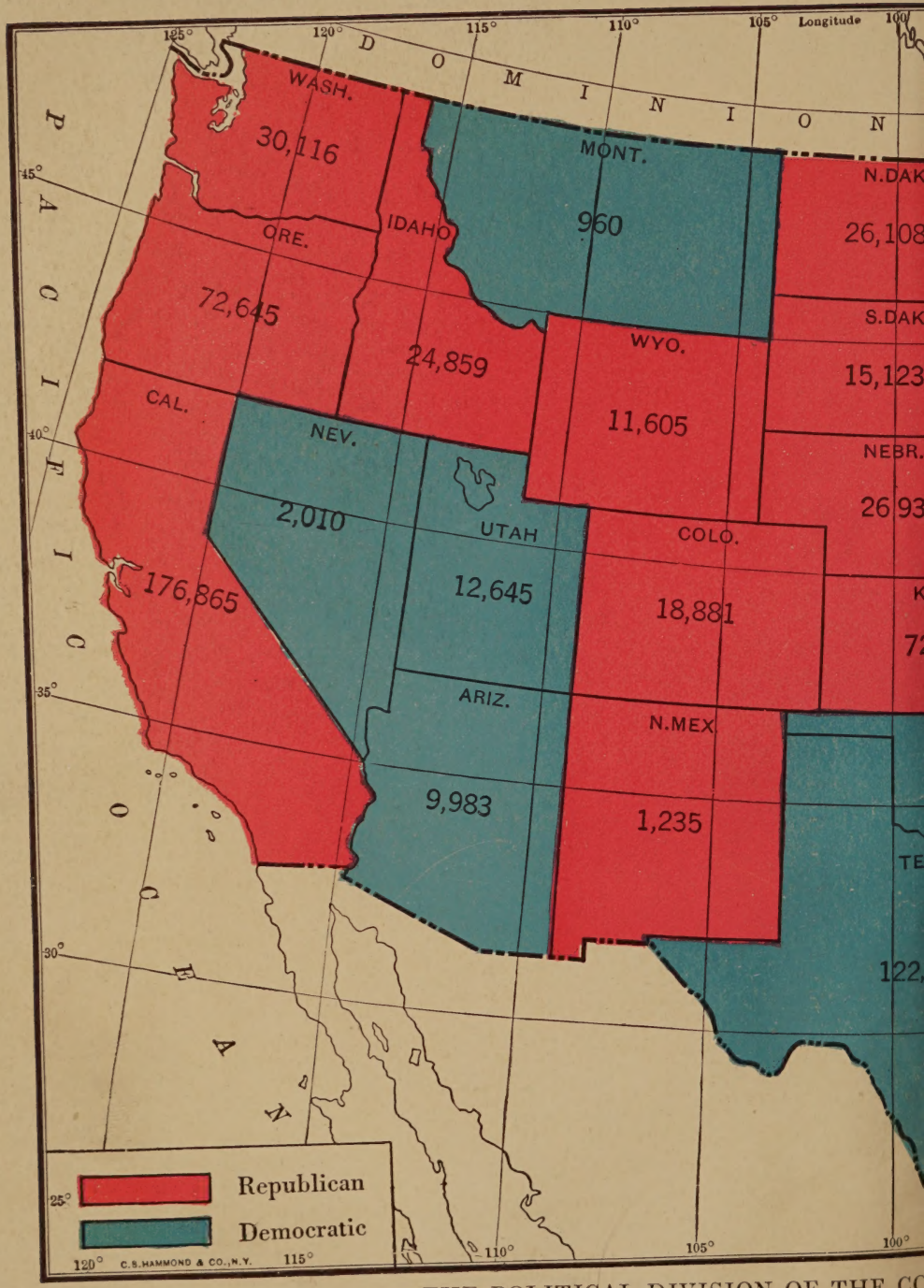

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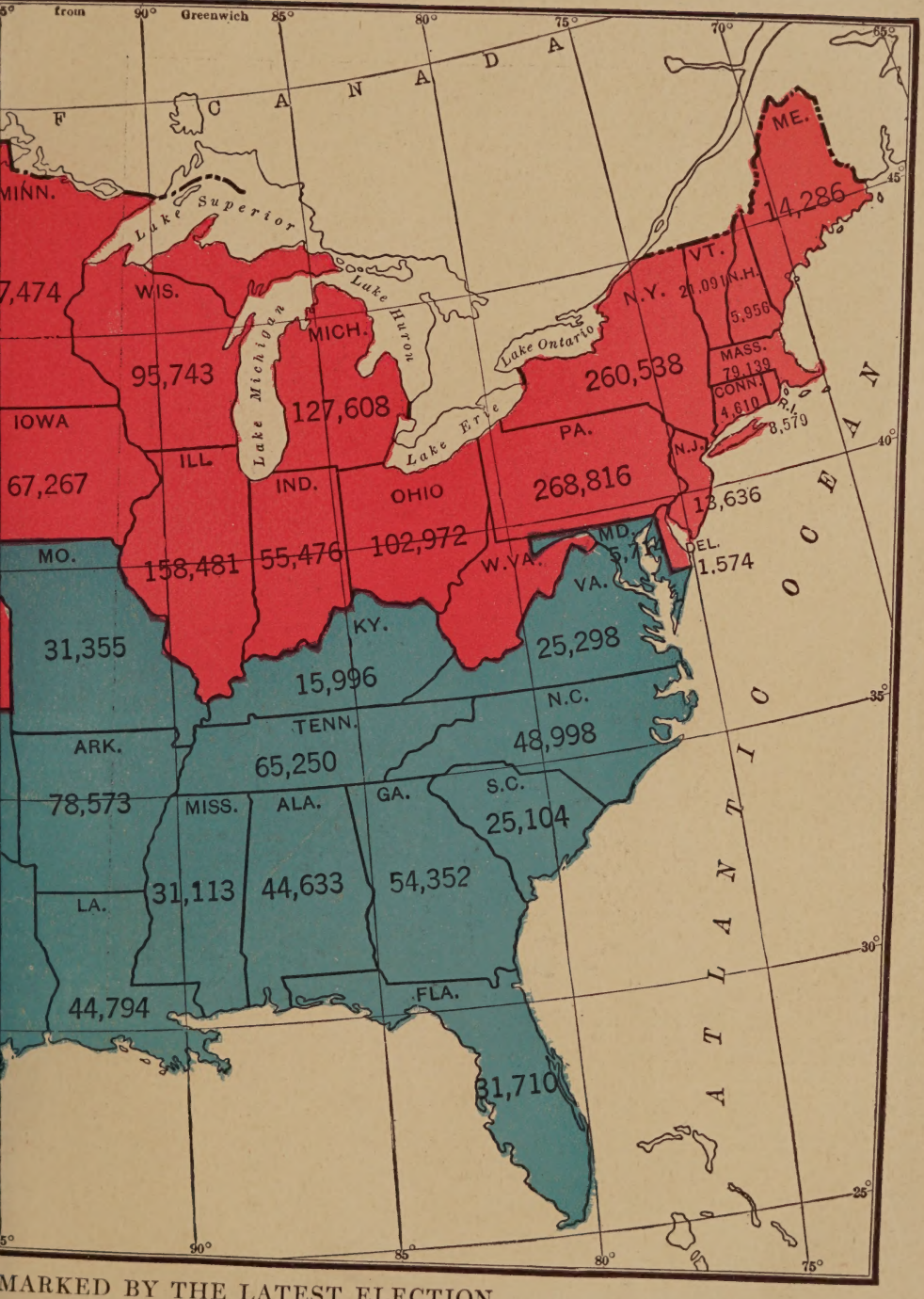

MARKED BY THE LATEST ELECTION

WILL H. HAYS

Chairman of the Republican National Committee, to whom Mr. Roosevelt Addressed His Last Memorandum

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
MARCH, 1919

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

THE ISSUE:
SOCIALISM VS. AMERICANISM

BY THE EDITOR

THE Republican party will resume control of both Houses of Congress for the first time in eight years on March 4th. Its majority in the Senate will be scant, but sufficient, and in the House of Representatives substantial. In point of fact, the size of the Republican victory at the polls last November was much larger than is commonly realized.

In 1916, the Democratic majority for President was nearly 600,000; in 1918 the Republican majorities for Representatives aggregated more than 1,200,000,—a Republican gain in the popular vote of approximately 1,800,000 out of a grand total averaging for the two years 12,800,000.

In 1916, for President, the Democrats carried 30 States and the Republicans, 18; in 1918, for Congress, the Democrats carried 19 States and the Republicans, 29—a Republican gain of 11.

The electoral vote in 1916 was: For Wilson, 277; for Hughes, 254,—Democratic majority, 23.

Upon the basis of the popular vote cast for Representatives in 1918, the electoral vote would have been: Republican, 342; Democratic, 189; Republican majority, 153,—a Republican gain of 176.

Assuredly a sweeping victory, rendered even more noteworthy by the fact that it was achieved over the party in

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power upon the eve of the successful conclusion of a great war. Attempts made now to analyze the causes of the turn-over which, in the light of all attendant circumstances, must be regarded as without precedent, would be at the least stale and perhaps unprofitable. It suffices the present purpose to recall that the chief impelling impulse which actuated the people was dissatisfaction with the Administration's conduct of the war. So strong had this feeling become that appeals to consider the probable ill effect upon our Allies were futile, and even the obvious imminence of triumph over the common enemy stirred no sense of appreciation of the Government's endeavors. America was not doing herself justice; the men in control were incompetent and untrustworthy; that was the long and short of it; excuses were of no avail; and the inevitable happened.

President Wilson, we are credibly informed, subsequently lamented the issuance of his extraordinary pronouncement practically defying the country to repudiate his Administration as "the one great political mistake" of his career and took his two foremost advisers sharply to task for having persuaded him to commit a fatal error. If so, he did them grievous injustice. The voices which, conformably to his custom, the President caught from the air may have been those of Burleson and Tumulty, but the hand that tapped the typewriter was the hand of Wilson, and the document that, after much travail, finally emerged was no whit less Wilsonvelian than the daringly artful mind from which it sprang.

The famous letter did not lose the election; indeed, in States like Kentucky, it helped to stem the tide; the election itself was already lost. Mr. Wilson's impolitic peremptoriness served only to augment the immediate disaster and, with far more serious subsequent consequences, to unite the opposition. Not only had the campaign of 1916 failed to weld together the Republicans and the Progressives, but the mutual recriminations which ensued were tending to widen the breach in spirit between the two factions when Mr. Wilson leaped into the gap, which Mr. Hays, acting with rare alertness, was thereupon enabled to close effectually.

Mr. Roosevelt died the acknowledged leader of the great party into which he was born. His last written

words, pencilled by his own hand a few hours before his death and addressed in the form of a memorandum for the brilliant young man, for whose selection as Chairman of the National organization he was largely responsible, were these, as reproduced elsewhere in *fac simile:*

"Hays
see him; he must go to Washington for 10 days; see Senate and House; prevent split on domestic policies."

Here is evidenced as clearly as if the few words filled a volume Mr. Roosevelt's realization of both his responsibility and his obligation. The simple memorandum marked the inauguration of a definite party policy, to be carried through to a no less definite conclusion. It was more than a passing thought or a mere suggestion. It was a Message, signifying the need of immediate and unremitting vigilance in achieving complete unity of action in resolving domestic problems before attacking those of wider range soon to be thrust upon the country,—a true soldier's call first to close the ranks.

Nothing could be more characteristic or more clearly illustrative of the breadth of vision, the foresight, the directness in method and the painstaking attention of the man. Nothing, too, probably could have served his purpose better than that these words should have been his last. Difficult as it is to reconcile one's self to the decree of divine Providence that the removal of that great patriot at this crucial moment was not untimely, we cannot but realize, as he would have been the first to acknowledge, that the last vestige of animosities which might have continued to impair his highest aspirations was buried with him, and thereby the perfect union which he so ardently desired against all things un-American was attained.

Thus we find the Republican party resuming full legislative authority thoroughly united and invigorated by the peculiar confidence which so often carried it to victory in former years. Its leadership in the Senate, moreover, is of the best. The rôle is new to Mr. Lodge, but his long experience, his high intelligence and his amazing industry, backed by the splendid traditions of his State and the universal respect of both his colleagues and the country, render his task comparatively easy. As we write, the Speaker-

ship of the House of Representatives is in question. We assume, however, that the discredit and danger inherent in the selection of Mr. Mann will be averted. The pernicious seniority rule also seems likely to be greatly modified, if not abolished entirely, thus affording wider range of action upon the floor for those younger members, like Mr. Longworth, Mr. Fess, Mr. Frank L. Greene, and Mr. Rogers, who have developed unusual capabilities.

Of yet greater value to the party as an organization perhaps is the evolution of Mr. Will H. Hays. We are not of those many who hold that the late Senator Hanna was "the greatest Chairman the Republican party ever had." To our mind, despite his successes, he was the worst, incapable of detecting the birth and growth of new ideas, wedded completely to the old order and knowing only the power of money, whose open recognition gave rise to a common resentment which only a Roosevelt could have withstood. Mr. Hays is the antithesis of Mr. Hanna. Before money he puts brains; before party, principle; before expediency, courage; and before all, sincerity. With the prestige acquired from the result of the first severe test of his capacity, the zeal and indefatigability of Mr. Hays constitute an asset such as the Democratic party simply does not possess.

As contrasted with the promising Republican outlook, the plight of the Democratic party is pitiable. Early in 1912 Mr. William Jennings Bryan predicted to the writer that, if Mr. Wilson should be elected President, there might be a Wilson party, but there would be no Democratic party at the end of his period of service. This interesting prophecy is already, in effect, fulfilled. Mr. Wilson lost no time in demonstrating that his conception of leadership was complete mastery and, in this instance at any rate, his acts have squared with his words. He has not only restricted his appointments sharply to his own faction, but he has initiated practically all legislation and has interfered without hesitation in primaries charged with the selection of Democratic candidates for Congress. The consequence is a personal control hardly ever before equalled and likely to prove irresistible except in one particular.

There is no question whatever that Mr. Wilson could, if he would, obtain a second renomination without a

dissenting vote, even in the face of the Democratic party's solemn pronouncement declaring it to be "the unwritten law of this Republic, established by custom and usage of one hundred years, and sanctioned by the examples of the greatest and wisest of those who founded and have maintained our government that no man should be eligible for a third term of the Presidential office." Nor is there much doubt that he could prevent the nomination of anyone whose candidacy should be displeasing to him. Of his power to dictate the nomination of another than himself we feel far less certain. Indeed, we are disposed to think that at this point the party leaders whom he has trampled upon would draw the line and would be able to wield sufficient influence to overcome or disintegrate the body of officeholding delegates upon whom the Administration would be compelled to rely. As against Mr. McAdoo, for example, or Mr. Baker who, as the most efficient public official the President has ever known, is his "logical" candidate, the combined forces of Speaker Clark, Mr. Bryan and the leading Southern Senators would be arrayed almost surely and would prevail.

Assuming, then, that Mr. Wilson will not accept a renomination, either in consequence of having realized his ambition to become the first President of a Society of Nations or from apprehension of defeat at the polls, we may expect him to retain as much of his power as possible to the last moment by the simple method of concealing his real intention, and then meet the situation as it may exist with characteristic determination. If our previous hypotheses should prove to be correct, the outcome would be the nomination of one neither personally offensive to Mr. Wilson nor objectionable to the opposing leaders,— not improbably Mr. Thomas Riley Marshall.

No Republican candidacies have yet been announced and none is likely to be advanced seriously during the calendar year. Here a Fabian policy is unquestionably the part of wisdom. Just as with the Wilson party, the man will make the issue, so with the Republicans the issue will produce the man. As matters now stand, the conflict would range widely around the conduct of the war, the unpreparedness for peace, government ownership, universal training, extravagance, taxation, finance, woman suffrage, enforcement of prohibition, executive autocracy,

inefficiency and the like, upon all of which the Democrats would be put upon the defensive in a most embarrassing manner. The tariff will hardly play its accustomed part because of common assent that high rates are absolutely essential at the moment for both revenue and protection.

But whether Mr. Wilson achieves his lofty international ambition or, failing that, again audaciously defies the people to repudiate his Administration, he will hardly care to go to the country upon the record comprising the subjects mentioned. In any circumstances, he would reach out for a new and overwhelming issue, whose discussion would allow full play for his exceptional rhetorical and persuasive powers. But even though he should feel supremely confident of his ability to justify his domestic policies and performances, he would be unable in this instance to restrict the test. Gradually but irresistibly the overpowering issue of the coming campaign is forming itself in perfect conformity with the President's activities abroad and his partially formulated programme at home.

The issue will be Socialism against Americanism.

Mr. Wilson no longer represents or speaks for the United States, as differentiated from other nations, except in so far as doing so enables him technically to translate the voices which burn his ears from the air into the service of Humanity. He has forsaken Nationalism and espoused Internationalism. His proposed League or Association of Nations is wide as the world itself and, so far from conferring benefits upon this country, it not only violates all of the traditions of the Fathers of the Republic but, under any one of the plans yet suggested, could not fail to add greatly to our own burdens, to the enormous advantage of Germany and, in lesser degree, of England, France and Italy, as well as of the smaller states.

That so complete a reversal of the established policy, under which thus far our own country has achieved its marvelous success, would involve tremendous sacrifice and constant danger, no advocate of the proposal has, to our knowledge, attempted to deny. Whether it would bear to all mankind greater benefits than have been conferred through the free offering of a safe refuge from oppression, of personal liberty, of equal opportunities and equal citizenship in a well-ordered land may be a question.

But there is no doubt that Mr. Wilson is committed

irrevocably to his theory. Already the Socialists of Europe, in eager response to his fervent appeals, have proclaimed him their leader as opposed to their constituted authorities, and soon the Bolshevists of Russia will meet in a spirit of comradeship the most notable Bolshevist sympathizer of America, once driven out of the country as a teacher of false doctrines and a practicer of flagrant immorality, and now officially delegated by President Wilson to act as his personal representative at the Marmora Conference.

Only Mr. Samuel Gompers, who flatly refused to attend the Socialist conference at Berne, at Mr. Wilson's request, and his more conservative lieutenants now stand in the way of the radical elements of our great labor organizations falling into line with the herds of Europe behind their accepted leader so graphically depicted by Mr. William Allen White, the colleague of the ex-Reverend George D. Herron, as the Pied Piper of the ignorant and impressionable masses.

The extent to which Mr. Wilson will attract our own people to his standard of socialistic government, hidden within the Society of Nations, has yet to be measured. That the obsession has obtained no slight hold and is being nurtured zealously at great expense is only too apparent. Thus far the non-partisanship of the movement is evidenced by the appearance upon the stump of our former and only living former President, Mr. Taft, as the leader and chief spokesman of the aggressive propaganda now being waged unceasingly throughout the country.

But such a condition cannot long maintain. The time is rapidly approaching when the two great political organizations will be compelled to take their stands unequivocally. That the Democratic party will bow submissively, though sullenly in thousands of instances, to the mandate of its ruler is a virtual certainty. But we have abiding faith that as soon as the people come to understand the real import of the challenge to their independence, their reason and their future, the Republican party, under its present leadership, will pick up the gage of battle and step forward quite ready and fully prepared again to save the Union, upon the inevitable issue of—

Socialism against Americanism

For ourselves, we welcome the test. It must come some

time; it may as well come now. And we have no question of the result. Neither next year nor ever will the American people vote to denationalize their great Republic. Neither next year nor ever will they heed the sinister and insidious implorations of false prophets to toss their beloved country into a melting pot to be mashed into a pulp of international communism. Neither next year nor ever will they yield one jot of their independence or of their sovereignty.

America is no Bolshevist. Patriotism is not dead. Let the fight begin!

"Trumpeter, sound for the splendor of God!
Sound for the heights that our fathers trod
When truth was truth and love was love,
With a hell beneath but a heaven above,
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
On to the City of God!"

IMPRESSIONS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

"I leave you to your weighty deliberations. The Peace Conference is declared open."

M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ uttered these words at three o'clock on January 18th, 1919, with extraordinary earnestness, and a touch of emotion in his voice which his hearers are not accustomed to find there. And at once a wave of joy seemed to surge through the entire assembly who had listened standing to the opening speech of the President of the Republic, in the great "Salon de l'Horloge" of the Quai d'Orsay.

It was an extraordinary assembly, unlike any other known to history. The sixty-five men present belonged to every race, to every country. Some came from the uttermost ends of the earth, delegates sent by China and Japan. Others from parts little-known, vaguely shown on geography maps—for instance, the two representatives of the King of Hedjaz, who arrived at the eleventh hour and were admitted at the last minute. Some were very old—Mr. Patchitch, for one—with his enormous white beard; others, such as the envoys of certain South American Republics, quite young.

From the corner of the hall where I was, my attention never wandered from them all during the half-hour the speech of the President of the Republic lasted, as I tried to read on their faces something of the feelings that were certainly stirring below. But every countenance, whether pale or dark-hued, reflected only pride and joy. And prouder, more joyous perhaps than any of the others, was President Wilson. His smile seemed to dominate and lighten up the entire assembly. When M. Poincaré spoke his

closing words: "*I leave you to your weighty deliberations. The Peace Conference is declared open,*" he was the first to spontaneously clap his hands and give the others the signal of applause.

. . . . . .

And now the Peace Conference is open and the Allies are trying to rebuild the world.

One question predominates in the vast work to be accomplished: Will the Allies agree, and will they agree to the end? The question has been asked in America more than elsewhere perhaps. Cablegrams, some sensational, others pessimistic, have been sent to the American press on this subject. These cables came from newspapermen whose information was not always as reliable as it was prompt.

Paris is a strange and difficult city for the reporter who does not know it. A city of rumors, of gossip, of talkers and faultfinders. Everyone knows all there is to be known without ever having heard anything. The newspaper man who has not understood its psychology is in an unfortunate position! He is at the mercy of any lobbyist of the Palace Bourbon who whispers in his ear an account of the most secret meeting of the Cabinet, and he will take it for history in the making. He is at the mercy of any restaurant waiter who speaks disparagingly of every man in the Government—and he will take it as a true index of the feeling of the Parisian crowd. He sees the moving surface, the lights, women passing in the streets—and he will imagine all of France is before his eyes! Truly, a misguided person the newspaper man who listens too much and does not think enough!

Let us take as an example the question of the League of Nations, which certain American correspondents have striven to describe as one of the main points of divergence among the Allies. It is characteristic of the errors of interpretation which can be made by a newspaper man insufficiently acquainted with France, when he tries to give an account of French opinion. What has been cabled to New York, Chicago, Boston and elsewhere? Nine times out of ten, this: "M. Clémenceau is opposed to the proposed League of Nations of President Wilson, and France will have none of it." And nine Americans out of ten are convinced to-day that opposition to the League of Nations

comes entirely from France. What is the truth of the matter?

The truth is that French public opinion—that of the nation, of the people, of the army—has never been opposed to a League of Nations; it is merely sceptical regarding the results of such a League—an entirely different matter. Scepticism is one thing, opposition is another. There is not a Frenchman living who would delay by one hour the dawning of that radiant day when nations will have the understanding of sisters, and when universal peace will reign permanently on our earth. But there are many Frenchmen who believe that day will never dawn as long as men are men, and cupidity, stupidity, and ill-nature are still to be found here. So Frenchmen are not antagonistic to the League; they are simply incredulous about it.

Again, the truth is that M. Clémenceau, who incarnates every feeling, every fear, every hope of France, shares on this point, as on many others, the opinion of four-fifths of the French people. But if, deep down in his heart, M. Clémenceau does not believe in a League of Nations, he is so little opposed to one that less than a fortnight after he became Premier of France, in 1917, he appointed a commission for the purpose of preparing the draft of a League of Nations, and as members of this commission he selected not only some of the most eminent jurists of France, but also men who were most in favor of the idea of arbitration among nations, of peace among peoples, of conciliation among governments. M. Léon Bourgeois, who is the oldest and most prominent pacifist of France, in the highest and noblest sense of the word "pacifist," was appointed chairman of the commission.

Further, the truth is that the commission appointed by M. Clémenceau worked so hard and to such good purpose for two years, that it has ready an entire series of drafts showing to the last detail the working of such a league, the constitution of international courts of arbitration, the penalties to be resorted to in case of conflict, etc. One part of the work, done by that great authority on international law, Professor André Weiss, even goes so far as to give a list of the financial, marine, economic and monetary penalties which could be enforced, if a war were to threaten, against the nation that should be indicated as

the author of the trouble. To quote M. Léon Bourgeois: "It is the most marvelous and formidable arsenal that can be imagined: the League will only have to stop to pick up arms against war."

Finally, the truth is that M. Clémenceau has decided to adopt the draft prepared by the commission appointed by him. It will be the French draft of the League of Nations, a complete draft in which nothing is missing, which goes to the very end of logic and truth, and a practical piece of work—not merely a string of words. . . .

Is there an American draft for a League of Nations? What and where is it? What men have worked at it and for how long? Has it been approved by the President of the United States and will it be upheld by him at the Conference? How far does it go? Does it recognize that when the League shall come to any decision, such decision will have to be enforced by every member of the League? When will it be submitted to the public opinion of the world?

It may be slightly impertinent to ask these questions. But in the name of the inalienable rights of truth, it is permissible to state that the day the Peace Conference opened, France was the first country to propose that the League of Nations should be one of the subjects of discussion, and that she was the one and only nation to place on the Conference table a concrete and practical draft for such a League.

Other divergences occurred, at the very outset of the Conference, which since have been smoothed away. They deserve to be mentioned here only because they raised questions of principles, and questions of principles are often most difficult.

Among others, there was the question of language and the question of representation of the smaller nations.

The question of language is one that France feels deeply about. The question is in what language the final instrument of the Conference—the peace treaty—shall be drawn up. From time immemorial, international treaties of peace have been drawn up in the French language, and that is what is meant when French is described as the language of diplomacy. Even in 1815, after Waterloo, when France was invaded and crushed by Europe, the peace treaty of Vienna was drawn up in French. Even in 1871,

after Sedan, when France was invaded and crushed by Prussia, the Frankfort treaty of peace was drawn up in French. France cannot admit, therefore, that after the Marne and Verdun, the treaty of peace that will be signed in Paris should be in any other tongue than French. Translations may and should be made in every other idiom, but in accordance with a tradition that goes back centuries, the original must be a French original.

The representation of certain smaller nations, whose conduct was so heroic during the war, was a question about which France felt at least as deeply as about the question of language.

In the course of a preliminary meeting, it had first been decided that Belgium and Serbia would have only two delegates at the Conference, whereas at the request of the United States it was decided Brazil should have three. No one in France contests the importance of the services rendered by the noble Brazilian people in the cause of the Allies, but for us who are French, among many precious memories, one will always stand out: the memory of blood shed in common on the battlefield. What has made the friendship of the United States sacred to France is not so much the money lent, the munitions sent, the hospitals built, the ports enlarged, as the two million men who came to her and the fifty thousand boys who sleep their last sleep in our French cemeteries. . . . Belgium and Serbia, too, gave their blood for the cause of civilization. They gave it from the very first day—and they gave it until the very last hour. This makes them in our eyes the equals of the great nations of the earth. This was enough to earn for them five delegates each to the Conference, like France, or England, or America. In no case should it have earned for them fewer delegates than a nation not one of whose soldiers ever suffered in our trenches. At the urgent and pressing request of France, the Conference altered its first decision and assigned three delegates each to Serbia and Belgium. Three is not much, but it is better than two. Would it not have been preferable to have done at once what common fairness made us do later?

All this is slight enough, and simply shows the necessity of examining, and thinking, and taking into consideration the traditions and feelings of the various peoples. Other divergences will occur. They will be disposed of as easily

as those of yesterday if each brings to the task his heart, intelligence and faith in the work to be accomplished.

For the greater difficulties that will have to be solved, a great criterium will have to predominate at every discussion: the criterium of future peace. Let each one, instead of consulting his principles or sympathies, his interests or friendship, simply consult his conscience, and ask himself: Will such or such a solution prevent, or on the contrary bring about, a conflict in the future? The answer will not be long in coming, and it will nearly always be that of common sense.

It is the criterium that must be applied to the territorial claims of France. It is the criterium that must be applied to the contradictory claims of the Italians and Jugo-Slavs in the Adriatic. It is the criterium that should be applied as regards how Germany is to be treated.

What has not been said, telegraphed or written on the subject of France's territorial claims! The editor in chief of a great New York paper even went so far as to state that France and her Government had been carried away "by a spirit of conquest and imperialism which would be the misfortune of France and of the world"! Now, the so-called imperialism and spirit of conquest of France are limited to asking for Alsace-Lorraine, with the frontiers of that province in 1815, that is, with the Sarre basin. The Sarre basin, in geographical area, only slightly exceeds that of the Borough of Manhattan. It was a part of France for nearly two centuries. It was wrested from France in 1815, at the Congress of Vienna, for one reason: because it is rich in coal, and as early as the beginning of the nineteenth century Prussia was busy appropriating everything that had any value, such as iron or coal. France to-day claims that district, first by virtue of right, because it formerly belonged to her, next because it will be compensation for the loss of her Northern coal fields, destroyed or damaged for years and years to come by the Germans, and lastly because it will be a guarantee against any German attack on that side: Germany will be deprived of one of the sinews of war.

And that is the whole story of France's territorial claims. At no hour, at no minute of the war, did France ever dream—I can formally affirm this—of annexing all the left bank of the Rhine. When in secret treaties with

Russia, France asked that her hands should not be tied in connection with the left bank of the Rhine, this meant that she wanted—and still wants—to receive proper guarantees in that quarter. France does not want, in the more or less distant future, the Prussian or Bavarian Palatinate to serve as a jump-off from which to attack her or to attack Belgium. So she will ask that there should be no fortifications on the left bank of the Rhine, either temporary or permanent, and no arsenals, no depots of artillery, no garrisons, nothing, in a word, that could be used to repeat the operation of 1914. But the people of that country, provided they do not arm themselves, are free to administer their territory as they see fit, and to annex themselves to Prussia, or Bavaria, or Austria, or to no country at all. Their independence remains absolute. And that is the spirit of conquest of France! It simply consists in taking the proper measures to prevent a renewal of the attempt to conquer her. . . .

As to how Germany should be treated at the Conference, from now on two views may be discerned: one that the punishment inflicted be moderate; one that the punishment be extremely rigorous. But it should be pointed out that underneath each of these two currents there is no ulterior design, no unworthy calculation. Regarding the principle, every one is agreed: Germany is a great criminal and should be punished. But those on the side of moderation invoke humanity, and those on the side of severity invoke justice. Justice, humanity—two great words which have always made the heart of the crowd beat, and which sometimes lead to the most deplorable mistakes! Where does humanity begin with Germany? Where does justice end? In the treatment to be inflicted, it is neither the principle of justice nor the principle of humanty that should be called into play, for Germany has shown herself incapable of understanding either. The question to be asked is the following: What constitutes the surest guarantee to prevent Germany from beginning all over again? The answer is inevitable: Germany understands only force; she must be subjected to the régime of force. The sole limit to the punishment must be the preservation of peace in the future, that is, we must stop at the point where punishment might risk bringing about a new conflagration at some future day. If this principle be applied firmly, light

is thrown on the problem, and the solution becomes easy.

The French are often accused of hatred and of a desire for revenge where Germany is concerned, because their territory has been ravaged, invaded, set fire to, destroyed by the Germans. . . . But it is not only the French who are to-day pronouncing anathemas against Germany, but also the English, who are not hereditary enemies of Germany; the Belgians, who never had the slightest quarrel with Germany, and the Roumanians, who had a treaty of alliance with Germany.

On the very day of the opening of the Conference, I heard from M. Jean Bratiano, Prime Minister of Roumania, and first delegate of Roumania to the Conference, an account of the sufferings endured by his country under the Teuton heel, and I found that this Wallachian from the far banks of the Danube said the same things as the Walloons of Belgium or the Picards of France.

"In Roumania," he told me, "there are entire districts with which there is no communication possible: not even a cart to go there. . . . We have been despoiled of everything and we are hungry. There is not a day's reserve of flour in Bucharest. . . . The awful thing about Germany, you see, is not only that her mentality is that of a savage, but that she has such a mentality without realizing it. She is cruel instinctively and without effort. She is cruel with a scientific refinement that almost amounts to genius. . . ."

"*Germany has the mentality of a savage without realizing it. . . . She is cruel instinctively and without effort. . . .*" I would like these words, which were not those of a Celt but of a Latin from Central Europe, to be engraved on a marble slab, and each member of the Conference to have this slab constantly before his eyes. When the punishment to be meted out to Germany is to be determined upon, the delegates would then decide. . . .

Peace is not made with words any more than War is: it calls for action.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, January, 1919.

PITFALLS OF A "LEAGUE OF NATIONS"

BY ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

SOME excellent and able men now urge that just as the States of the Union have been interlaced into a nation, with concord throughout its dominions, so the nations of the earth shall be similarly united to end strife among all mankind. Why, it is asked, if the States could unite into a nation, surrendering most of their sovereignty to the national Government, should not the various Governments of the world form a superstate to which each of these federated nations would yield a part of its sovereignty and obey the decrees of an international authority supreme over all of them?

This plan, passionately insisted upon under two or three titles, the favorite of which is, for the moment, The League of Nations, raises the greatest question which the American people have ever been called upon to answer.

If the analogy of the States agreeing among themselves to form a harmonious nation is to be strictly followed, certain results would be inevitable. For example, just as the States, in order to form a nation, gave up the right to pass tariff laws or immigration laws, so the nations comprising the international superstate would have to do the same thing. Indeed, certain foreign champions of this international arrangement urge this very fact as one of the principal reasons why a League of Nations should be established.

If this is not so, the analogy fails. The argument based upon a comparison of the union of the States into a nation, with the proposed union of the nations into a world government, would require us to imagine that the States agreed only that they would not fight one another, but still kept

the right to make tariffs against one another, to regulate or prohibit migration from one to another, to do the same thing with reference to commerce; and, in short, to act in every way as though each State was a sovereign nation. The States would have agreed not to make war among themselves, and yet would left open every subject that might cause hostilities. Is it not plain, then, that this analogy is false—even absurd?

The League can be established only by treaty. This treaty would bind each member-nation to make war anywhere and at any time the League decrees. If America becomes a member, we must, of course, repeal that provision of our Constitution which gives to Congress the exclusive power to declare war. This is admitted. Indeed, such an amendment was actually introduced in the Senate. Do we want to abolish that vital provision of our fundamental law? Do we wish to bind ourselves and our children forever to make war whether we or they want to or not? Even if we did not formally repeal that section of our Constitution, would not the result be the same as if we did repeal it?—since our honor would be pledged in the treaty to make war, and Congress would be morally compelled to declare it, as a matter of good faith to our allies, whenever and wherever a majority of them required it.

Of course, if the League treaty is not to bind each member to enforce the judgments of the League, then the treaty would amount merely to an agreement that the contracting nations would undertake to be good. And it may come to that in the end. Already the dispatches from Europe advise us that the League is to require no change in our Constitution, no limitation on our freedom of action—nothing, in short, to which stubbornly patriotic Americans can object. All we will be bound to do, apparently, will be to enter into a sort of general "understanding" to maintain the new governmental and territorial arrangements fixed by the international peace conference now sitting at Versailles.

So, although not exacting of us an agreement, in specific terms, to go to war whether we want to or not, yet is not the effect the same as if we did sign such a contract? For, having committed ourselves to act in concert with certain other nations, to uphold in the future the world adjustments established by the peace treaty, would we not be ac-

cused of "bad faith" and "cowardice" if we declined to pour out American blood and money for that purpose, should those adjustments ever be in danger of being upset?

Yet not one of these territorial and governmental changes affects us in any way. They are in Africa, in Asia, in Europe. Still, we are expected to go into a partnership of "good faith," a sort of "gentlemen's agreement," if nothing stronger can be secured from us, to see that the redivisions of the earth are maintained. Can any American who cares for his own nation contemplate such a scheme without emotion?

As to the original project of an unlimited international superstate, so fervently proclaimed during the last three years, the only reason given for it is, that it may prevent wars by the amicable settlement of disputes. But, on the contrary, does not the plan contain the very seeds of strife? Assume the League in existence with big and little nations members of it. Suppose two of the larger nations differ radically on some subject which each honestly thinks vital to its well-being. The matter must be settled by a vote of the nations who are members of the League. If human nature has not been repealed, would not each of the contending Governments try to get as many votes as possible? Would not this result in—would it not compel—such international intrigue and corruption as the world has never seen? And if one of the disputants should prevail by a single vote or fraction of a vote, would the defeated nation and its associates submit? Or would there be a world-wide cry of fraud followed by resistance? Even if war did not result, would not the League dissolve, leaving behind it bitterness and suspicion more intense and long-lived than even some wars have produced?

As to the actual structure of the superstate, on what basis would it be erected? Would little nations have the same suffrage as big nations? Would Costa Rica have the same voting power as France? Serbia the same as Great Britain? Uruguay the same as the United States? Tibet the same as Japan? If not, what becomes of the principle that the rights and interests of little nations are as sacred as those of big nations? Since the protection of small nations is one of the main purposes of the proposed League, who are so well qualified to pass on their own safety and wellbeing as the little nations themselves?

But in case the lesser nations are to have only fractional votes, who shall decide what those fractions shall be? And would the small nations come into the League on fractional representation? If the little nations refuse to enter the League as inferiors, what is to become of their rights, interests, and honor, which it is one of the principal purposes of the League to protect? Or is the League to tell the little nations what is best for them, and, by force, make them submit to the League's opinion?

If this trifling problem should be solved to the full satisfaction and happiness of all nations, another small question arises: What proportion of the international army and navy which is to execute the decrees of the League shall each nation furnish? Shall this be determined upon the basis of population? If so, China would supply more men and ships than all of Europe, the United States, and Japan combined. Shall contributions to the "international police force" be determined by comparative wealth? If so, the American Nation must furnish the largest contingent. Or shall the rule of allotment be the degree of comparative intelligence? Or shall it be measured by the clearly defined and accurately established standard call "civilization?" In either case, who is to decide the relative intelligence and civilization of the nations? Would any nation agree that its people are less intelligent and civilized than others? Also, how shall the command of this international army and navy be settled?

But let us assume all these questions to be disposed of—as doubtless they readily can be—and the League to be in full and effective operation. What would be the province of the superstate, and what our duty in the matter of revolutions in any country? Governments are sometimes changed by revolutions; and revolution in one country sometimes causes war between other countries. For instance, the French Revolution caused the war between Great Britain and France that, in turn, resulted in the Napoleonic wars. Must the League, therefore, interfere with revolutions? If so, on which side?

The late Czar was the first authority in modern times to call an international council for the suppression of war. Suppose that gathering had resolved upon a League of Nations of which the United States, Great Britain and other nations, including Russia itself, were members. It would

have been the Government of the Czar that signed that treaty. When that Government was threatened with destruction by revolution, would it not have called, and have had the right to call, on its international partners to help preserve it?

Suppose a League of Nations had existed at the time of our Civil War. If it had intervened in that struggle does anybody doubt what the result would have been? Do we not know that we would today be two nations instead of one? Whoever doubts this should read European history as related to the struggle of the American Nation for existence.

But let us say that the supposed world-superstate agrees to have nothing to do with revolutions—although by so agreeing the very Governments forming the superstate may themselves be destroyed. Let us say that the League proposes to intervene, not when different parts of a nation are about to fight one another, but only when different nations are about to fight one another. If the combat cannot be prevented and hostilities begin, on which side will the League array itself?

If it is said that the superstate will act against the aggressor, how shall it determine which of the belligerents really is the aggressor, since every nation always claims that the other belligerent is the aggressor; and the decision must be made instantly if war is to be prevented. But sometimes it takes many years to settle the real cause of a war. Which nation was the aggressor in the Russo-Japanese War, or in the conflict between China and Japan? Each claimed at the time and still claims that the other was the aggressor.

Moreover, occasionally the real cause of conflict is not admitted by either belligerent, and could not and would not be submitted to any international court or league. For example, the fundamental cause of the Russo-Japanese War probably was the increase of population in Japan and the necessity for more territory where its people could live; while Russia's motive was her historic, natural—and perhaps justifiable—desire for ice-free ports. Yet this profound reason for the Russo-Japanese collision would not have been conceded by either of the two disputing nations, and could not have been settled by any international power. Suppose, then, that, since the League could not have dealt

with the problem, war came notwithstanding the League's existence. On which side would American soldiers and sailors have had to fight?

Since one of the objects of the superstate is to protect the territorial integrity, rights, and interests of small nations, what would we, as a member of the League, have been compelled to do in the war between Great Britain and the Allied Dutch Republics of South Africa? Or what would have been the League's action when Korea was absorbed by Japan? In our own history, would we have been permitted to wage war with Mexico? If not, what would today have been the situation of that enormous territory which now composes the States of California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, and is peopled by the freest, happiest, most prosperous men and women on the globe?

Would we have been allowed to fight Spain? If not, what today would be the condition of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines? No such progress is recorded in history as has been made by the people of those islands since they came under American control. And all of them are under American control. Porto Rico and the Philippines are American possessions; and the American suzerainty over Cuba is the most perfect ever committed to paper.

Is not the proposed world-superstate an agreement to maintain perpetually, by arms if need be, the status of the world as it shall be at the time the League is formed? Do we not, as a member of that League, underwrite for all time to come the international status quo and guarantee to maintain it with American life and treasure? And is this wise or right either for ourselves or the world?

It is not impossible that the whole thing will taper down to a proposal for a league consisting of a permanent alliance of the United States and the three other leading nations. Already such a suggestion has been made. It is a variation of the "gentlemen's agreement" already mentioned. The world is to be "policed" and "kept in order" by the "Big Four." How Holland, Spain, Belgium, and the Scandinavian countries will welcome that scheme! Is it reasonable to expect enthusiastic submission from South America? And the attitude of Japan toward the project may be of interest. And none of the nations outside the combine is to be permitted to say a word about the matter—

they can come in on the terms prescribed by the "Big Four," or stay out.

But, in either case, the "Big Four" will attend to their affairs for them. Does not such a project as this suggested "League of Nations, Limited," appear somewhat fanciful, not to say unjust? Would it not create universal antagonism, jealousies, hatreds? And what possible advantage would America derive from it? Is it not plain that the "League of Nations, Limited" has most of the evils of an unlimited league and some that are even worse. Would it not involve us in expense impossible to estimate, and enmesh us in snares and troubles beyond human ability to forecast with certainty?

Another point may not be unworthy of mention in this period of "the self-determination of peoples." Whether the League takes in all nations, or only a few selected Governments, are the American people to be allowed to vote on this question which concerns them so profoundly? Are any people to be permitted to vote on it? Apparently not. The arrangement is to be made by the gentlemen in Paris, presented to our Senate in the form of a treaty, and put through without any expression of the people or their will in the premises. If it is said that this is the usual method of dealing with treaties, is not the answer that this is an unprecedented treaty? It resembles no other treaty we ever made except in one point: *When it is made, we must stand by it.*

If we get into the League we cannot get out. No matter how badly it works for us, no matter how much we may come to dislike it, we are bound, in honor, to remain in it. If, in desperation, we should break the treaty and release ourselves, would we not thereby invite war upon us by the other members of the League? Even if they generously refrained from attacking us, could they be expected ever to trust us again?

But whether we are to be bound to an alliance with many or few nations, what advantages in any direction would America derive from membership in a League of any kind? At the risk of "damnable iteration," that question should be asked ceaselessly. Or are American rights and interests unworthy of our consideration? If our own well-being is not to be eliminated from our thought, ought we not to ask and answer a few other obvious questions?

Take, for instance, our Mexican relations. That country adjoins us. There have been, are, and always will be more American citizens legitimately engaged in business in Mexico and a greater quantity of American capital legitimately invested there, than the citizens and capital of all other nations combined. For years we have endured peculiar, shocking, and indefensible—almost indescribable—outrages upon American citizens and property in Mexico; and this is likely to occur again.

As a member of an international League, could we do anything whatever to protect American lives, safeguard American property or maintain American rights in Mexico, without the consent of the other nations who are our fellow-members in the League? If it became necessary for us to establish the same relations with Mexico that we have with Cuba, could this be done without the sanction of the international superstate?

Or take the Monroe Doctrine, which concerns the Western Hemisphere and is vital to the development of it. Would not Japan, Great Britain, or Germany have as much to say as ourselves about what that doctrine means and what may and may not be done under it? If we undertake to help settle the disputes among the nations of Europe and Asia, do we not bind ourselves to allow them to have the same voice in the affairs of the Western Hemisphere?

If we, with other nations, underwrite the status of canals in the old world, do we not obligate ourselves that other nations shall, equally with us, control the Panama Canal?

Once more let us make the inquiry as to what beneficial result can come to us from membership in any international combination whatever? Would not the inevitable consequence be that we involve ourselves in racial and historic antagonisms and complications from which thus far we have kept ourselves free? Would we not surrender every advantage which our situation on the globe, our history, our one unbroken traditional policy, and our resources afford us? Would we not place ourselves in the position of an integral, physical part of the continents of Europe and Asia?

It is said that steam and electricity have eliminated the oceans and that nations no longer are separated by water barriers. Is this true? The English Channel is now as effective a bulwark to the United Kingdom as it ever was.

That narrow strip of water and a strong fleet have saved England from invasion for nearly a thousand years. From the military point of view, it would appear, then, that after all the Atlantic has not been abolished.

We are told that we must no longer be "isolated." How are we "isolated"? How have we ever been "isolated"? Not commercially. Not financially. Not socially. We have been "isolated" only in the political sense—only in the sense that we have not bound ourselves by alliance to mix up in the quarrels of others—only in the sense that we have attended to our own business. Is not that kind of "isolation" the very thing that is best for us and for the world? If so, why abandon it? Does anybody imagine that, if any European Nation were situated as we are, it would surrender its peculiar advantages?

The points that I have suggested are only a few of those involved in the present day recrudescence of the ancient scheme for a League of Nations. But do not the ones enumerated show that the international journey which we are asked to take is through an unexplored and perilous jungle?

Is it not better for the American people to advance along the highway of America's traditional foreign policy? That policy was formulated after years of thought, experience and consultation by all the wonderful company of constructive statesmen who laid the foundations of the American Nation. No such group of far-visioned men ever blessed with their wisdom any country at a given time. Call the roll of them—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Marshall, and the others of that galaxy of immortals.

The foreign policy announced by Washington was the product of the combined and profoundly considered judgment of all these men. It was the only policy, foreign or domestic, on which all of them were united. On every other they disagreed. For that alone they stood as a single man. Several years after Washington formally declared this American policy, Jefferson restated it still more broadly and emphatically. Also that policy has been maintained from that day to this by every American statesman and every American political party.

For more than a hundred and thirty years the Ameri-

can Nation has progressed along the plain, safe course these men marked out. It has kept us from disastrous foreign entanglements and ruinous foreign complications. It has saved us hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of billions of dollars. Why leave it now to wander through a pathless wilderness of alien interests, racial hatreds, historic animosities?

Do not the wellbeing of a great people and the development of a mighty continent present problems hard enough to tax all the strength of the ablest men in the whole Republic? If the concerns of a few million people occupying a strip of seaboard engrossed all the energy, thought and time of men like "the fathers" whom I have just named, have any intellects now appeared capable of caring not only for the affairs of one hundred and ten million human beings covering an area that stretches from ocean to ocean, but also capable of adjusting all the differences of all the variegated peoples of the entire globe?

The situation of the American Nation is unique. Geographically it sits on the throne of the world. Its history is that of the evolution of a distinct, separate, and independent people. Its mission is no less than to create a new race on the earth and to present to mankind the example of that happiness and well-being which comes from progressive, self-disciplined liberty.

This was the faith of our fathers. By that faith ought we not still to abide?—the American Nation the supreme love of our hearts, the highest object of our effort and our thought—the American Nation free of hand and unmanacled of foot, marching steadily onward toward the destiny to which it is entitled by reason of its place on the globe, the genius of its people, and its orderly institutions of freedom.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND INTERNATIONAL POLICY[1]

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

AT no time, perhaps, since history began to be recorded, has there existed so profound and so universal a conviction of the value and necessity of law; and particularly of the restraint of law in controlling the activities of independent sovereign States.

Everywhere the necessities, even more than the volitions, of men have in some form, established the authority of the State; whose laws, even though occasionally violated, are regarded as paramount over the populations within their jurisdiction. A comparative study of law discloses the fact, that, with slight and almost negligible divergences, the great principles of jurisprudence accepted in all the most highly developed communities are not only similar but virtually identical. As a result, that body of customary law common to different nations, to which the Roman jurisconsults gave the name *Jus Gentium,* and which became the basis of what we now call International Law, was believed until the events of the Great War disturbed the conviction, to have attained a consistency of content and a degree of general acceptance by responsible States which placed beyond all serious question its authority as law.

There is, as we all know, some diversity of view as to what constitutes the law in general. If it were otherwise it would be a very stale and unprofitable profession.

As regards the Law of Nations, which has temporarily fallen into disrepute as even more vague and uncertain than other branches of the law, whoever is able to discover what it is may have the satisfaction of declaring that, not-

[1] A portion of an address delivered before the New York State Bar Association.

withstanding the aspersions cast upon it, there is the highest authority, based on judicial decisions, for asserting with Sir William Blackstone that, "whenever any question arises which is properly the object of its jurisdiction," it is in England "adopted in its full extent by the Common Law, and is held to be a part of the law of the land"; and he may also cite the opinion of Alexander Hamilton, that it is not only a part of the Common Law, but "has become by adoption that of the United States."

If these vindications of the respectabilty of the Law of Nations seem somewhat antiquated, I may, perhaps, be permitted to recall the fact that, in his address before the New York State Bar Association, last year, the eminent Attorney-General of Great Britain, Sir Frederick Smith, informed his hearers that when, during the war, it became his official duty to urge upon the Privy Council the idea that no prize court in Great Britain had the right to challenge or call in question the Orders in Council of His Majesty the King, the Appellate Prize Court decided against the contention of the Attorney-General and declared: "We sit here as a Court of International Law, and in spite of what our enemies have done we still believe there are binding doctrines of International Law, and sitting here as we do sit as a Court, whose duty it is to construe those doctrines, we utterly refuse to be bound by Orders in Council issued by the Executive."

It is a grateful and refreshing assurance to all those who believe in and love the reign of law, to know that there is, in at least one country in the world, a Court that, even in the midst of war, has the purity and the sense of responsibility to assert, against the Law Officers of the Crown, that it will take no orders from those whose authority is merely the national interests of the moment; but it is still more reassuring to know that, in the judgment of such a Court, International Law, despised, rejected, and reviled by those who should be its champions, not only lives and speaks with a voice of authority, but that its voice commands silence on the part of the interests even of the State.

Happily, this is no new doctrine. For us, as Mr. Justice Gray, speaking for the Supreme Court of the United States, has said, in the case of *The Paquete Habana,* in 1899, "International Law is part of our law, and must be ascertained and administered by the courts of justice of

appropriate jurisdiction, as often as questions of right depending upon it are duly presented for determination"; and it is no reflection upon the loyal adherence of the United States to this principle that, in appealing to International Law as binding in questions of prize, the British Prize Courts have themselves applied the decisions of American judges to which objection was once raised in the period of the Civil War.

Even a moment's reflection will show that, in determining to decide cases of prize by the Law of Nations, and not under the Orders in Council of the King, the British Court was following a rule of action that was less warped by private interest and more influenced by the spirit of equity. It was, in fact, deciding according to International Law, because it is better law.

And why is it better law? It is better law, because it is in no sense *ex parte*. It is law fit to be made universal. Even in the more liberal-minded States, the development of law is under the restraint of the class of interests that have acquired power, whatever they may be, and proceeds with little control by interests that are just as real but less influential.

When it comes to the absolute governments, there, Law is merely a decree; and is in no sense based upon its true foundation, which is mutual obligation, recognized and rendered effectual by reciprocal agreement to adopt a controlling principle. It is of the very essence of absolutism that it is against every principle that will bind itself, and for every advantage that will increase the power of the ruler over the ruled.

Now the underlying conception of the Law of Nations is this: that there are, in this realm of legal relations, no rulers who alone can make the law, and no subjects who are compelled to submit to it. It is a realm in which the jurist seeks to discover what is just; and the nations, after considering whether or not it is so, agree to accept and abide by the results.

It did not take long for independent minds seeking new foundations for the State, to perceive that, underlying this conception of law, there is the basis of a new system of political philosophy, the idea of natural rights; which, from the time of Grotius, had been given wide publicity as a revival of doctrines fundamental to the Roman Law.

It had not been very distinctly recalled, until a foreigner, Professor De Lapradelle, reminded us, that, from 1758 to 1776, when American political conceptions were in process of formation, the great jurists who wrote of Natural Law as the basis of the Law of Nations, such as Grotius, Pufendorf, and Burlamaqui, "were read, studied, and commented upon in the English colonies of America." As early as 1773, the Law of Nations was taught in King's College (now Columbia University), and "in 1774 Adams, and in 1775 Hamilton, quote or praise Grotius and Pufendorf."

A very considerable influence appears to have been exercised upon our revolutionary fathers by the Swiss jurist, Vattel, whose work on "The Law of Nations or the Principles of Natural Law" was inspired by a spirit of political liberalism, that was without precedent. No previous writer had ventured to class a sovereign as a criminal, but Vattel had the courage to write:

"If then there should be found a restless and unprincipled Nation, ever ready to do harm to others, to thwart their purposes, to stir up civil strife among their citizens, there is no doubt but that all the others would have the right to unite together to discipline it, and even to disable it from doing further harm."

Not hesitating to place such nations in the criminal class, he does not shrink from applying to them the rigors of the criminal law. "They should be regarded," he says, "as enemies of the human race, just as in civil society persons who follow murder and arson as a profession commit a crime not only against the individuals who are victims of their lawlessness, but against the State, of which they are the declared enemies." And, in closing his paragraph with the recommendation of punishment, he adds, "Of that character are the various German tribes of whom Tacitus speaks."

Three copies of Vattel's book, brought out in a new edition specially adapted for America, in 1775, by Dumas, a Swiss republican resident in Holland, were sent to Franklin; who, in acknowledging it, says: "It came to us in good season, when the circumstances of a rising State make it necessary frequently to consult the Law of Nations." One copy was sent to Harvard College, another was deposited with the Library Company of Philadelphia, and of Frank-

lin's own copy he says, "it has been continually in the hands of the members of our Congress now sitting."

States, according to this teaching, are subject to the principles of "right reason," supplemented by compacts freely made between them. Thus, in the minds of the colonial statesmen of America, in connection with the Common Law they had brought from England, law, in its political sense, came to be identified with covenants of peoples or covenants of States, freely entered into, in a manner explicit or implicit. Constitutions, statutes, and treaties had, in their view, the same ultimate authority, the rights of man: Constitutions as concessions to the necessity of government, which they limited and defined; statutes as concessions to the necessity of civil order, within the limits of ordained government; and treaties as concessions to the necessity of coexistence, harmony, and safety, between independent States.

Quite logically, for the first time in history, they wrote into the Federal Constitution the remarkable words: "This Constitution and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made or which shall be made, under the Authority of the United States, shall be the Supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." (Article VI).

I have referred to these as "remarkable words," because they not only recognize in treaties the quality of legal perfection, but actually incorporate the covenants entered into by the United States as constituting equally with the Constitution itself, "the Supreme Law of the Land."

In this the action of the United States stands alone, the highest tribute ever paid to the authority of law.

In this country there has never been any doubt that international morality is binding upon sovereign States; but not in a strictly legal sense. Nor is it possible to consider as law, in its proper meaning, those usages which are not in harmony with the social standards and necessities of the present age. In so far as these elements in the Law of Nations are antiquated or without the authority created by consent, the fields of activity they cover need to be provided for in a new fashion, namely, by duly considered special agreements.

It is, therefore, necessary to place emphasis upon the other element in the Law of Nations, which is incontestibly not only perfect law, according to the most severe criteria of legality, but the most perfect example of law-making in the whole broad field of legislation. I refer, of course, to treaties and conventions, freely and deliberately negotiated, and ratified by a constitutionally authorized legislative body.

It is impossible, in view of the modern methods of law-making, any longer to accept the idea of law expressed in the classic definition of the distinguished English jurist, John Austin, who defines law, as "The commands issued by a sovereign authority to persons in general subjection to it"; which is a description of law in an order of things that has, for the most part, passed away.

Under such a definition, there could, of course, be no place for International Law,—a law created between sovereign States for their mutual governance; nor could there be law of any kind, in the modern legislative sense, for any self-governing people. Where may we look for a "sovereign authority" that can issue "commands" to sovereign States?

Such an authority would be a superstate, a new entity, holding formerly sovereign States "in general subjection to it."

And yet, sovereign States, which do not, and cannot, subordinate themselves without self-extinction, to a supernational authority, do and must create law for the regulation of their own conduct toward one another,—a law not imposed from above, but created by themselves, valid and binding between them;—in strict and literal expression, a law *inter*national.

It would, I think, not be an error to say, that International Law, when made by general treaties, illustrates the perfection of the law-making process; because it is the result of a mode of procedure in which there is a complete substitution of agreement for command. If it is true, that government by the consent of the governed is the highest political ideal; then the agreements of parliaments, congresses, councils, and legislatures representing the people are the highest type of law; and, indisputably, international treaties and conventions, ratified reciprocally by legislative bodies, are the most perfect examples of this type.

They possess an ideal authority which no other form of law can surpass.

Under this system, a great body of positive law, freely and deliberately agreed upon, and to a great extent with the added quality of unanimity, has been written into treaties and conventions solemnly and duly ratified, according to the laws of each signatory Power.

In the development of this procedure, the United States has been a leader, because it has introduced the participation of a representative legislative body in the treaty-making process. The law-making treaties of the United States are of their very essence examples of positive law, not only because treaties are declared by the Constitution to be " the Supreme Law of the Land," but because they require the specific approval of the highest legislative branch of the Government.

Originally, before the adoption of the Constitution, under the Articles of Confederation, the making of treaties was the duty of the Congress; but, being feeble as an executive, Congress found itself confronted with the more difficult task of making them respected. In 1786, Washington, in a private letter, wrote to Jay, the accusation that the legislatures of the States were violating the treaty of peace with Great Britain " was greeted by them with laughter." The States had not all developed the sense of national responsibility; but national responsibility was the imperative need, if the Union was to endure, and that is what was created by the provisions of the Constitution in the Convention of 1787.

In a letter written by Jay to the States of the Confederation, on April 13, 1787, and approved by the Congress, it was declared: " Contracts between nations, like contracts between individuals, should be faithfully executed, even though the sword in the one case and the law in the other, did not compel it. Honest nations, like honest men, require no restraint to do justice; and though impunity and the necessity of affairs may sometimes afford temptations to pare down contracts to the measure of convenience, yet it is never done but at the expense of that esteem, and confidence, and credit which are of infinitely more worth than all the momentary advantages which such expedients can extort."

In this spirit was the constitutional provision made,

that the engagements of treaties and the rules of action to which they pledged the signatories, should, in the United States, at least, *themselves* possess the quality of being the supreme law of the land.

As Mr. Chief Justice Marshall afterward stated, speaking for the Supreme Court of the United States: "A treaty is to be regarded in Courts of Justice as equivalent to an act of the legislature, whenever it operates of itself, without the aid of any legislative provision." And, indeed, the making of treaties very narrowly escaped remaining, under the Constitution, what it had been under the Confederation, an act entrusted to the legislative branch alone. It was only toward the end of the sessions that the previous method was modified.

"It was evident," says Farrand, in his "Framing of the Constitution," "that the convention was growing tired. The committee had recommended that the power of appointment and the making of treaties be taken from the Senate and vested in the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. With surprising unanimity and surprisingly little debate," he adds, "these important changes were agreed to."

By this division of the process of treaty-making, the Executive was, in effect, charged with the duty of recommending legislation which he might find desirable and practicable, but upon which a truly legislative seal was to be placed only with the advice and consent of a law-making body.

Regarding the motives for this decision, Alexander Hamilton wrote, in "The Federalist": "However proper and safe it may be in governments where the executive magistrate is an hereditary monarch, to commit to him the entire power of making treaties, it would be utterly unsafe and improper to entrust that power to an elective magistrate of four years' duration. . . . The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise in a nation to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind, as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world, to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be the President of the United States.

"To have entrusted the power of making treaties to the Senate alone," he continues, "would have been to relin-

quish the benefits of the constitutional agency of the President in the conduct of foreign negotiations. . . . Though it would be imprudent to confide in him solely so important a trust, yet it cannot be doubted that his participation would materially add to the safety of the society. It must indeed be clear to a demonstration that the joint possession of the power in question, by the President and Senate, would afford a greater prospect of security than the separate possession of it by either of them."

The judgment of American statesmen and the results of experience have confirmed the view expressed by Hamilton. It has been the custom of the Executive, in matters of large import, to avail itself of "the advice and consent of the Senate," at all stages of negotiation; and, in fact, the need of negotiations on particular subjects has sometimes been first brought to the attention of the Executive by the legislative branch of the government. Much of this exchange of views is not, however, a matter of record; for it has been in great part oral, and the nature of the questions under discussion often rendered these private conversations too delicate to be given publicity when opinion on all sides was still merely in a state of formation by the competent participants.

It is, however, a notable fact, that the traditions of the Senate have always been tenacious regarding the responsibility which the Constitution places upon it, and justly so; for, if treaties are not merely executive engagements, and in reality are both supreme law binding upon the nation and destined to affect and to modify, to its benefit or to its injury, the whole fabric of International Law, such engagements become the most solemn transactions which it is the duty of a government to perform. As it is the function of the Congress to judge of the causes for which, and the occasions when, it may be necessary to declare war, it is not unreasonable that one branch of it, at least, should interest itself in the conditions which may determine the vital questions of future peace; and nothing is so closely connected with the possibilities of war and peace as the engagements into which nations mutually enter by formal treaties. Involving, as they do, pledges of action as well as pledges of abstention, they may easily contain, under the smoothest and most peaceful forms of expression, the most pestilent seeds of future discord.

In the year 1899, and again in 1907, an opportunity was afforded, at the two Hague Conferences, to perform a large task in improving International Law by law-making treaties.

The results were less than had been hoped for, but they marked an advance upon anything that had before been attempted. Notwithstanding the efforts made by Germany and her allies to prevent any general understanding based on the authority of law, an important *corpus juris* of an international character had been brought into existence, which even the obstructive Powers had, under the pressure of public opinion, found it expedient to accept, and had solemnly given their pledges to observe.

It was no outworn and obsolete rules of conduct, but laws as authoritative as human ingenuity can devise that have been openly, shamelessly and brutally violated by nations claiming to rank among the most highly cultivated of modern peoples. By our constitutional provision, these laws, embodied in a series of treaties duly ratified and proclaimed, were not only laws to which we had subscribed, they were an integral part of the supreme law of the United States.

I bring no accusation of negligence; but I do not hesitate to say, that an immediate and earnest protest against the first violation of these laws was not only justified, but a duty which this nation owed to the dignity of the law itself.

I submit, that there is no question before the delegates of the Powers victorious in the Great War, now assembled in Paris to conclude a world peace, that compares in import and consequence to mankind with the issue: What, in the future, is to be the authority of International Law? To what end are new geographic boundaries to be drawn on the map of Europe and of the world, oppressed nations to be endowed with a right of self-determination which needs to be guaranteed by others, territories restored to their rightful national connection by a treaty of peace, and partial reparation made for reparable damages inflicted, if International Law is to be left without permanent defense?

This then is the fundamental issue of the hour. The whole edifice of law is menaced, not merely in its superstructure, but at its foundations; for, in the modern conception of it, it is not a system of regulations imposed from

above, and always and everywhere enforced by the physical power of the stronger against the will of the weaker; but a system arrived at by the voluntary consent, and maintained by the voluntary support of those who believe in the essential dignity and authority of law.

What then is to be done to maintain that authority?

Up to this point, I believe, I have said only that upon which we can all substantially agree. But when we come to methods of sustaining the law we leave the domain of law in its proper sense and pass into the realm of policy; which is, to a certain degree, a field of theory.

Here I shall not presume to enter, either to construct or to destroy the fabrics of the mind. My firm conviction is that we shall do well to avoid the magical charm of phrases and catchwords, and to fix our attention upon realities.

The authority of International Law rests on national character. We cannot change that by forming new partnerships, and particularly not by receiving into them a doubtful member, in the hope of rendering the defaulter and the embezzler an honest man by giving him an interest in a business for which we are to furnish the most of the capital.

I profoundly distrust the professions and the plausibilities of death-bed repentances, even among nations; and also the improvements of society which result from merely emotional impulses. If we are to build wisely, we shall build on the foundations of tested knowledge and experience. We shall put no trust in any "scrap of paper," no matter with what pious phraseology it may be inscribed, except in so far as we know that there are both strength and character behind it. We went into this war a free people. Let us come out of it a free people. Men talk glibly of world federation. What does it mean. It means, if it signifies anything, that this nation, with other nations, is to place itself under some kind of a central authority, with power to raise and expend taxes, to organize and command armies, to regulate the trade and commerce of the world, and upon occasion to declare war—powers which, under our National Constitution—the most far-seeing document of government ever written by the hand of man—are placed solely in the control of the responsible representatives of the people of the United States.

Those powers will, I believe, never be transferred to a new nation, of which the United States would be only a parochial part; nor will they ever be subject to being overruled by the decisions of any association whatever, without the free consent of our own law-making bodies.

We have, during the war, put to the test the strength of our free institutions, and we have found them adequate for war as well as for peace. They have been adequate, because we have never for a moment lost the conviction that we are a free people, and that we were acting in perfect freedom. Had the matter of our food been under the control of a supernational body, had our young men been ordered by an authority not American to leave their business and report for conscription to cross the sea and fight at the dictation and in the interest of a foreign people, had the occasion called for action that was in any degree doubtful to the American conscience, this people would not have made the sacrifices of life and treasure which they have gladly made with unreluctant consecration of mind and body.

There is a limit to national, as there is to personal responsibility. Nationally, that limit is defined by the maintenance and vindication of law. I fear the imperial sodality of Great Powers associated for any other purpose. No condominium has ever been free from jealousies and friction. Even so trifling a partnership as the control of the Samoan Islands was a thorn in the side of three nations until it was dissolved. Every such condominium has ended either in quarrel or partition, or in both; and the net result is always merely deferred annexation. A partnership for equal economic opportunities among unequal nations offers the prospect of unexpected demands; which, if not granted, will lead to the accusation of bad faith.

How then can we find a *modus vivendi* for sovereign States? How, indeed, if not in a united support of law, the recognition of their equal freedom and their mutual obligations? Law does not require a renunciation of rights; it affirms, guarantees and protects them. That is its very purpose and its whole significance.

Let there be then a union for the maintenance of the law. Such a union now happily exists. It consists of the nations that have had the force and the courage to enter the war, in order to bring the law-breakers to justice, and

of no others. I say of no others, because a nation is of value in providing a real sanction to the authority of law only when it is ready to defend the law. A neutral nation at best only renders a passive respect to the authority of the Law of Nations. In the cause of equity it is not an asset, it is only a liability.

I, of course, do not overlook the fact that the prevention of war is of great interest to neutrals, for they are necessarily involved in its hardships by the restriction of their trade. In a speech delivered by the late Lord Parker, a short time before his death, he predicted that, if in future it were made clear that there could be no neutrality, the danger of war would be minimized, because its risks would be increased. Then all nations would be more anxious to prevent it, in so far as it is in their power to do so. Mediation would be a necessary act of self-preservation; and for this there is full justification. There is an old English form of indictment, I am told, that bases arrest on the violation of "the peace and dignity of the King." There may well be a form of international indictment against those who would disturb the peace and dignity of mankind.

For my own part, speaking now as a realist, I look for the prevention of war chiefly to the command of the sea. I do not rest my faith on "the freedom of the sea"—we have seen what that may mean—but on the law of the sea; and that law should be simply the principle set up in opposition to the unlimited right of war, for which the Entente Allies have been fighting, namely, the inviolability of the innocent.

On the 20th of November, 1918, the culprit fleet of Germany—in the presence of British, American and French warships—coming forth from its lair, marshalled by the British light cruiser Cardiff, swept across the North Sea through the morning mist in gloomy procession, to be shepherded into captivity. "Ignominious and yet magnificent," as a writer describes them, the Seydlitz, the Moltke, the Derfflinger, the Hindenburg, and the Von der Tann, boastful battle cruisers, the pride of the German Emperor, that had long celebrated "The Day" when commanding the empire of the sea they could bring the world into subjection, swept through the mist, followed by the nine battleships, then the fifty destroyers and the great flotilla of guilty submarines. "It's a fine sight," a sailor exclaimed,

" but I wouldn't be on one of those ships for all the world."

Unconsciously, this lad felt in his heart what every true sailor hopes will be the future law of the sea. It was on the sea that International Law had its birth in the old sea codes, the " Table of Amalfi," the " Consolato," the " Jugemens d'Oléron," and the " Laws of Wisby," which made the sea, because it is the highway of the world, a place where above all others the rights of man should be respected and maintained. Brave to battle with wind, and wave, and storm, the true sailor scorns a Power that would add to the struggle with nature the inhumanity of man. The sea is the realm of humanity's defense. Closed by the will of all civilized peoples to the greed of the pirate, the united navies of the Entente must make its law the inviolability of the innocent. And this can be done.

If the Entente Allies, who have fought together in this war to vindicate the rights of nations, are not to be trusted, and there is in them no soul of honor, then the outlook for mankind is, indeed, a hopeless one. But if they can be trusted in so great a matter, the formula for the defense of right is very simple.

I take a leaf from the diplomatic correspondence of the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, then Sir Edward, now Viscount Grey.

Writing to M. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador in London, on November 22nd, 1912, he said: "You have pointed out that, if either Government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third Power, or something that threatened the general peace, it might become essential to know whether it could in that event depend upon the armed assistance of the other. I agree that, if either Government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third Power, or something that threatened the general peace, it should immediately discuss with the other whether both Governments should act together to prevent aggression and to preserve peace, and, if so, what measures they would be prepared to take in common."

This understanding was a menace to no honorable nation. It was, in fact, one in which all honorable governments might join. It suppressed no one's freedom; it looked toward peace, and not toward war; and it has saved Europe!

A more inclusive formula might possess the same qual-

ities and serve the same purpose. It might read: "We, the signatories, agree that, if peace should be anywhere threatened, we will together inquire into the cause of aggression; and if we find that the Law of Nations has been anywhere violated, we will by mediation together use our best endeavors to avoid strife. If war is begun, we will together consider what measures we should take in common. And we mutually agree to submit any difference we may have with one another or with other nations to a like mediation. To this end we continue our close association of intimate counsel, and will receive into our understanding other governments when circumstances may render it proper to do so."

I am here making no proposal. I claim no title to do that. I am merely suggesting a possibility, but a more definite one than some others that have been strongly urged. To many minds it may seem too attenuated, too much dependent upon good will and a common purpose. To that I have only to say this. Without good will and without a community of purpose there is no agreement and there is no sure keeping of engagements among men. Underlying all human endeavor and cooperation, the strongest motive is a love of freedom. Unless they are forced to yield to some type of imperialism—personal, national, or multiform—which they will never cease to resent, men who believe that there is no true government that is not founded upon the consent of the governed, will not consider themselves bound, even by the authority of the law, if they discover that by its mandates they are no longer free.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

THE RAILWAY PROBLEM—1.

BY VICTOR MORAWETZ

THE inability of railroad men and legislators to agree upon a workable plan for the solution of the railway problem has been due principally to their failure, or their unwillingness, to recognize and face certain fundamental and unalterable facts. Instead of recognizing and removing the underlying causes of the problem that confronts us today they have proposed mere palliatives against the evil effects of these underlying causes. They have merely tinkered with a machine which has radical defects in its design and therefore never can be made to work well.

Congress has practically unlimited power to regulate the railways and to fix their rates, and this power of Congress cannot be taken away or abridged. That is one of the fundamental facts to be recognized. Another fact to be recognized and faced is that the credit of railway investments cannot be restored and the capital necessary to the development of the railways cannot be obtained from investors while the Government has the power to regulate the railways and to fix their rates practically at will, unless in some way the Government furnishes adequate assurances that it will not exercise this power in such a way as to deprive those who put their capital into the railways of a satisfactory return on their investments.

We live under a democratic form of government and the will of the people rules. That is a fact which no one would change even if it were possible; but investors are not blind to the lessons of history and to the signs of the times. They have learned that, in the long run, legislatures and commissions, all of whom, directly or indirectly, are chosen by the people and are accountable to the people, cannot be depended upon to regulate the railways and to fix their rates

in such manner as to make railway stocks safe investments.

The Constitution prohibits Congress from depriving persons (including corporations) of their property without due process of law and from taking private property for public use without just compensation. The Constitution likewise prohibits the State legislatures from depriving persons of their property without due process of law. The courts have held that a law or order of a commission fixing the rates of a public service corporation so low as to prevent it from earning a fair return on its property would in effect deprive it of its property without due process of law and, therefore, would be unconstitutional. But it is an undeniable fact that these constitutional provisions do not furnish adequate protection to the owners of railway securities. A lawsuit with the Government involving the reasonableness of railway rates is not adequate security. These constitutional provisions furnish no standard for determining the value of the property upon which the railway companies are entitled to earn a fair return or for determining the rate of return that is to be deemed fair. Nor do they furnish any practicable standard for fixing rates. Even if Congress should enact a law prescribing a just and workable method of determining the value of the property of the railway companies and the rate of return thereon that is to be deemed fair and also a workable formula for fixing rates that will produce this fair return, the Act of Congress itself could at any time be altered, amended, or repealed.

In the past, State legislatures or commissions sometimes undertook to prescribe complete rate schedules that were plainly confiscatory, and these rate schedules were set aside by the courts because in violation of the Constitution. But legislatures and commissions soon discovered that they could attan practically the same results by adopting the process of whittling down rates piecemeal. It was an application to the railway companies of the ancient Chinese punishment of "slicing." That punishment consisted of cutting from the victim at stated intervals a very small piece of flesh. No doctor could say that any one of these cuts was fatal or even dangerous to life, yet sooner or later the victim always died. Similarly, the courts could not, except in rare cases, determine that any single rate reduction deprived a railway company of its property without due process of law, though the effect of the combined rate re-

ductions was to bleed away the credit which was the company's life blood.

To provide by Act of Congress that the validity of rate regulation shall depend upon the "reasonableness" or "adequacy" of the rates, or upon the application of some more specific formula would furnish no real protection to the owners of railway securities, even if such an Act of Congress were irrepealable. No court, no commission and no railway man has ever been able to furnish any definite or practicable standard for determining what particular rates are reasonable, or adequate, or just. Long experience has shown that all tests of the reasonableness, or adequacy, or justice of particular railway rates are impractical and illusory. The question whether in a given case a rate was in violation of the prescribed test or formula would have to be decided by the courts. Yet it is a fact that the courts are not fitted to pass on such questions. Even if judges were more competent than commissions to regulate the railways and to fix their rates, the delays of court procedure would prevent the courts from furnishing adequate protection to the owners of railway securities.

To turn back the railways to their owners now or at the end of twenty-one months without first enacting adequate remedial legislation would be a crime. It would result in a suspension of dividends by most of the companies, in the bankruptcy of many of them and in a general destruction of security values. The railway problem can no longer be dodged, or postponed, or dealt with by palliative measures. Unless Congress meets the problem fearlessly and solves it by the adoption of a fair and workable plan, a nation-wide financial catastrophe will result.

To establish Government ownership and operation of the railways would not solve the railway problem but would be a refusal to face it. It would be a jump from the frying pan into the fire. Only a few of the many objections to Government operation need be referred to:

(1) Universal experience in Europe and in Canada, where Government operation of the railways has been tried, and unbroken experience in the United Stats in the management of Governmental enterprises, show conclusively that Government operation of our railways would prove unprogressive, costly and inefficient and would result in poor service to the public with high rates.

(2) To make several millions of our voters Government employees and to increase to that extent the patronage list of each administration would prove a menace to the stability of our political institutions.

(3) If the Government condemned the railways it would have to pay for them in cash; but the Government is in no position at the present time to raise the vast amount of money that would be required. An attempt to do so would greatly depress the value of Government securities, would cause an enormous expansion of bank loans and would result in a dangerous disturbance of financial conditions.

(4) The proceedings to establish the value of the railways for purposes of condemnation would upset security values and might result in a financial catastrophe.

Almost any plan would be better for the country at large than Government ownership and operation.

What, then, should be done? As pointed out above, the fundamental difficulty to be overcome is that, because of the governmental power to regulate the railways and to fix their rates, railway securities are not safe investments and the companies are unable to raise the vast sums which are necessary to meet their financial requirements and the needs of a growing country. That difficulty can be overcome by making definite and certain at least part of the constitutional obligation which now binds the Government in law and in honor to allow the railway companies to earn a fair return on their property. With such a guaranty it would not be difficult to reach a solution of the railway problem beneficial alike to shippers, to the millions of citizens who own railway securities or have interests n them, and to the public at large.

It has been urged that there would be popular objection to a guaranty by the Government of any part of the earnings of the railway companies or of any returns to their security holders; but this objection surely can be overcome by frank discussion and argument. In guaranteeing part of the income to which the railway companies and their security holders are justly entitled the Government would not really assume any new or additional obligation. It would only make definite and certain a portion of an existing obligation binding in law and in honor. On what grounds can an honest man refuse to put into definite and enforceable form an obligation which already binds him legally and morally?

The plan proposed by me provides that the Government shall guarantee 65 per cent. of the estimated operating income obtainable under a fair and constitutional exercise of the Governmental power of regulation. In return for its guaranty the Government would receive (1) plenary power to regulate the railways and to fix their rates; (2) ample control over the management of the companies, including power to remove their officers; (3) a share of the profits of the railways in excess of four per cent. on the stock issued by the Federal corporations in which the railways would be vested, and (4) an option to acquire the railways at a fair price without condemnation proceedings. The latter provision is a detail of the plan, inserted to provide a means of establishing direct Governmental ownership and operation if at any future time this should be found to be both practicable and desirable; but it is believed that if the plan were adopted the demand for Government ownership and operation would cease and the option never would be exercised.

The figures in the plan are merely tentative and for illustration; but a careful analysis will show that if the proposed terms were adopted the stockholders and bondholders of the existing companies would receive new securities that would be safe and that would be worth more than the securities which they now hold. The benefit thus accruing to the stockholders and bondholders would not be obtained at the expense of the Government or of shippers. The Government and shippers as well as the stockholders would be benefited, through the saving in interest and dividends and the lower rates made possible by utilizing the high credit that would be given to a definite and certain governmental guaranty.

Some eminent railway executives and bankers have approved the plan, but others have urged that it amounts in effect to Government operation and is subject to the same objections as Government operation. This is not correct. The stockholders of the Federal corporations formed under the plan would retain an interest in their earnings in excess of the guaranteed dividends of $2.50 per share on their stock. The management of these corporations would be shared by the stockholders and by the Government, as in case of the Federal reserve banks, and the supervision and regulation of the railways would be vested in a Federal Railway Board similar in its constitution to the Federal Re-

serve Board which has supervised and controlled our new banking system in a most satisfactory manner. The officers and employees of the Federal corporations would not be Government officials, but they would all be appointed and controlled by boards of directors in part elected by the stockholders and in part appointed by the Federal Railway Board.

Even prior to the seizure of the railways by the Government for war purposes the Government exercised a very large degree of control over their management—a control which many railway executives and bankers condemned on the ground that it amounted in great measure to Government operation. It is certain that no plan for the solution of the railway problem will be adopted by Congress without extending largely the Governmental control exercised before the war. The question to be considered by railway executives and bankers is not what measure of control they would like to see the Government exercise, but what plan having a fair chance of approval by Congress would be most beneficial to their security holders.

It is true that the successful operation of the plan would ultimately depend upon the character of the men appointed by the President, with the advice and approval of the Senate, to the proposed Federal Railway Board. Similarly, the safety of our banking system and the stability of financial conditions throughout the country depend upon the character of the men appointed to the Federal Reserve Board. But the success of any plan that may be adopted would depend upon the character of the public officials having control of its operations. All our property rights and our liberties ultimately depend upon the men elected or appointed to Government office. It is certain that no satisfactory plan for the solution of the railway problem ever can be formulated if we assume that the President and Senate of the United States would place the supreme control of the railways in the hands of incompetent or untrustworthy men.

The plan proposed by the railway executives would not provide any real protection for their security holders. It would not correct the radical defects of the existing relations between the Government and the companies, but it would complicate these relations and provide new kinds of governmental control. It would furnish new formulas for

making rates and new grounds for litigation and for court reviews, but it would not furnish the companies with a sound basis for obtaining the credit which they need. It would fail to put an end to the recurring cycles of railroad bankruptcies and reorganizations.

Other plans that have been proposed provide for the enactment by Congress of a law directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix rates so that they will yield a definite prescribed minimum return on the property of the railway companies. In these plans the use of the word "guaranty" is studiously avoided; but unless their effect is to provide a virtual guarantee of the prescribed minimum return, these plans would not restore railway credit or solve the railway problem. The principal defects of these plans are:

(1) The Act of Congress prescribing the new rules for fixing rates could be altered, amended, or repealed at any time.

(2) The rates necessary to produce the prescribed minimum return could not be determined in advance, and if the commission in its discretion should prescribe rates that fail to produce the prescribed return the railway companies would have no remedy, unless the Act virtually guaranteed that the deficiency of earnings would be made up subsequently by an increase of rates or out of the public treasury.

(3) The Interstate Commerce Commission could not effectually fix rates that would produce the prescribed return unless vested with power to fix intrastate as well as interstate rates, but it is not proposed to confer that power; and

(4) These plans would result in unnecessarily high railway rates. Their purpose is not to keep rates down by means of the lowering of interest and dividends which could be effected through a definite and direct governmental guaranty, but to restore the credit of the railway companies by means of a mandatory increase of rates.

No plan will be approved by Congress unless it accords with the prevailing views and wishes of the people. The owners of the railways, therefore, must be prepared to make many concessions and compromises. They must realize that they cannot obtain all that they want, or even all that they think is due to them. No plan can be framed to meet the views of everybody, and probably no plan that can be

passed through Congress will be wholly satisfactory to anybody. The owners of railway securities and their representatives, therefore, should recognize the practical and political difficulties to be dealt with and should endeavor through constructive criticism to cooperate in framing the best plan that Congress will accept.

On the other hand, Congress must recognize that the American people will not be satisfied with anything short of a permanent solution of the problem. Congress must recognize also that no plan which is unjust to the owners of railway securities can restore railway credit or solve the railway problem, or guard against a financial crash when the railways are restored to their owners.

The American people will decide justly a question that they can understand, but to enable them to deal justly and wisely with a problem as complicated and technical as the railway problem they must have the benefit of courageous and able leadership. Without such leadership there is danger that the people may wander in the wilderness and worship false gods; but they will follow and will honor a leader whom they believe to be just and to have the courage of his convictions. A wise and courageous leader can soon bring about a just and permanent solution of the railway problem.

VICTOR MORAWETZ.

[*We append in full the noteworthy plan proposed by Mr. Morawetz.*—EDITOR.]

THE MORAWETZ PLAN

A SUGGESTED SOLUTION OF THE RAILWAY PROBLEM

BASIC ASSUMPTIONS

1. Permanent Government operation of the railways would be contrary to the best interests of the country and should be rejected. It would result in unprogressive, costly and inefficient operation with poor service to the public and high rates.

2. Security of railway investments and the capital necessary to the development of the railways cannot be obtained under any practicable system of governmental rate

fixing or regulation, unless coupled with some guaranty by the Government of fair returns on the investments. Security of railway investments cannot be obtained by making the power of the Government to fix rates or to regulate the railways depend upon the "reasonableness" or "adequacy" of the rates or regulations, or upon the application of any formula that can be devised. Experience shows that all such tests are impractical and illusory. Review by the courts of rates or regulations prescribed by the Government furnishes no remedy against unwise or unfair regulation. The courts are not fitted to supervise the regulation of the railways or to determine the reasonableness of their rates. Even if judges were more competent than commissions to regulate the railways and to fix their rates, the delays of court procedure would make a resort to the courts ineffectual.

3. No satisfactory result can be attained without putting an end to regulation of the railways and rate fixing by the several States. To obtain effective and wise regulation it is necessary to vest supreme authority in some board appointed by the National Government. Of course, the members of this board must be competent men; but competent men are essential to the successful operation of any plan.

4. The Government cannot safely give the necessary guaranty of a fair return on investments in the railways unless vested with plenary control over their management, including the power to remove the officers of the companies. Such plenary power of regulation would not be unfair to security holders if coupled with a guaranty of a fair return on their investments.

5. Efficient and economical operation of the railways and the best service to the country require that track facilities, equipment and terminals be pooled whenever desirable and that wasteful competition be stopped.

6. To secure efficient and economical operation of the railways it is necessary to preserve the interest of stockholders and officers in the management of their properties.

7. The benefit of the high credit of the Government should accrue to it and should not be given gratuitously to the existing security holders of the railway companies. Accordingly, a proposal that the Government shall guarantee to the railway companies perpetually or for a long

term of years their average operating income of past years, as under the present Federal Control Act, should be rejected. Such a guarantee would in effect be a gift of enormous value to the stockholders and the junior bondholders of the railway companies. Operating income guaranteed by the United States obviously is worth vastly more than operating income subject to the risks and uncertainties of the conditions affecting the railways.

8. A proposal that the Government shall leave existing bonds and stocks undisturbed but shall place its guarantee upon bonds and stocks hereafter issued with the approval of the Government for betterments and additions should be rejected for similar reasons. The practical effect of such a guarantee would be to make the Government responsible for all bonds and stocks equal or prior in claim to those guaranteed by the Government.

9. Under the power of eminent domain the United States can condemn those railroads which serve as instruments of interstate commerce and as military and post roads. Upon such condemnation the United States would have to pay just compensation to the owners of the properties condemned and this just compensation would have to be paid in cash, unless the owners should be willing to accept something else in lieu of cash.

10. The Government, through a condemnation proceeding, can take a railway subject to its existing mortgages and indebtedness, i. e., it can condemn the equity of the stockholders. But, even if the Government can condemn a railway free and clear of existing mortgages and indebtedness, it cannot impair the rights of mortgagees and creditors to be paid in full out of the proceeds of the property before anything is given to the stockholders. The Government cannot condemn the bonds of a railway company apart from the property of the company, and when the property of a company is condemned by the Government it cannot prescribe the distribution of the proceeds among stockholders, mortgagees and creditors.

11. Simply to condemn the equity of the stockholders of a railway company, leaving its outstanding bonds and other indebtedness undisturbed, would not be satisfactory to the Government because the result would be to give to the holders of the outstanding bonds and other indebtedness gratuitously a practical guaranty of their claims, the

Government failing to secure the benefit of the saving of interest which might be effected through the use of its high credit.

To condemn the property of a company free and clear of its existing mortgages and indebtedness leaving the distribution of the compensation for the property to be made according to the legal rights of mortgagees, creditors and stockholders would in many cases result in great injustice to junior security holders and stockholders.

12. The plan herein proposed is designed to attain the following ultimate results:

(1) To vest the railways (taken in suitable groups) in ten to fifteen corporations formed pursuant to an Act passed by Congress under its power to regulate commerce and establish military and post roads; these Federal corporations to be free from State regulation, but to be subject to the fullest regulation and control by suitable boards established by the Federal Government.

(2) To refund the bonds and stocks of the present companies by the issue of debentures and stocks of the new Federal corporations, these debentures to be guaranteed by the United States and the stocks to be guaranteed minimum dividends.

(3) To provide the capital needed for the future development and extension of the railways.

(4) To establish a Federal railway board and suitable subsidiary boards for the effective regulation of the railways, with due regard for local interests.

(5) To provide for the future efficient management and operation of the new Federal corporations under the supervision and control of the Federal railway board.

The main difficulties of carrying out this plan are:

(*a*) To establish the fair value or just compensation to be paid for each railway in guaranteed debentures and stock of the new Federal corporation in which the railway is to be vested; and

(*b*) To distribute this just compensation equitably among the existing bondholders and stockholders.

13. The original cost or the reproduction cost of the property of a company furnishes no just measure for fixing its rates and no just measure of what would constitute fair compensation for its property. To fix rates or compensation on the basis of original cost would in many cases de-

prive the owners of a large accretion of value to which they are legally and morally entitled. The construction of railways has been the principal cause of the large increase of the value of lands and other property throughout the country and the railroads were built in the just expectation that their owners would share in this increase of values. To fix the rates of a railway on the basis of a fair return on original cost or to condemn it at its original cost would be as wrong, legally and morally, as to condemn the property of farmers and owners of city lots at the prices originally paid therefor to the Government.

The cost of reproduction furnishes no just test because the true value of a railroad, as of any other piece of property, depends largely upon its location and surrounding conditions. A railroad serving a territory producing only a small amount of traffic or a railroad whose operating conditions are unfavorable by reason of grades or other causes cannot earn as much and is not worth as much as another railroad serving a territory producing a large amount of traffic and having favorable operating conditions, though the reproduction cost of the two railroads be equal. Rates upon competitive business must be the same as to all companies and it is quite impracticable to fix rates in such manner as to enable each company to earn a fixed return and no more upon the reproduction cost of its property. To condemn the property of a prosperous railway company at a price fixed on the basis of its operating income at the lowest rates which the Government could constitutionally impose upon that company would be as unjustifiable as it would be to condemn other property at a nominal price on the ground that the Government could constitutionally destroy its entire value by taxation.

By reason of their magnitude, the railroads of the United States have no market value. Few, if any, instances exist of a competitive sale of a railroad or of a true sale for cash or its equivalent. Moreover, any wholesale condemnation of the railways and payment to the owners in cash would upset all security values and might produce chaotic financial conditions. As it would become necessary to issue vast amounts of Government bonds, their value would be greatly depressed and a large expansion of bank loans would be unavoidable. By reason of the magnitude of such a transaction, it could be carried out only through a

concurrent shifting of investments, the owners of the railway securities using the cash received by them from the Government to purchase the new Government bonds or to purchase other securities and property in the market and the sellers of the existing securities and property investing the proceeds in the new Government bonds. The probable result would be a considerable increase of the prices of industrial securities now yielding large returns to the holders and a fall of the prices of Government bonds.

The quoted market prices of the stocks and bonds of the railway companies furnish no just measure of the value of their properties. These quoted prices of stocks and bonds indicate only the approximate prices at which a very small amount of the stocks and bonds can be bought or sold. As a rule, no considerable amount of stocks or bonds can be bought or sold at anything near their quoted prices. The quoted market prices of railroad stocks and bonds often are largely due to factors having little relation to the earnings of the companies or to the true value of their properties. In some cases bonds of railroad companies at their quoted market prices yield no larger returns than United States Government bonds, while in other cases equally well secured railroad bonds at their quoted market prices yield a return half again as large. Some railroad stocks have quoted market prices very much higher than those of other railroad stocks upon which an equally high return is earned.

14. It is submitted that the only fair and practicable way of measuring the value of a railroad and the just compensation to which its owners are entitled is

(a) To estimate as nearly as may be its present and prospective true operating income under a fair as well as constitutional exercise of the powers of regulation vested in the Federal and State governments, and

(b) To capitalize this true operating income at a fair rate, based on the rate of interest or profit payable to obtain capital and on any risks or uncertainties affecting the railroad and its future operating income.

The true operating income of a railroad for the purpose of ascertaining its value is not the operating income shown under the rules of accounting prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Under these rules no deduction is made on account of certain expenditures which every

railway company is obliged to make but which do not add to its earnings. Every prudent business man would charge such expenditures to operating expenses or to income. Therefore, in ascertaining the true operating income of the railways there should be deducted in each case from the operating income shown under the rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission a fixed percentage based on the approved practice of conservatively managed railroad companies.

The operating income of the railways depends largely upon the rates which the Federal and State governments permit them to charge. Unfortunately the courts have not yet furnished any definite or practical standard for determining the limits of the constitutional powers of the Federal and State governments to fix rates, and neither Congress nor the Interstate Commerce Commission nor any State Commission has yet furnished any definite or practical standard for determining what rates are reasonable and fair. The resulting uncertainty has been the principal cause of the failure of the credit of the railway companies and it is the principal source of difficulty in estimating their prospective operating income and the value of their properties.

However, under the plan now proposed it will not be necessary to estimate with accuracy the value of the railways, or their prospective true operating incomes, or the rates at which this estimated operating income should be capitalized. It is not proposed to pay for the railways in cash or its equivalent. The plan is to vest the railways in new corporations which will issue their bonds and stocks in exchange, and the bonds and stocks thus issued will simply represent these railways, whatever their value and their prospective operating incomes may be. Under the plan now proposed an estimate of the prospective operating income and of the value of each railway is material only in so far as this may be necessary (a) to limit the proposed guaranty to be furnished by the Government and (b) to establish the relative value of the several railways to be vested in each Federal corporation, so that some of the existing companies may not obtain an advantage at the expense of the others.

It is suggested that in ordinary cases the average operating income of the test years prescribed by the Federal

Control Act (subject to a deduction as above proposed) be made *prima facie* evidence of the operating income which is to be the basis of capitalization. However, this basis could not justly be applied to a case in which owing to a receivership or other abnormal conditions the average operating income of the three test years did not fairly reflect the earning capacity of the property. Each case should be dealt with in the light of all pertinent facts.

(*To be concluded*)

HOW BRITAIN DEMOBILIZES

BY HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE
(Gunner, Fifth Tank Battalion, British Expeditionary Force)

WE have always wanted to go home. Let there be no mistake about that. From the very beginning, from the first day we landed in France, through all the changing fortunes of war, in defeat as well as in victory, we have longed for home. Of course we have known there was a job to be done. Yes, we have always known that. But we have done that job—at least our part of it, in France, in Belgium, in Italy, in the Balkans, on Gallipoli, in Russia, in Palestine, in Mesopotamia, in East and West Africa and on all the seas—and having done the job we are in no submissive mood for the least delay in demobilization. This is not because we are rebellious, for we are of no mutinous mind, but because we are impatient. And this impatience is nothing more than a reflex of outraged human nature.

Now it is a strange thing that while the civilian world has learned much of the invention and mechanics of modern warfare it has learned nothing of the spirit of the soldier. Perhaps this is because invention is on the surface, whereas the soul of the Crusader is deeply hidden in the heart within and is as mystic a thing as the soul of a child in the first splendid moment of its birth.

Whatever the reason, this great lack of spiritual understanding is the first thing that strikes the soldier when he returns on leave. He sees it in the questions that are asked: "When do you go back?" "Have you been wounded?" "How many Germans have you killed?" Always the material, never the spiritual.

Would you care to know the things of which a soldier

thinks? Very well, go to some desolate spot, dig a square hole six feet deep and the width of your spade, silently in the night crawl out and make a barbed wire defence, snatch a few moments of sleep, for an hour before dawn stand-to with a bayonet fixed to your rifle and tortured by an imagination that causes you to see ghosts, wash and shave in the little tea you leave at the bottom of your mug, try to sleep again for an hour or two, stand now for two hours waist deep in water and then rush into the yard of a munitions factory when it is blowing up; feed mostly on cold tinned meat, stand in the bottom of the pit you dig with only the sky to look at for days, sometimes for weeks, let the wind blow to you not only odors that are an offense to the nostrils but poison gas as well, and keep this up for four years. Then you will know the things whereof the soldier thinks and you will want to go home. Indeed, you will want to go home with a burning for home such as you never dreamed could exist. You will want to feel the clinging arms of your child around your neck and the beat of her heart against your breast.

Consider, now, the circumstances under which we went away.

Belgium was in flames, her altars cast down, her women violated. All this was shown in the recruiting posters on the boardings of our towns. "Do you want this?" they asked. Well, we did not. Inside something was saying "the game's afoot," and so we put aside our peaceful occupations and learned to shoot with rifle and to stab with steel. We went to fight for our homes.

It was in that manner, then, that we set out upon the Great Crusade. At heart we were not soldiers. To this day we do not think or speak of ourselves as soldiers. We say we are civilians in khaki.

And during the Great Crusade how did we bear ourselves? As soldiers? Yes, but not so much as professional soldiers who enter upon a career of killing, but as men upon whom the need to kill has been thrust. In a sense we were quite as much conscientious objectors as those who proclaimed it from the housetops, only we saw farther than they.

Now, perhaps by our songs you can see that we thought always of home. For our songs were songs of home, not songs of battle. We enlisted to the strains of "Tipperary"

—a song of home. Later we sang a trench ditty, "I want to go home." Then came "Blighty":

> Take me back to dear old Blighty,
> Put me on the tram for London town.

But the word "Blighty" puzzled many, and so we made up another song which ended:

> Say, don't you know what Blighty is?
> Why, bless your heart,
> It's the soldier's Home, Sweet Home.

And when we had sang these threadbare, and the poets of the fire-step were too actively engaged to compose, we raked up all the American songs about home we could think of, and from our line there went up in Cockney cadences, "My 'ome in Tenner-see," or "Dixie" or "There's a long, long trail a-winding."

Bear in mind that so far as we are concerned the war dates back to August 4, 1914. The battle-line swung like a pendulum. In the spring of 1918 we were fighting with "our backs to the wall," but our faces were to the enemy, and perhaps the fact that our faces were that way had a little to do with the collapse of the enemy in November.

With the surrender by Germany of a great fleet of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, thousands of aeroplanes, guns, transports and invaded territory, the armistice came to us as the end of the war. And as the end of the war meant home we looked forward to the speedy demobilization that had been promised, realizing, of course, that technically the war was on, and that some would have to stay under arms until peace was signed.

Now, with us demobilization was worked out on an industrial basis. Unquestionably that was wise; the country could not at once revert to pre-war occupations. But to our amazement, so far as those of us who by wound or for other reasons had been returned to England were concerned, among the first to be demobilized were the men who had just been called to the colors. In the camp where I now am there were a number of men who were called up just prior to Armistice Day, and even on Armistice Day they had done no training, they had done no fighting, they had suffered no great hardships, but they were the first to go.

How was this possible? Let us consider a little further

the plan for demobilization. Under the general scheme, pivotal and slip men were to be the first to go. A pivotal man is a man whose release will assist in the employment of discharged soldiers. A foreman is a pivotal man. A slip man is a man who has a job waiting for him. In the case of either a pivotal or a slip man the employer's request for the man's discharge has to be endorsed by a local advisory committee. The papers then are sent to the soldier to submit to his commanding officer. His discharge theoretically follows and he is supposed to be sent to a dispersal camp near his home for final demobilization. Now it stands to reason that if the dispersal camps are too few in number, men whose papers have been filled up will be kept waiting their turn indefinitely, and demobilization will be slow. And that is the basis of the existing complaints; the dispersal camps are too few for speedy demobilization.

When the armistice was signed, those men who had only just been called up wrote to their employers. Their employers, from whom one by one men had been taken, at once made written application for their release. Local advisory committees endorsed these applications and these men of little army service returned home!

What was the result of this? Men who had more than four years service to their credit and men of three years, or two years, or one year service saw those others go back home. The soldier had risked much, had been poorly paid, and his family had had a hard struggle, whereas the recruit had been drawing his usual income, had run no risk, incurred no loss, and in many cases, especially those who had worked on munitions, had gained financially. Under these circumstances the release of the recruit was palpably unfair. A wave of indignation swept through the army and this expressed itself in the parades of soldiers to the War Office.

Besides the fact that the number of dispersal camps are too few, there is another fault. One dispersal camp may not be nearly so busy as another, so that your papers may have come through weeks ago, but you are being held until the dispersal camp in your locality shall have place to receive you, whereas another man may be called immediately to his dispersal center. So you see men go before you whose papers came through long after yours.

You can imagine with what feelings a soldier receives by post his employer's letter asking for his release. He notes the approval of the Local Advisory Committee. He is elated. It means his "ticket." For years he has been fighting; for years human nature has been outraged; for years he has longed for home. Well, home is in sight now.

He takes his papers to the officer in charge of demobilization and is told to stand by until there is room at his dispersal center. He writes home. He packs his things. Then he waits. If he waits for weeks—there are men in my camp who have been waiting since shortly after the signing of the armistice—he will grow daily more impatient and more unreasonable. And that is exactly what is happening in every camp in England and in every regiment in France.

The days drag. Each seems longer than the preceding one; to an extent this is actual, for the hours of daylight are lengthening. We walk into the town only to learn that a conscientious objector has been released from prison! We talk of wrecking his shop, but it is only talk.

Recently there was released from the camp where I am, a man who went to the United States as a boy. He was enlisted in Chicago last October by the British Recruiting Mission and landed in England a few days before the signing of the armistice. He wrote to his father late in November. His father, a resident of England, applied for his son's release as a "pivotal man" on the ground that he would take him into his employ and that thus he would be in a position to engage discharged soldiers. The Local Advisory Committee endorsed the request, and not long afterwards, there being room at the nearest dispersal center, that man was told to go the next day.

That night, as we were putting down our beds, we heard of it.

"Say, boys," said one, "what are we going to do about it?"

"Let's *create,*" replied a voice angrily.

"Right," came from half a dozen more angrily.

"How can he be a pivotal man if he was abroad when the war broke out?"

The murmuring rose to a confused babel.

"Who'll go for the sergeant-major?"

A lad who was in bed volunteered.

"Don't bother about dressing," said some one.

The boy pulled on his trousers and slipped into his boots. He ran into the company office where the sergeant-major would be found and where it so happened the applicant for discharge worked as a clerk. Opening the door he shouted:

"Sergeant-major! Sergeant-major! Come quick into our 'ut. There's bloody 'ell going on there. And (seeing the cause of the indignation) its all about 'im." He raised an accusing finger.

The sergeant-major wasted no time but followed the messenger into the hut. "Bloody 'ell" *was* going on there, but the warrant officer, cool, suave, diplomatic, brought calm to troubled waters.

"It's too late to do anything in this case, boys," he said, "but I will speak up for you."

Perhaps he did. We do not know. And anyhow the fault does not lie in this or any other camp, but in the fact that the demobilization scheme was completed without any consideration of the human problem, without any consideration of the fact that men who had fought would want to get home and would have a feeling that if any demobilization was begun they should be the first to go, leaving some of their number to be supported by recruits so that the army of occupation might not numerically fall below the requirements.

And so, downhearted in peace, although we never were in war, we go about our tasks moodily. And at such times as we are free we climb to the cliffs and look out across the pale blue channel.

Over there is the coast of France. France! Our thoughts go inland to the rude graves of those we buried there, the resting places of those who were never to come home. We recall the moments when they fell, this battle or that. . . .

The sea seems to have caught eternally the thunder of the guns and flings it against the rocks beneath. A plaintive cry from a sea gull catches at the heart. It sounds like the cry of a child. And so the thoughts come back, as they have always come, to home.

We wander into camp and sit in silence around the stoves in our huts. Now is no song of home. You do not hear "Blighty"; no longer rise the merry accents of

Say, don't you know what Blighty is?
Why, bless your heart,
It's the soldier's Home, Sweet Home.

No, the thought of home now is bitter sweet. And we cannot sing of it. For the first time in the army we cannot give expression to it in song.

HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE.

LABOR AND SHIPS

BY CHARLES PIEZ

Director General, Emergency Fleet Corporation

GERMAN submarines sank more tonnage in a single month of 1917 than all the American shipyards then in existence could produce in a year, and the vessels sunk in a single quarter of that year exceeded the largest possible annual output of all the English yards.

In spite of the impetus given it by the great demand for shipping during the year 1916, the American shipbuilding industry was but a relatively small affair when we entered the war. It employed less than fifty thousand men and was producing ships at a rate of seven hundred thousand deadweight tons per year. The output per man was less than fifteen deadweight tons per year.

It required but a simple calculation to determine that in order to reach the goal of six million deadweight tons for 1918 set by Mr. Hurley, it would be necessary to secure a working force of at least four hundred thousand men just as fast as the additional shipbuilding facilities could be provided. And it was necessary to secure this great army as volunteers, because all talk of conscripting labor to man the yards was idle.

After a review of all the circumstances, the Emergency Fleet Corporation laid down the following guiding principles:

First. That the rate of wages set for shipyard workers must be sufficient to attract capable and experienced men from other industries and to compensate them for the discomforts of outside work throughout the year, and for the crowded and expensive living conditions in the shipyard districts.

Second. That in order to make shipyard work attrac-

tive not only to the floater and the adventurous workman, but also to the man with a family, adequate transportation facilities and adequate housing had to be provided.

Third. That in order to prevent excessive drifting of labor from one yard to another and from one district to another, a uniform wage rate had to be set and enforced by the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Fourth. That owing to the large number of new yards it was necessary to instruct the managements in proper methods of employing and handling men, and owing to the large increase in the number of men in the yards it was necessary to instruct the new men in the rudiments of the shipyard crafts.

Fifth. That in order to instill into the minds of the workmen in the yards a proper sense of their duty and an appreciation of the overshadowing importance of their work, an educational campaign through posters, bulletins, moving pictures and speeches had to be inaugurated.

Sixth. That in order to prevent any interruptions to the continuous operations of the yards, some machinery had to be set up for the purpose of regulating hours, wages and conditions, adjusting differences and settling disputes.

Seventh. That in order properly to distribute the available labor supply among the several government departments in accordance with their relative importance and needs, central employment agencies for all government activities had to be inaugurated.

The formulation of these principles was, however, but the beginning of the task of securing an adequate supply of experienced men to man our yards. It was relatively easy to attract men to the yards by such propaganda as the "Shipyard Volunteers" and by exempting workers in the shipyards from service in the army. But the quick expansion of a force of fifty thousand skilled men by the addition of three hundred and fifty thousand more, drawn from every walk of life and from every line of activity or perhaps inactivity, presented problems of assimilation that time and persistent educational effort alone could meet.

Experienced shipbuilders and shop managers claim that labor cannot be diluted by the addition of more than ten per cent. per month without a very marked reduction in efficiency. Yet the dilution that, under the stress of circumstances, had to be made by the Fleet Corporation,

averaged for some months more than fifty per cent. of the force employed in the yards. It is to be borne in mind that all of the trained and experienced managers, superintendents and foremen were already engaged, and that this sudden and huge expansion of the industry involved the addition of inexperienced management and supervision as well as the addition of inexperienced men.

There were in operation in June, 1917, thirty-five yards capable of building vessels of over three thousand tons, and this number was increased to one hundred and forty-seven yards within twelve months. It can be truly said that the Fleet Corporation was unwise in creating so many new facilities until after it had expanded existing yards to the limit of their possibilities. If that policy had been followed from the beginning as it was later on, both labor and management problems would have been vastly simpler and ship-output correspondingly greater. But the wisdom that comes from a careful survey and deliberate consideration could hardly have been expected while the submarine was sinking one million tons a month and while there was an insistent public demand for immediate and wholesale action. Yards were begun in great number in the very early days of the Fleet Corporation's existence, and these yards had to be manned and managed.

Every employer who has had experience in largely expanding his force during a tight labor market will realize the difficulties that the situation presented, and will realize that no miracle of overnight transformation could be expected. The job was one of welding this huge mass of men, hastily gathered together, into a fairly effective producing-organization in a remarkably short space of time. The old and well-organized yards were amply able to handle this problem of assimilation, and some of the newer yards showed great skill in building up an effective organization, but in most cases the Fleet Corporation had to undertake the task. Training centers for developing instructors were established in various sections of the country, and at the signing of the armistice thirty-seven of these centers had turned out over eleven hundred instructors for the seventy-one training schools established at the various yards, under the auspices of the Fleet Corporation.

The National Service Section and the Publication Section of the Fleet Corporation both rendered conspicuous

service in bringing the men to a proper realization of the importance of their work and imbuing them with a conception of their duty and responsibility. This was accomplished through a country-wide educational campaign with speeches, posters and literature as the instruments.

Mr. Schwab, former Director General of the Fleet Corporation, visited, together with the writer, substantially every large and active shipyard in the country, and came into first-hand contact with the men. Our impression in every case was, that the men appreciated their responsibility and were doing their best to discharge it.

There were charges that the shipyards were the haven of slackers and shirkers and that the Fleet Corporation had ordered a relaxation of discipline to attract men. While the exemptions from military service granted to men in the yards undoubtedly brought men there to escape the draft, yet only 26,000 men out of a total of 390,000 were Class 1 men on the Fleet Corporation's exemption list in August, 1918, and of this number a very large percentage would have been entitled to exemption on industrial grounds.

If discipline in certain yards during this process of rapid upbuilding grew lax, it was not to be wondered at considering the inexperience of the management and the fact that for a time, at least, it seemed more essential to get men into the yards to turn out ships than to get them into the army. But the Fleet Corporation never relaxed its efforts to maintain discipline at a high level, and summary dismissals of large numbers of incompetents and slackers in some of the newer yards bear testimony to that fact. Improved methods of employment, however, rather than summary dismissals, were looked to for raising efficiency and improving discipline.

Output during this enormous dilution of labor, of course, dropped, and labor costs increased, both by reason of the drop in output and the considerable increase in wage rates. But, eliminating yards in which high labor costs are largely a question of inexperienced or incompetent management, the drop in output per man was not nearly as large as was generally supposed, although the combination of reduced output and increased wage presents a rather startling increase in labor costs.

In the case of a well-managed yard on the Pacific Coast

in which the number of men increased threefold in a little over a year, a comparison of wages and output with corresponding items of two years before revealed the fact that before the signing of the armistice, wages had advanced seventy per cent., and the output per man had been reduced to seventy per cent. of the former output. The result was a labor cost two and four-tenths times that of two years ago. In the case of two well-managed yards on the Atlantic Coast the results in the one were: Labor advance, 120 per cent.; output, 80 per cent.; resulting labor cost, two and three-quarter times that of the former period. In the other, labor advance, 100 per cent.; output, $66^{2}/_{3}$; resulting labor cost, three times that of two years ago.

With the signing of the armistice and the consequent reduced pressure under which the shipyards will be asked to work, it is very probable that a prompt and considerable increase in efficiency can be attained and that labor costs will go down to a level that will permit the yards to compete for foreign business.

The high wages now prevailing in the shipyards ought to secure a class of workmen whose experience, skill and energy will demonstrate that high wages are not inconsistent with low costs. The existing scale of wages was amply justified by the emergency; hereafter it will have to justify itself through increased output if the industry is to survive.

The Emergency Fleet Corporation has been so repeatedly charged with advancing wages unduly that a brief statement on this subject may be of interest. Recognizing the fact that an industrial undertaking of the magnitude of that of the Emergency Fleet Corporation could not be assured of continuous operation unless adequate means for composing disputes was provided, an agreement was entered into on August 20, 1917, between the American Federation of Labor, on the one hand, and the Emergency Fleet Corporation and the Navy on the other, by virtue of which all disputes concerning the hours, wages or conditions of employment were referred to a board of three which was to be known as the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board. Immediately after its organization, the Board was called to the Pacific Coast to fix the wages of the shipyard workers, and after extended hearings handed down a decision that by reason of an increase in the cost of living up

to August 1, 1917, amounting to 31 per cent., the wages of the skilled crafts were to be raised from $4.00 per day of eight hours to $5.25, the increase to become retroactive to August 1st. This decision met with intense dissatisfaction because the unions in the Seattle district had already entered into an agreement with the largest yard in that district, by virtue of which the skilled crafts were to receive $5.50 per day up to January 1st, and $6.00 per day after that. As this agreement affected substantially 35 per cent. of the men in the district, it can be imagined that they did not welcome a decision involving a reduction in pay of 12½ per cent.

An appeal was, therefore, taken from the Board's decision directly to the executive officers of the Navy and the Fleet Corporation during the first week of December, 1917, and inasmuch as the cost of living had shown a further increase of almost 10 per cent. since August 1st, an advance of 10 per cent. of the Board rate was granted, becoming effective December 15th.

The agreement creating the Board provided for a reconsideration of its decisions at the end of each six-months period upon the request of the majority of the crafts affected. Reconsideration was asked by the west coast crafts on February 1, 1918, but the Board reaffirmed the rate of $5.77½ and the Board of Appeals confirmed this decision. In the meantime, the Board gave consideration to the demand of the men in the Atlantic, Gulf and Great Lakes yards, and fixed a wage of $5.60 for eight hours for the skilled crafts. These rates, it will be seen, were by no means excessive, and became so only because, through the efforts and insistence of the organized crafts, these rates had to be paid to every man assigned to the work of the craft, whether he had the skill and experience or not.

The decision handed down for the Atlantic district included, in addition to a wage scale for a fairly well-developed classification of shipyard workers, a piece-rate schedule covering the operations of reaming, bolting, riveting and caulking. It was the first time, to my knowledge, that the Government based compensation on output rather than on the number of hours spent at work. The schedule was developed under the auspices of the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board by a joint conference of the men and the employers, and while it was arrived at in a man-

ner far from scientific, and while it is studded here and there with inconsistencies, it has, nevertheless, proved a satisfactory method of wage payment, and should establish a precedent for setting piece rates in the metal trades industries through joint determination and bargaining.

On August 1, 1918, all of the skilled crafts in all of the districts presented claims for $8.00 per day of eight hours, and while the claims for this further increase of 40 per cent. were supposed to be based on the increased cost of living, it was evident that the leaders of the men made the demand purely because their economic strength and the perfection of their organization seemed to assure success. The Wage Adjustment agreement gave no specific instruction to the Board on the subject of wage increases, but it was the spirit and implication of the agreement that adjustments should be made only when material changes in the cost of living had taken place. The Board, after careful investigation, handed down a decision in October, placing the wages for the skilled crafts in all districts at $6.40 per day of eight hours, and making corresponding adjustments in the piece rates. The men immediately took their case to the Appeal Board provided for in the agreement, and failing to prevail there, more than thirty thousand shipyard workers in the Puget Sound District walked out on January 21st.

It is highly improbable that such a step would have been taken had the war continued; for the shipyards were remarkably free from strife and interruptions during the conduct of the war, and the men stood nobly by their obligations. It is to be regretted that in the face of the agreement existing with the Government, in the face of a full and impartial hearing, and in the face of a falling demand for ships, local labor leaders should have been so short-sighted as to take this step.

Had the war continued, it is questionable whether the Board could have continued to award increases in wages solely on the ground of increases in the cost of living. It takes but a moment's reflection to indicate the absolute futility of such a practise. If the shipyard workers and the munitions workers were entitled to such consideration, why was not every wage and salaried worker earning less than $2,000 per year entitled to similar consideration, and why would it not have been absolute justice to all if wages

and salaries had been advanced periodically to keep step with the rising cost of living? This would at least have had the advantage that no one group would have profited at the expense of the other; and the failure of such a step to overtake or even stay so elusive an affair as the cost of living in war times might have forcibly brought home to all of us that increased production of the individual and increased self-denial in consumption were, after all, the only effective remedies to apply to the situation.

It must be admitted that much of the labor unrest that manifested itself in these wage demands grew out of the unwise and unregulated competition for the available labor by the employers. Wise and proper use of the available labor supply was just as essential as wise allocation of the supply of raw materials, yet, while we had a large body of experts in the War Industries Board controlling the supply and distribution of materials, the directive control of the supply of labor was left to a few detached individuals or boards that were supposed to enlist in a scheme of voluntary co-operation and co-ordination under the none too powerful and none too effective direction of the War Labor Policies Board.

It is true that this particular Board had no authority to direct, and that it was supposed to insure harmony of action among the various labor bodies by developing uniform policies for all. But while the War Labor Policies Board was discussing questions of policy in Washington, shops working for one department of the Government were taking men from the shipyards where they were getting seventy cents per hour by offering them eighty and ninety cents per hour. And shops, furnishing machinery to shipyards as subcontractors over which the Fleet Corporation had no control, were beating the shipyard scale ten and twenty cents per hour without let or hindrance, until it became possible through the War Industries Board to cut off their supply of raw materials if their breaches of the scale became too flagrant.

What was needed, therefore, was not so much the machinery to control the distribution of labor as the machinery to control the inconsiderate, grasping employer who was bound to get out his work no matter how it affected others.

With many Government contracts on a cost plus a fee

basis, and with department heads driving the contractors for delivery, small regard was paid by the latter to wage rates, particularly as no national wage policy had been announced.

Even the Federal Employment agencies, established by the Department of Labor, while effective in securing and distributing common and some skilled labor, were wholly ineffectual in providing for a proper distribution of the available supply of labor among Government departments and among the various essential industries.

We may as well admit that, in spite of the War Labor Board, the War Labor Policies Board, and the several Adjustment Boards, we had no national labor policy during the war; and we failed to have it because we thought of the problem as a *Labor Problem* rather than as a *Production Problem.*

If we had had in the War Industries Board a Director of Production, charged with the responsibility of seeing that all industries producing war materials for the Government were producing in proper quantities and at equal speed to suit the needs of the General Staff, and that not only material, but labor, was properly distributed among them, some real results would have been achieved.

As it was, the several departments of the Government finally arrived at some form of casual co-operation that most imperfectly met the needs of the situation.

There was never any harmony in either the actions of the departments or the decisions of the various adjustment boards, although a few conferences with that end in view were held a month or two before the signing of the armistice.

The Fleet Corporation set up for itself, however, a fairly effective machine to handle its labor problems, for not only did its Labor Adjustment Board lay down uniform and nationwide rules on the subject of hours, wages, and conditions, but its district organizations were so expanded and developed as to insist on a more exact adherence to the rules and decisions of the Adjustment Board.

The existing agreement with the men expires on March 31st, and it is the purpose of the Emergency Fleet Corporation to pass the determination of labor policies back to the yard owners and their men.

The value and success of the Fleet Corporation's work is attested by the fact that both the shipbuilders and the representatives of the workers have requested that the Emergency Fleet Corporation continue its direction of these matters, but it has been wisely decided that it is best for the future of the industry that the Government should cease its direction of matters that are properly within the scope of the yard management.

CHARLES PIEZ.

THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT

II.

BY LIEUT. COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY

OF course, at this time, no figures as to the strength of the armies on the Western front at various periods can be obtained with accuracy; nevertheless, an approximation, which will answer the purpose for an analysis and a discussion of the strategy on the Western front, may be obtained by a comparison of different estimates and statements.

It is generally admitted by both sides that at the battle of the Marne the Allies considerably outnumbered the Germans. *The Times History of the War, Vol. II,* page 51, estimates the Allies at rather more than 2,000,000 and the Germans at rather less than 2,000,000, and states that of combatants actually engaged in the battle there were probably 3,000,000 in all.

Lieutenant General Baron von Freytag-Loringhaven in his book, *"Deductions from the World War,"* pages 90 and 91, says:

> At the beginning of the war of 1914 the armed force of France alone was slightly in excess of the whole mobilized strength of Germany, while if we deduct the German forces employed in the East and those which were in the first instance kept at home for coast defence, the French, English and Belgians possessed a numerical superiority of something like three-quarters of a million men.

After the Battle of the Marne the strength of the field forces of the Allies on the Western front was increased and of Germany decreased up to September 1, 1915, when the numbers, according to the estimate of Frank H. Simonds in

the American *Review of Reviews* for October, were as follows:

	Allies	Germans
French	2,000,000	
British	750,000	1,500,000
Belgian	100,000	
	2,850,000	

But if such a great inequality in numbers between the Allies and the Germans did exist at that time, it was not continued long; for some time afterwards, but prior to the attack on Verdun in the following February, a number of German divisions were transferred from the Eastern to the Western front. Just how many is not accurately known, but probably about a quarter million of men. But, at any rate, it seems to be generally admitted that there was not a sufficient number transferred at this time to make Germany's strength on the Western front anywhere near equal to that of the Allies at the time of the attack on Verdun.

For a year and a half following the attack at Verdun, the Allies seem to have outnumbered the Germans by several hundred thousand; but the total collapse of Russia in November, 1917, permitted Germany to strengthen greatly her forces on the Western front early in the year 1918. On March 16, 1918, just five days prior to the great attack begun by the Germans towards Amiens, Colonel Slocum, Military Attaché at London, reported the number of combatant forces on the Western front to be:

	Divisions	Battalions	Rifle Strength	Artillery
British	58	555	600,000	5,892
French	97[1]	915	764,000	9,806
American	4[2]	48	49,000	316
Belgian	6	108	64,000	598
Portuguese	2	24	26,000	68
Total Allies	167	1,650	1,503,000	16,680
Total Enemy	186	1,700	1,370,000	15,734

But evidently a number of German divisions that had recently arrived or were *en route* were not included in this

[1]Two French dismounted cavalry divisions not included.

[2]There are 5½ American divisions in France; 3 or 4 referred to above are still under instruction.

report; for on May 25, Colonel Slocum reported the numbers as follows:

	Divisions	Battalions	Rifle Strength	Artillery
British	Omitted	495	520,000	6,247
French	103	964	674,000	10,103
American	5	60	65,000	458
Belgian	6	108	56,000	699
Italian	2	24	16,000	100
Total Allies ...	166	1,651	1,331,000	17,607
Total Enemy ..	208	1,914	1,654,926	17,168

This would indicate that the Germans had a preponderance of trained fighting men on the line of about 300,000 on May 25; but this only takes into account 65,000 Americans out of more than 700,000 then in France. Of the 1,019,115 which Secretary Baker reported as having been sent to France prior to July, 1918, fully half were ready to take their places on the firing line by the end of August. In August, September and October nearly a million more men were sent to France; so that by November 1 there were nearly two million American soldiers in France, of whom probably one-half or thereabouts were ready to take their places on the firing line. All of which clearly indicates that the Allies have had a considerable preponderance of fighting men and guns on the Western front since July 1, 1918.

GERMANY'S SECOND GREAT MISTAKE

As a result of the battle of the Marne the German Army was halted, turned back, forced to dig in, and take up a defensive rôle which brought Germany's offensive on the Western front to an end for the time being. For about a year and a half she continued to act defensively there; and although she was considerably outnumbered by the Allies during this period, she held the front easily.

In the meantime she took the offensive in force against her enemies in other parts of the theatre of war. And having in these operations made a gigantic and successful campaign against the Russians and a marvelously successful one against the Serbians, she determined to make another powerful effort to break through the Western front and resume a war of movement.

Just why she changed her plan from the defensive to the offensive on the Western front before she had entirely disposed of her enemies in Russia, Serbia and Italy is not fully

understood. But the probable reason is that she felt the necessity of making another great effort there before Great Britain could complete the organization and training of her great army and make it ready for operations in France, which she was then engaged in doing. And since Germany's victories in the East and in the Balkans had greatly encouraged her and would enable her to transport a number of the veteran and victorious divisions of her Eastern armies to the Western front; and since the fall of the fortresses of Liege, Antwerp, and Maubeuge, resulting from the fire of the big Austrian and German guns, had demonstrated that fortresses in this war were of little account in the reckoning; and not knowing that the French had already absorbed this lesson and moved their great guns from their forts to concealed positions, she hoped to meet with better success this time in breaking through on the Western front. At any rate, she purposed trying it, and in February, 1916, began her great attack against Verdun.

This attack was one of the most sustained and formidable in history. For five months the German Crown Prince tried to break through the line at this point. In repeated and most desperate assaults, at the expense of enormous losses in life, he hurled his divisions against the French; but all his efforts were in vain. The line held. Verdun remained in possession of the French, and all the blood spilt by the German soldiers in that mighty effort went for naught.

And it was all a mistake, another great blunder; for with the same effort here spent, and probably a far less loss of life, Germany could in turn have completed her victories on the Eastern front, destroyed the army at Salonika, and captured that important sea port; then with greatly superior forces struck and crushed the Italian army; and then, with all her enemies disposed of outside of France and Belgium, have returned to the Western front with an enormous preponderance of forces, elated by great victories, for a campaign against her enemies there. And even had she not been able to do all this, she would have been able to do a great part of it; which would have brought her just that much nearer to a final victory, instead of having been brought, as she actually was, by her great failure and sacrifices at Verdun, just that much nearer to final defeat.

The two fundamental facts upon which all strategy is

based are, first, that an army in order to live and fight must have food, clothing, equipments, ammunition, weapons and reinforcements; and secondly, that these supplies and men must be brought to it over its lines of communication. These lines of communication running from its front to its bases of operation and supply are its nerves and its arteries and veins; sever them, and you destroy the army; even threaten them, and serious consequences are apt to follow. Hence it follows that the commander-in-chief of an army must ever keep a watchful eye upon them and be ever ready to protect them against any attack or threatened attack. But simply the protection of his own communications is not enough. If he expects to accomplish anything great in war, he must do much more than this: he must, if possible, so plan his operations, so direct his attacks, as to threaten or destroy his adversary's communications. It is then that a victory on the battlefield will bring with it momentous results.

But on the Western front it was impossible for either army to turn or outflank the other and strike its communications, since the fronts of each rested on the neutral country of Switzerland at one end and on the English Channel at the other. Hence it was by frontal attack only that either army could hope to break through and resume a war of movement; and since each was determined to prevent the other from breaking through, each constructed strong lines of intrenchments, with machine gun emplacements, wire entanglements, and other accessories.

The difficulty of breaking through these strongly entrenched lines was made more difficult by the employment on each side of the new war weapon, the aeroplane, which enabled the air scouts to sail over and beyond the enemy's line and to see and report any concentration of his forces. This knowledge enabled the commanding general of the opposing army to assemble his reserves opposite the threatened sector of his line in order to repulse the attack. In other words, the element of surprise, which in so many of the great battles of history has been such an important factor in determining results could not, as formerly, be made use of in the face of these new war weapons. Of course, the aeroplane has not entirely eliminated the chance of surprise, but it has made it, even in a small way, very difficult of attainment.

A glance at the map of the railways of Germany, France, and Belgium indicates that the most numerous and most important lines are those that traverse the country from east to west. Fourteen lines of track cross the Rhine between Switzerland and Holland. In addition to these main lines, two parallel lines on either bank of the Rhine follow its course north and south and many other cross lines connect the towns of the east and west lines with each other. In Germany the double track lines are much more numerous than in France and Belgium; some lines, indeed, having four parallel tracks. The chief difference between the countries is especially noticeable in the extraordinary development that the Germans had given to their connecting and crossing railways between stations and to platforms for loading and to the number of strategic railways near the frontier that they had built largely for purely military purposes.

The most important lines of communication of the combatant armies as they stood on the Western front from Belfort on the border of Switzerland, through Verdun, Reims, and St. Quentin to Nieuport on the English Channel were those several east and west railways which run from Paris in turn to Vienna, to Prague, to Berlin, and to Hamburg. They lie in a direction generally perpendicular to the Western front and cross the Rhine at Nuenberg, Breisach, Strassburg, Germensheim, Speyers (Speir), Manheim, Mayence (Mainz), Coblentz, Bonn, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Rheinhausen, Ruhrort, Wesel, and other places.

Numbered from the south, the main railways are:

First: The line from Paris to Vienna *via* Belfort, Mulhausen, Augsburg, and Munich.

Second: The line from Paris to Vienna *via* Chalons, Nancy, Strassburg, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart and Munich.

Third: The line from Paris to Prague *via* Chalons, Verdun, Metz, Saarbruck, Germensheim, Heilbron, and Nuremberg.

Fourth: The line from Paris to Dresden *via* Chateau-Thierry, Verdun, Metz, Mayence, Frankfurt, and Leipzic.

Fifth: The line from Paris to Berlin *via* Laon, Mezieres, Thionville (Diedenhofen), Treves, Coblentz, Giessen, Cassel, and Magdeburg. That part of this line which passes through the winding valley of the Moselle from Trionville to Coblentz is a strategic railway constructed

since the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. It joins the network of lines that the German military staff has built about Metz in the last few years and is the last in the series of communications by which Germany was able to penetrate France without traversing Luxemberg or Belgium.

Sixth: The line from Paris to Berlin *via* Laon, Mezieres, Maubeuge, Namur, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Barmen, Wehrden, and Magdeburg.

Seventh: The line from Paris to Berlin *via* Laon, Hirson, Maubeuge, Namur, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Dusseldorf, Hamm, Magdeburg.

Eighth: The line from Paris to Berlin *via* Compiegne, St. Quentin, Maubeuge, Namur, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Duisburg, Essen, Hamm, and Hanover.

Ninth: The line from Paris to Hamburg *via* Montdidier, Cambria, Mons, Charleroi, Namur, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Wesel, and Bremen.

As to these last four lines it will be noted that all merge into one line in passing through Namur, Liege, and Aix-la-Chapelle; and that there is no other east and west line to the southward until the Mezieres-Sedan-Thionville railway south of the Ardennes mountains is reached.

Various important railway lines also connect the principal towns of France and Belgium with Calais, Boulogne, and other channel ports.

The Germans obtained their supplies, munitions and reinforcements over the railways extending eastward from the Western front into Germany; the French theirs over those extending westward and south-westward from the Western front to Paris, which was their great manufacturing and distributing center; and the English, theirs over those leading back from their lines on the Western front to Calais and Boulogne and other Channel ports. Supplies landed at Le Havre and Brest and a number of other French ports, for the use of the Allied armies, were mostly sent to Paris for distribution.

After America came into the war in April, 1917, other new lines of communication and supply were established for the American forces. They extended from behind the Western front in the vicinity of St. Mihiel, just south of Verdun, westward, southwestward, and southward across

France to the principal American points of debarkation at St. Nazaire, La Rochelle, Bordeaux, and Marseilles.

For three years and a half after the battle of the Marne, the line of the Western front separating the opposing armies in France and Belgium was, with the exception of a slight change made in it as a result of the battle of the Somme, practically stationary; and was in shape like that of an elongated letter S, the upper part northwest of Verdun, bulging towards Paris, the lower part southeast of Verdun, towards Strassburg. And such was the shape of the Western front when the great attack was made at Verdun.

Inasmuch as Verdun was one of the strongest points of the entire front, and well known to be such by the Germans, the question naturally arises why did the German General Staff select that point for attack, and why did they sacrifice so many men in repeated and fruitless efforts to break through the French front there?

The answer is, that the map shows that Verdun, and that portion of the French front just west of Verdun to Reims, was the only sector of the whole line where the Germans could by breaking through it cut off the communications of a large part of the French army with Paris. Strategically then this sector of the line was the place to strike.

It might appear that had the attempt been made to break through westward of Verdun, near Reims, it would have met with better success; but even so, in that case, so long as Verdun itself held out, it is evident that the break could not have been sufficiently widened to make it safe for a German army to pass through. In order, therefore, to carry out this plan successfully, it was absolutely necessary that Verdun itself be taken; and had it been taken, the gap towards Reims could have easily been widened.

It is evident that had this plan been successfully carried out, it would have produced momentous results; for a break through this sector of the line and an advance through Chalons and Troyon towards Troyes and Chaumont, would have severed the communications with Paris of the entire right wing of the French Army, which was occupying the line from Verdun to Belfort. Having broken through it, the Germans might have taken either of two courses: They

might have left a containing force[1] to hold the right wing of the French Army, while they moved westward with their remaining forces to envelop Paris; or they might have left a containing force to hold the French forces towards Paris, while they closed in with their remaining forces on the French right wing and captured it. They would probably have followed the latter plan, since the whole right wing of the French Army, with its communications severed and a powerful German force pressing it in front, could not have escaped capture. This accomplished, practically all the German forces in front of, as well as in rear of, the French right wing would then have been released to assist in enveloping and capturing the French forces about Paris.

The consequences of a German victory at Verdun would have been immense, for it would have meant the destruction of France, perhaps the conquering of the world. Thus it was that the Germans made such mighty efforts to break through the French front there. At first their formidable blows proved irresistible and led to the capture of a large part of the fortified area about Verdun and of the important outlying forts of Douamont and Vaux. And they were most persistent; again and again for a period of five months they brought their troops to the attack, until the very ravines ran red with blood. And it seemed as if they might succeed in spite of their immense losses; for they appeared ready and willing to sacrifice any number of men in order to gain a few yards of ground.

It was a critical period in the world's history; the outlook was portentous; free government was trembling in the balance. And to those who understood the strategy of the situation, the mighty assaults on Verdun filled their hearts with dread akin to despair, lest the Germans would break through and all would be lost. But the French soldiers, the indomitable French soldiers, inspired by their great fighter, Pétain, barred the way and hurled them back; and France was saved; and the friends of freedom once more took courage.

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[1] "*Containing Force*": A body of troops charged with the duty of holding in check a body (generally numerically superior) of the enemy, while the main efforts of the army are directed against another portion of the hostile body.—Wagner.

(*To be continued*)

LINCOLN AND HAMLET

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

AFTER reading all one day about Abraham Lincoln, and going to see *Hamlet* on the next, I was struck by certain resemblances between the two characters, and I began to ponder over the universal popularity of each of them. The world seems to adore problem characters, men in whom there are several natures and who pass from one mood into the next through a point that crackles with electrical fire, a point where grief and smiles meet—sometimes in a torrent or blast of feeling and more often in a mere silent flash of transition. It is this crackling point that puzzles the world and delights it too. The incongruous has in it something of the divine. You meet this in Byron's letters, but not in his poetry. If Byron's humor could have run into his verses quite spontaneously, *Don Juan* would have been a classic. In Hamlet and in Lincoln there is a constant fizz and sparkle, a mingling of streams and some new surprise of nature at every moment. We always understand, and yet we can never explain. This motley seems to be what humanity requires in a truly popular human character.

It should be noted as often as possible that the one thing in the world which is always spontaneous is humor. There is no substitute for humor, no imitation that deceives us. It is the one thing that pierces the iron sides of hypocrisy; black coats and long faces cannot resist it. Nay, they evoke and create it; they draw the lightning. Humor is a mystery, and the ubiquity of humor in Shakespeare's plays is what makes them great and—from the point of view of pure reason—incomprehensible. They are the mirage of literature; you cannot sail up to them.

One resemblance between Hamlet and Lincoln is due to the chasm that separates each of them from the rest of the characters in the play, and this chasm is what gives rise to

the jets of wit and pathos that leap across it. The immense friendliness and affectionateness of both these characters and their yearning towards everyone—as shown, for instance, in Hamlet's greeting of the players and in Lincoln's dealings with all mankind—unites them in our mind; though it must be admitted that Hamlet was often irritable, and Lincoln always as kind as summer. But both men are helplessly moody, and moods are what fascinate the world. Men wish to unravel the mystery. Now the truth is that neither did Shakespeare understand Hamlet, nor did Lincoln comprehend himself. But we—we are the jury—we positively must understand. Hence the two great literatures of these two great subjects.

A morbid, slightly hysterical, poetic temperament, a mind intensely analytical yet gifted with an intrusive lightning humor that made it see the fallacy before it had time to state the proposition, a mind burdened with a practical responsibility and over-charged with feeling—such was Hamlet, and Lincoln differs from him chiefly in this, that he lacked Hamlet's philosophic power, and that he had in its stead a religious faith which pulled him through in the end and made a practical man of him. In the meantime, however, Lincoln was always weaving his little thread, striving to find some fiber that would hold. He was a doctrinaire and maintained a thesis, which he sleeplessly revised for years, like a man making an aeroplane. It was a thing built for the special winds of the epoch, and he kept adding wheels and gauges to it from time to time. It was a political, not a philosophic machine; but it was driven by the popular passions of an important epoch, and was able to take up their power and utilize them. For this reason it is forever interesting. It is the old republican dynamo—of the model of 1850-60.

Lincoln's mind could see a political idea only when it was above the political horizon—or was just nearly about to rise. He was caged and controlled by the conviction that *there must be a United States*—a thought which would never have given Hamlet a moment's pause or concern. Lincoln starts out with his conclusion and labors handsomely, honestly, painfully at the structure of his argument. He always reminds me of a very knowing mountain mule, who is picking his way up a rocky road amid the loose stones, and carrying a heavy and precious load upon his back, while

precipices yawn below at every turn. But he is mountain-bred. Have no fear for him. He is domestic here and has trod these hills as a colt. He knows every peak and cranny of the land. The landscape is bleak and rugged, the habitations humble, scattered and uniform. It is a sad land, without our cathedrals, theatres, or the charms of a domestic civilization. I have always wondered why Lincoln stopped short in his education; for surely the Bible, Shakespeare and Weems' Life of Washington were enough to introduce him to the whole of literature. He could have obtained books. Scott and Byron and Boswell's Johnson were in some vogue in the Eastern States. He was a hard student in his single line of slavery and the Constitution. He was used all his life to go to libraries and read biographies and memoirs about his one subject. But he seems to have lacked any large intellectual curiosity, and the traditional explanation of this lack—the meagreness of his surroundings—is not convincing. In Lincoln's situation, Franklin would have imported books—from Europe if necessary. It is needful to point out this quality of Lincoln's mind, because the whole subject has been reduced to a series of legends or traditional views. Lord Charnwood's charming book is individual, picturesque and fresh. It is written in a hand-made, self-taught, colloquial spirit that makes us love the author. He brings to bear the light of long study and of patient thought upon Lincoln's temperament and personal characteristics; and in this Lord Charnwood is original. The novel touches and happiness of the book concern details. But in matters of politics the author's mind is subdued to what it works in, it is saturated with American feeling, and speaks from the conventional point of view. It is deficient in big ideas. When Lord Charnwood comes face to face with the Sybil of History he turns away with some euphemism of the sentimental English school of thought—a thing that is moral and polite, but says nothing. Such an occasion arises, of course, with regard to John Brown.

The American Abolition question in the United States began in 1829 and rumbled along for thirty years, and was vaguely understood in Europe, somewhat as a Russian revolution is followed in America. But when in 1859 John Brown's Raid fell like a bolt from the sky, men in Europe were startled. A great bell had tolled. An elemental shock had rolled out of America, an appeal to humanity.

As was to be expected, those who were near the instrument were bad judges of the size and carrying power of its tone. Lincoln himself, being caged in his problems of tangible politics, was obtuse to the meaning of John Brown's Raid; and Lord Charnwood, in commenting on this obtuseness, says: "With a very clear conscience we refuse to take example from these men (like John Brown), whose very defects have operated in them as a special call; but undoubtedly most of us regard them with a warmth of sympathy which we are slow to accord to safer guides." This is an empty compliment. Except where great dramatic, spiritual ideas are in issue Lord Charnwood is a good commentator. His notes on Hamlet's madness, on his relations to Ophelia, to the grave-diggers, to Rosencrantz and Guldenstern are apt and excellent. But when Lord Charnwood touches upon the great argument that stalks behind the whole drama, the bloody crime—a brother's murder—that ghost of Hamlet's father, that spectre of impending retribution—the Slavery Question—Lord Charnwood is feeble. The subject is disturbing, ungentle and vast. Lord Charnwood came not here to discuss that. And yet that ghost is at the bottom of every incident in the play. The ghost is always on the stage; and the drama of Lincoln's life consisted in this, that he could never frame a philosophy that would include the ghost. He did not understand the gist of his own life's role till the curtain had fallen on the war, and everyone understood the plot of the whole great play.

Lincoln never understood the Slavery Question. He was always bent on preserving the Union with or without slavery. Slavery had been accorded certain rights under the original Constitution, and Lincoln's panacea was that all parties should go back to those conditions and live as happily as they could. This was a logical, legal-minded notion; but it failed to take facts into account. The whole world had changed since the oak of the United States had been planted in a pot with an iron band of slavery about the brim. Slavery was at war with democratic institutions, slavery was at war with the mind of the world, slavery must go. The Southern Autocracy, which loomed so large in the thoughts of our half-educated ancestors, was a little group of benighted pirates left, as it were, on an island. That group had no future; no place in the sun awaited it. The notion of preserving slavery because it was provided for in

the Constitution of the United States was the thought of illiterate men; and illiteracy qualifies the whole political history of the United States between 1830 and 1860.

Had Lincoln in his youth seen the problem in the larger light, had he seen that slavery was doomed, he might never have been President; but his enormous mental powers would have been exercised freely instead of being employed in bolstering up a thesis which was essentially false. He had, in fact, such gigantic natural powers that I believe his utterances would have brought the brains of Europe to our rescue, and that the whole subject of slavery in America would have been dragged to the light and settled—by war, of course—sooner than it was. But Lincoln's brain was cramped by the poison of the very institution that he opposed. He could not see that the Constitution of the United States was a fetish, and that he himself was like a superstitious woman who was clinging to a rag doll during a tempest at sea.

Lincoln had moments of illumination which the historians have made the most of, but his habits of self-suppression and his belief in his doctrine besieged him and the light would flicker and go out. For some reason, it is always regarded as an extraordinary manifestation of virtue if a politician ever takes a course which is contrary to his apparent political interest, even if it accords with a larger ambition. And thus the occasions on which Lincoln allowed the views of the Abolitionists to trickle into his speeches are pointed to as examples of wonderful heroism. In particular, Lincoln's speech about "the house divided against itself," and his prophecy that the Union was destined to become all slave or all free, is always cited as an instance of wonderful courage and wonderful insight. But this speech was made at the time that the Republican party was being formed; and the Abolitionists had been shouting similar prophecies from the housetops for twenty-five years. It was due to their vociferation that the idea at last leaked into Lincoln; and due to their influence on the voters in 1858 that he found courage to utter it. The Abolitionists are forgotten, because they were monotonous, like the murmur of the sea, a continuous, distributive, pounding influence. They were dreadfully unpleasant at the time, and what they created with their pounding was atmospheric, it was a substance which only very imaginative historians

can perceive. Thus it has been lost, and Lincoln is represented as acting *in vacuo*.

Lincoln's inability to see the deeper issue behind the politics of his times could be illustrated from any one of his speeches, but is best seen in its nakedness at the time when he took office as President. At this time the long threatened eruption of the volcano was in full blast. Half a dozen States had seceded, Sumter was besieged, the Constitution was in tatters.

Yet Lincoln was among those who offered to *woo the seceding States back again* by a special amendment to the Constitution which should give them additional guarantees, and copper-fasten their sacred rights in some particular way. This was like offering a nosegay to a mad bull, but it was logical and legal-minded. All that can be said for Lincoln in a philosophic point of view is that he reflected the most advanced views possible to the *political* mind in his country.

Lincoln threw into political life as much as that life could carry of the liberal thought of a most benighted age. He did this with the genius of perhaps the greatest popular speaker and demonstrator in history. Our people are in the habit of saying that if Lincoln had been more profound he wouldn't have been understood. I do not believe this; I believe merely that if he had been more profound he could not have held office.

The insoluble question in history is the question how far any ruler is the victim of public opinion and how far public opinion is the victim of him. Let any one read at leisure Lincoln's First Inaugural, and try to determine just how courageous Lincoln was or how discreet, just how much promise of a strong Government there was in this speech, and how much concession to the insolence of the South and to the timidity of the North. One would have to read all the newspapers of the United States during the previous thirty years in order to make a good guess at such a matter; and even that would not suffice. One must have been alive at the time of the speech. And even if all this could be done, each one of us would decide the point according to his temperament. Such is the study of history.

In the Great War which has just closed, we have all lived through an epoch of action and reaction between a democratic executive and his people, which has left the

matter a mystery. One cannot help wondering what the historians will make of it. The present generation will remember the hammering that Mr. Wilson got, the speeches, the meetings, the memorials, the rage, the outcry—the voice of the people as it dinned the popular will into Mr. Wilson. All this clamor is as much a part of history as the conduct of the Executive. The speeches of Mr. Wilson will be accessible, of course; but to later generations the other side of the dialogue—what the people said—will be lost in the murmur of the sea.

There is one great difference between the procession of Lincoln's speeches and the procession of Mr. Wilson's speeches. All of Lincoln's speeches are parts of a single argument, even the earliest ones show traces of his latest thoughts. In the course of the Civil War Lincoln's philosophy developed very little. When the time came, it simply busted, like the one hoss shay; and he did what was necessary in regard to the great abuse, slavery. As to Mr. Wilson's speeches on the Great War, I doubt if the human mind can piece them together into any coherence. Each is a prophetic deliverance, and if you should put them in a pile one on top of the other, they would destroy one another and give you zero as a result. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson's final attitude was the decisive one, so far as politics went, and the earlier speeches are expunged. The process by which this was done will be invisible to posterity, like the actinic rays which stain the photographic plate but which the eye cannot see.

Of the two men, Mr. Wilson's mind is far more normal and far less interesting than Lincoln's. Mr. Wilson is no Samson Agonistes brooding over Israel, but a ready electrical machine that obeys major currents. In Lincoln's place Wilson would have responded to the winning current (namely, to the Northern determination to win the war) sooner than Lincoln did; for Lincoln's dread of moving faster than public opinion was turbid, morbid and more elephantine than Wilson's similar fear. The hesitation Lincoln showed in relieving Fort Sumter is to my mind as exasperating as Mr. Wilson's treatment of the Invasion of Belgium during the first year of the war.

Lincoln's political timidity has had an evil influence upon American character from his day to our own. I have never been in an American reform movement in which Lin-

coln's example was not quoted daily as a reason for doing nothing at all; and it is quite certain that the precedent of 1860 had a powerful influence in preventing our Administration from preparing for war in 1914. If Lincoln had in 1861 adopted the tone of Andrew Jackson in calling on the North to put down the rebellion, the Civil War would have been shorter. This is no more than saying that if Hamlet had been a sensible young man he would have had his uncle, the bad King, indicted for murder, would have married Ophelia and lived happily ever after. But we should have had no play of Hamlet. And if Lincoln had been a good executive, we should have had no Lincoln.

To illustrate his inefficiency I will quote the much-admired closing lines of the First Inaugural. At the time that Lincoln spoke them the South was in arms and organized. The authority of the United States had been openly defied for more than two months:

> In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

These lines have a certain lyrical beauty, they are a fine soliloquy. Lincoln seems to be debating inwardly "whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them." But as a call to the patriotism of the North to help put down a criminal rebellion, the lines are flat; and if regarded as a threat to a province actually in revolt, they are ludicrous. They would tend to incite any manly revolutionist to unusual activity.

Mr. Wilson's early pacifism, his advice to us not to think about Belgium, his "too proud to fight," "America first," "peace without victory," etc., had a sting in them. They were a tonic. But Lincoln's words are the drowsy syrups of the east; John-a-Dreams (as Hamlet calls himself) is in them. And yet Lincoln was longing to arouse the war-spirit in the North, and Wilson feared to arouse that spirit in his countrymen. The moral of both cases is the same.

The American people is slow, but sensible: war was in each case necessary, and the people would have fought and won the war, no matter who had been President.

But a deeper truth hovers over the outcome. There is a *rationale* in this apparent inefficiency of democracy; there is a spiritual law at the bottom of this exasperating slowness of America. You might express the matter thus: Poetry is more important than prose. Poetry endures, prose fades and vanishes. As for Mr. Wilson's utterances, it is too soon yet to hazard a guess as to which class—prose or verse—they belong to. Upon whatever wind it was that he rose, he soars today in such a heaven of contemporary fame as no modern man has ever reached before. At what point he will alight is as yet unimaginable.

Lincoln has passed into the domestic lore and love of mankind. He was a saint, a prophetic nature, a humorist, a sage, and a peasant. He spent much time upon his knees, and much time in personal chat with thousands of people. In his conversations, in his speeches, in his letters, his personality was ever greater than the occasion, and greater than his dogma. He spoke in fables and parables. His state documents contain passages of grotesque, spontaneous, powerful humor which split a subject open—sudden human appeals that are like certain lines in Robert Burns' songs, they smite. He seems to have lived in that detachment of spirit which expresses itself in homely figures, and shows that the profoundest truths are ever the nearest truths.

Lincoln survives in personal anecdotes, like one of the great figures of antiquity, and later generations seem to crawl in and out of his pockets. The history of the Civil War is chiefly read in order that Lincoln may be understood and enjoyed. His mind lights up the epoch, and when the illumination of that mind was quenched, the times become sad, complex and uninteresting. The Muse of History has closed her book.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

THE ANSWER FROM ITALY[1]

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

CARISSIMA:

Returning from Trieste on a torpedo boat this morning I fell to thinking about a letter of yours that came to me in Rome last spring, the one written—do you remember?—in your friend's Italian garden beside the pool with the low parapet and the marble image of Pan. I have thought of that letter often in these last months and to-day certain parts of it came back to me with a new meaning as I sat there on the high bridge amidships, my arm resting on the base of a machine gun and my eyes looking across the tossing sea to the shore of Istria on the one side and on the other to the long side of the Carnian Alps, swept clear by the north wind and glowing in the sun. I had been meditating—between scraps of conversation with a young Italian officer beside me—upon the strange extremes of superlative achievement and desperate defeat the folds of those hills had concealed; of how Cadorna's army had made its way over them and through them with unsurpassable skill and fortitude, paying for every metre of advance with blood, and had then retreated disastrously, inexplicably, after the betrayal of Caporetto. To-day the massive peaks, touched with every shade of glorious color, were radiant with victory. Even Hermada, the single height that had stood between that army and Trieste, lifted its purple shoulder as if absolved from same. Yet the triumph, so swiftly won as to be even now almost incredible, was won, I reflected, not in the few days of brave advance, but in the long year of patient, sternly disciplined resistance. Trieste was not won without Caporetto.

I thought of that while my mind was still teeming with

[1] Suggested by "A Letter to a Friend in Rome," by Anne C. E. Allinson, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for October, 1918.

the sights I had just seen, while the emotions of thousands of human beings into whose faces I had looked, with many of whom I had talked, seemed to be throbbing in my own pulse. And then it was that I remembered what you had said about our parts as "atoms in the cosmic misery inflicted by Germany," of the different forms our own resistance, yours and mine, had been forced to take by circumstance, and of your attitude of waiting—of waiting with faith.

To me it would be the denial of all faith to acknowledge any "gulf" between you in America and Stefano and me in the war zone, or between us working here on the edge of the conflict and Christopher upon whom the iron hand has rested. Even the inexorable gulf that Jerry has crossed is narrow I believe in comparison with the chasm that opened up between me and a certain woman with whom I talked recently—an American in Italy—one who has suffered and endured within the sound of guns yet whose eyes have not seen nor her ears heard the things that have been revealed to this generation. You and I "tied up to the biggest thing in history," on the same windward side, on that summer day when the German army was invading Belgium and we sat among the scented pines in our remote corner of New England and spurned neutrality and pronounced our personal judgment upon Germany. The same faith has sustained us through the storm.

Believing in a faith enlightened by truth and supported by justice, we then declared that the only fitting punishment for Germany was that she should be left with only a "scrap of paper" for her defense. Yet how difficult is justice! For a scrap of paper in the hands of honest men is more than a scrap of paper; and it was written in the books that Germany should not suffer to the measure of her sins. In a civilized world she could never be made to endure the penalties retributive justice would demand.

And now—the war is won! Christopher has returned to you. General Foch and his armies have done their perfect work. Autocracy is overthrown. Germany is a prisoner of war and Austria is dismembered. The forces of Thor are conquered. De we behold a new earth and a new heaven? Was our faith justified?

It was a hard question for me to put to myself just then, for I had been watching one of the saddest spectacles of

the war in Italy, the multitudes of prisoners out of Austria. They came pouring down into Trieste, half-clothed, foot-sore, starving. Trieste had no food for them, and they were herded together in the vast open spaces of the quays, waiting until the new government should be organized and means of transportation re-established, pouring in by thousands when they could be taken out only by hundreds, huddled together in the icy wind which was keeping back the ships that might have saved them, exchanging their blankets for pieces of bread through the iron railing, standing in the mud, sitting about pale camp-fires, binding up their bleeding feet in rags, many of them falling faint with illness and dying where they fell. Was it a new heaven and a new earth?

In the Trieste hotel, the *Savoia*—until November third the *Palace Excelsior*—life began to be very gay. One met all of the officers there, military commanders and naval commanders, the hero of this and the hero of that; the commander of the port who had just come in on the last aeroplane from Pola; the well-known aviator, escaped from Austria, who was off to Venice in a submarine; the broad-shouldered general who was military governor; the Colonel of the Arditi, who had been summoned to keep order among returning prisoners; the Colonel of sanitation who was organizing hospitals with great rapidity; the famous Rizzo with a rainbow of decorations on his breast. There were officers of the Italian army who were citizens of Trieste; there were loyal Italians from Trent who had been forced to lead regiments of the enemy (one of them wore a leather coat buttoned tight over his Austrian uniform); there were officers of the artillery who had come up through the promised land, and officers of the marine who had turned their ships to the need of the hour and were going backward and forward, over loosened mines, in the teeth of the Bora, bringing up supplies.

It was not long before women began to appear in the hotel and one afternoon there was a dance. I came upon the scene out of the cold, dark street, made colder by the sound of water beating against the quays. I had fought my way against the wind from the soup kitchen of the American Red Cross where all day long we had been giving out clothing to the prisoners. The bright gowns, the music, laughter, the uncorking of bottles, smoke in the air,

a confusion of voices—I was half-dazed for a moment until a smiling lieutenant whom I had known earlier on the Piave front offered me a seat with his group of companions and I found myself among fellow-workers in the prisoners' camp. The climax of the ball was a speech by a tall commander with grey about his temples, who paid graceful tribute to the sex and toasted the ladies of *"Trieste italiana."* A moment later, as the chatter rose again, two trim, good-looking youths came toward me, introduced themselves politely, explained that they knew I had clothing for prisoners—they, too, had been prisoners and had lost everything—could I give them a cape or an overcoat? A mist swam before my eyes. Were we celebrating a joyful victory?

I should like to tell you of all my encounters in that hotel. You, with your perennial interest in every human combination, would listen eagerly, I know, to every incident. After all, it is just such particles, bright and dark, that make up the kaleidoscope which is what one sees in the war zone.

One soon began to meet one's friends, only Italians at first, then English and Americans. The two boys who came up from Cavazuccherina with our rolling canteen, shipped from Venice in a Red Cross launch, gave us an evening of high adventure. They had followed close behind the advancing army and served hot coffee to the fighting men. Ah! yes, they had seen fighting! Let no one pretend that there had been slight resistance. They had fed starving babies whose mothers wept at the sight of milk, they had passed through the Austrian lines with a Red Cross flag on their camion, and that afternoon they had set up the canteen in the prisoners' camp. They were young heroes bursting with their tales of prowess.

Some forty young English officers appeared one day, most of them aviators. They had walked out of their prison camp at the first news of revolution in Vienna and come down through scenes of mad disorder. They had fared well in prison and their stories were more often grotesque than tragic.

I had a long talk in the *Savoia* with our friend, X——, the English historian. His eyes were deeper than ever with the joy of our triumph. When I had seen him last in the Middle West, he was crushed as we all were by the

news of Russia's first great defeat. "And how much better for the world," he said, "that we should win now with the help of America than that we should have won two years ago with the help of Russia!" "It seems like a dream," he murmured, "like a dream!"

A very different experience was my conversation with an Austrian sympathizer, a woman who was letting her mother starve in Venice and die of grief while she stayed by a rich Austrian aunt. I was almost sorry she was not there later in the evening when two women and several men were driven out of the hotel with cries of *"Fuori Tedeschi!"* Still another participant was a reformer from Fiume, a tall, lank man who was forever haranging a group of listeners, declaring "It was for *this,* and for *that,* and for nothing else that the Italian soldier offered up his life." Sometimes he drew fire and there were discussions, and once a pink-cheeked lieutenant answered: "Nonsense! Italy was at war and the Italian soldier only did his duty. The rest is nonsense." And there was the soft-voiced lady of Trieste who had concealed twenty escaped prisoners in her house and defended a hospital at the point of her bayonet.

Images of all these people floated before my eyes this morning as I thought of your hopeful letter, and with them images of how many kinds and qualities of men among the prisoners!—men of every type of manhood, from the dull earthen creature who clutched the shoes we gave him like some dumb animal to strong, nimble youths with the light and fire of genius in their faces; from priggish little officers who cuffed their men about and wanted everything for themselves to the one who, above all others, I shall remember as of the kinship of Saint Francis of Assizi, one who took every burden upon himself to save his men, one to whom the most menial task held no indignity. He had the eyes of a dreamer and the virtues of a saint. But for the most part it was a dreary morass of unkempt, suffering humanity into which every hope of a new era seemed to sink far out of reach.

My young friend, the Capitano, who stood beside me on the torpedo boat, drew me up sharply by one of his comments. I call him my friend advisedly, though I had never seen him before and did not know his name until we landed. However, I knew the basic principle of his

life, his religious and political theories, his valuation of science, his judgment of the nations, and his reverence for Italy. I knew that he was a physicist in the University of Bologna, that he had a magnificent appetite and a wholesome fear of alcohol. He had clear, straight eyes, a firm mouth, and a face that rippled all over when some idea pleased him. I knew much of his experience of life and his hopes for the future. The crossing lasted four hours and I spent much of that time in meditation. One makes friends with great rapidity in the war zone.

I was giving the Capitano an account of the King's entrance into Trieste, involving a contrast which had left a rather unpleasant impression upon my mind, as I had seen it from the high deck of an old Austrian-Lloyd steamer —the very one, perhaps, on which you and I sailed to Greece from this same harbor in that youthful wander-year of which you wrote. She was lying by the dock ready to put out for Venice when the destroyer, *L'Audace,* bearing the King, drew up on the other side of the narrow pier. I saw the King and his officers in their long grey-green capes; I saw the bridge decked in tricolour placed for the King's feet; I saw him descend and enter an automobile and pass through the lines of bersaglieri to the central square. I heard the salutes of the waiting crowd, the music of the bands, the cheers that greeted the speech of welcome and the King's reply. All this I saw and heard with the emotions of a life-long lover of Italy, of one in whom no event of modern history had aroused so passionate an interest as the Italian struggle for independence and who rejoiced that now in this twentieth century the *Risorgimento* is accomplished. I remember how Cavour had said that the complete liberation of Italy, as far as her natural boundaries, would be the work of the generation that should come after him, and I thought of Carducci's cry:

> Rendi la patria, O Dio! Rendi l'Italia
> agli italiana.

And yet as I looked at the visible realization of the dream, I could see just beyond, across on the neighboring dock, behind the King and his escort, a grey sea of starving men, those same pitiable prisoners. "I shall never forget," I said to the Capitano, "the background of that picture of triumph."

"I can understand," he answered. "But did you think how happy those men were at that sight? When they thought how good it is that their hardships have not been in vain? Be assured, Signora, those men were happy."

"But no!" I exclaimed, "they were hungry. You did not see them, as I did, dipping their hands into the boiling soup in their frantic haste."

"No, but even so,—remember the Italian is an idealist. Why, on that first day when the news came of the victory the people of Trieste forgot their meals all day long. Nobody thought of eating. The Italian is like that. I am quite sure those prisoners forgot all about their hunger, even if they were starving."

When I entered the harbour of Trieste a few days after the occupation, the city was hidden by a mist and the long line of lights along the shore glowed like stars. I looked from them to the silver stars—symbols of Italy at war—on the coats of the officers about me. I was in the midst of a group of Triestini serving in the Italian army who were going home, after the long silence, to their families. I wondered if to them, too, those lights seemed like the stars of Italy and symbols of redemption. Or were they thinking of their families. They were gathered in the bow straining their eyes to see. At least I knew that when they murmured, *"Finalmente! Finalmente!"* At last! At last!) they were not thinking of that rainy day on the most wretched craft that ever put to sea, of the eleven hours we took for a crossing I have since made in three, nor of their escape from the front. These north Italians are very quiet and self-contained in their emotions. They are like their king, of whom someone has said: "He is one with his soldiers, a pure Latin, simple, serene, intrepid." I am sure that if they were to behold (as I think they did) the new earth and the new heaven they would only smile, with a soft light in their eyes, and whisper, *"Finalmente."*

I am glad to believe with the Capitano that the Italian is an idealist. And the war has taught Italy something about the idealism of America. "The enthusiasm of Italy for America," said our English friend, X——, "is one of the best results of the war. It gives me great hope for the future." Perhaps all men are idealists in their way. What one keeps on wondering is whether the war has brought us nearer to the realization of our ideals.

For this Victory, who, after halting for such a long, weary while came so suddenly at last, had brought diverse gifts on her swift wings. A Paris friend writes, in the midst of public rejoicings, "When I see the splendid regiments, horizon-blue, passing under my window, marching to music with the King of England at their head, I watch for the silhouette of some brave young officer who is like my little François, and I never fail to find him." He was her only child and he fell in the first engagement. Every mother sees her own son, living or dead, in every regiment. Perhaps they only did their duty. But we, for whom the sacrifice was made, what do we think of it? Now that the respite has come and we are no longer nerved to the event we must ask ourselves whether the one great gift of all is ours, the assurance that the Cause is won.

Here in Venice I watch the transformation of a city at war into a city at peace with feelings often at variance with the proper glow of triumphant pride. Venice is re-awakening. Instead of silent streets and darkened palaces, oppressed by a dull weight of sandbags, there are sounds of the hammer and the chisel in the air, lights shine from the windows, façades and porticoes lift themselves free, Saint Marks is bursting its wooden frame, coming forth to the light like some enchanted image created by magic from a block of stone. Instead of complete darkness, with no light but the sun and moon, the waters gleam and blaze with lights. Instead of torpedo boats lining the broader canals, going in and out with military precision, there is a varied movement of many ships, of whistling steamers, of tugs, sailboats, launches and barges. Two American cruisers are anchored in front of the Piazzetta (one stripe of their war paint would efface the palace of the Doges) and an English and a Japanese battleship are in the same Great Basin. When the *Birmingham* blows her siren people start for a moment, then sigh with relief, for it is not an air raid, and the night-watch on the housetops is a thing of the past. The shops are opening, the people are coming back, one sees well-groomed children on the way to school (not merely the little waifs of our Red Cross Asili). A dressmaking shop of pretensions has just opened on the corner opposite the Cinema where we used to crowd about the daily bulletin. When I go up the Grand Canal in the open launch piled high with children's clothes and boxes of

condensed milk, ladies peep at me out of the windows of their black-hooded gondolas. The angel on the peak of the Campanile no longer hides her wings in a covering of cloth. She shines in the sun like a golden Victory. But in Venice the symbol of victory is the Wingèd Lion who has stood on his column uncovered and undaunted throughout the war.

Venice is re-awakening, to the joy of everyone. Yet with all the gain there is, I feel, a certain loss; and those of us who have seen Venice girt for war have a possession which few imaginations—certainly no feeble ones—will ever win. I will not regret the loss of beauty; I will not dwell upon the Venice without electric lights and crowds and business, when the Piazza of Saint Mark was more than ever picturesque by day and mysterious by night, and the smaller squares were empty, and the canals were left to their winding ways and their colour and their shadows. I will not regret these things because in the general life, in a world safe for democracy, they may count for little—although surely the Venice of history teaches us the unerring power of beauty in the fashioning of nations. But something, since the armistice was declared, has gone out of the air of Venice. The tension has relaxed, since the first frenzy of rejoicing, and things seem somehow to have fallen apart. The sense of a high purpose, compelling to unity of action, has dropped upon a lower plane or is hidden beneath routine pursuits. Venice at war was the ancient city of gold refined of its dross. She was the Queen of the Adriatic armed and disciplined. Her sword was sharpened, her mind was alert, her temper was resolute, her will was unswerving. Only for a short time did she show anxiety, and that was not when the Austrian army was within eight miles of her and the incessant guns were growing louder. It was when, upon the first news that Germany was breaking, she feared that peace might be declared before Italy had freed her territory of the invader. Then faces were dark and spirits almost faltered. "To have our country given back to us by the Allies, across the peace table!" they exclaimed. "It would be worse than Caporetto. Far worse! Caporetto was our martyrdom. This would be our disgrace. Let us have no peace that we have not won." Then did waiting become difficult because then faith gave way to fear. But the first guns of the offensive restored the universal faith and now Venice is re-awakening with her conscience clear.

But the temper of the place, since the incursions of population have set in, is at once less serious and less gay.

Below the surface the same body of workers, civil and military, who have carried the burden through all the changes, are working on as before with no other awakening than to a sense of graver problems, of added responsibilities, of more complex duties. And if in Venice, which has suffered little from devastation and robbery, I feel that the wings that would soar are weighted, how austere must be the joy of victory in the towns liberated from the invader! A soldier from the trenches whose wife and family were in the region of Udine, planted his feet firmly on our office floor and exclaimed: "They *must* be freed! I don't know when—perhaps next spring—but when the moment comes, we shall advance and set them free. Whether I die—that is nothing. *They* must be set free!" Now they are free, and they are robbed of all they possessed, stripped of their clothes, sick with memories and half-maddened with hunger. The more fortunate, who could fly before the invader, go back to find their ancestral trees cut down in wantonness and left where they lay, their ancestral furniture burned in the market place, their dining-halls turned into stables and their family portraits smashed into pieces. The dead waste of war, as inevitable as the ravages of the epidemic! The prospect darkens the vision.

When I confessed my misgivings to the Capitano, he refused to be depressed. He was thankful with his whole heart that the war was over and he believed it had advanced the world a great stride forward. Yet he nursed no illusions about the future. Universal peace, he thought, must depend upon uniform education and ideals and a fair adjustment of interests. He pointed to the menace of the Jugo-Slavs and to certain differences—I think he called them jealousies—among the larger nations. "But is there any nobler thing," he asked suddenly, with that rippling smile on his face, "is there any nobler thing than to defend one's country and drive back the aggressor and liberate one's brothers?"

It was the old-fashioned, time-worn doctrine, so scorned of intellectuals. Yet it rang true. And then by some happy chance the Capitano remembered what Mazzini once said about the right and wrong of war, and in the words of that great prophet of the League of Nations, cited

by this patriot of a younger generation, I found the cause of my discouragement and the justification of my faith.

"War," said Mazzini, "is a crime unless undertaken for the triumph of a great truth or for the ruin of a great lie."

Among all the complex reasons for the war, as one after another the nations have entered in, it has been more and more clear that we were engaged in the ruin of a great lie. But a lie in ruins is no very imposing or inspiring sight. A ruthless giant driven back leaves a double train of carnage. Autocracy overthrown spreads devastation and carries down the innocent with the guilty. The power of Christ does not conquer the forces of Thor without the crucifixion of the flesh.

The cold wind struck our faces as we turned in toward Venice, between San Niccolo of the Lido and Sant' Andrea. We passed some units of the submarine fleet sunning themselves in the lagoon and some weird old flat-boats, bearing large calibre guns, which I recognized as those I had seen on the Piave. An aeroplane flew overhead, perhaps carrying the mail to Trieste or Pola, perhaps only exercising its wings. We shall not again see whole squadrons of them flying away across the Adriatic and the line of balloons that marked the battle-front has disappeared. But there was Venice, beautiful as before the world's disaster. Her towers were of the color of flame and the quality of light. Snow-covered mountains stretched away into the blue beyond her, and the pale Euganean Hills dropped down from behind her Campaniles into the sea.

As we drew up at the Arsenal (that same Arsenal which Dante praised) I saw the American flag floating high on our battleship between the campaniles of San Giorgio and San Marco. The Red Cross launches have carried that flag in and out through the canals of Venice for many months, but it was as if I had not seen it for many years. My heart leaped to claim its promise. Every hope seemed about to be fulfilled. The League of Nations seemed an easy thing compared with what I saw there before my eyes under the sky. Perpetual peace seemed less than the things already accomplished. There was the palpable glory of Venice—and there was the new world come to the rescue of all that we value in the old.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

Venice, November, 1918

PORTRAIT OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

HER father thought himself a philosopher. His family agreed with him. So did his friend and contemporary, Emerson, and a few others. He was at any rate a philosopher in his complete inability to earn or to keep money. Her mother was by nature a noble and charming woman, by profession a household drudge. Louisa and her three sisters were born in odd corners between 1830 and 1840 and grew up in Concord and elsewhere. They knew a little, quite enough, about philosophy and a great deal about drudgery. Louisa determined in early youth to eschew philosophy and drudgery both, to be independent, and to earn an honest livelihood for herself and her family. She did it, wrote books that charmed and paid, and died worn out before she was old, but with a comfortable lapful of glory.

I do not mean to imply that the Alcott's poverty was sordid or pitiable. Innate dignity of character, sweetness and natural cheerfulness, kept it from being anything of the kind. If they had not money, they had high ideals, and high ideals afford a certain substitute for comfort, after they have thrust it out of doors. No doubt, also, the rugged discipline of privation fits souls better for the ups and downs of life, which, for most men and women, mean more hardship than comfort. At the same time, to understand Louisa Alcott, what she did and what she was, we must keep the bitterness of youthful poverty before us, the perpetual struggle to get clothes and food and other necessaries, the burden of debts and charity, the fret and strain of nerves worn with anxiety and endeavor, the endless uncertainty about the future. "It was characteristic of this family that they never were conquered by their surroundings," says the biographer. This is true; yet such experiences fray the

edges of the soul, when they do not impair its substance. Louisa's soul was frayed. Poverty bit her like a north wind, spurred to effort, yet chilled and tortured just the same. "Little Lu began early to feel the family cares and peculiar trials," she says of her childhood. In her young-womanhood, when just beginning to see her way, she is hampered in the walks she likes because of "stockings with a profusion of toe, but no heel, and shoes with plenty of heel, but a paucity of toe." Later still, when the world ought to have been going well with her, her cry is: "If I think of my woes, I fall into a vortex of debts, dishpans, and despondency awful to see."

The nature of these troubles and the depth of them were especially evident to her, because she was born with a shrewd native wit and keen intelligence. Her education was somewhat erratic, furnished mainly by her father from his wide but heterogeneous store and with eccentric methods. Above all, she employed her brain for practical objects, loved mental system and tidiness. "I used to imagine my mind a room in confusion, and I was to put it in order; so I swept out useless thoughts and dusted foolish fancies away, and furnished it with good resolutions and began again. But cobwebs get in. I'm not a good housekeeper, and never get my room in nice order." And with the same practical tendency she analyzed all things about her and all men and women. Her father's various contacts brought many people to his door, and Louisa learned early to distinguish. "A curious jumble of fools and philosophers," she says calmly of one of his beloved clubs. Nor was she less ready to analyze herself, as portrayed in one of her stories. "Much describing of other people's passions and feelings set her to studying and speculating about her own—a morbid amusement, in which healthy young minds do not indulge."

What marked her character in all this was honesty, sincerity, straight-forward simplicity. Like Jo, in "Little Women," who follows her creatress so closely, Louisa, as a child, had more of the boy than of the girl about her, did not care for frills or flounces, did not care for dances or teas, liked fresh air and fresh thoughts and hearty quarrels and forgetful reconciliations. She would shake your hand and look in your eye and make you trust her. Jo's wild words were always getting her into scrapes. "Oh, my

tongue, my abominable tongue! Why can't I learn to keep it quiet?" So she sighed, and so Louisa had often sighed before her. But with the outspokenness went a splendid veracity and a loathing for what was false or mean or cowardly. "With all her imagination and romance, Miss Alcott was a tremendous destroyer of illusions," says Mrs. Cheney; "Oh, wicked L. M. A., who hates sham and loves a joke," says Miss Alcott herself.

The disposition to excessive analysis and great frankness in expressing the results of the same are not especially favorable to social popularity or success, and it does not appear that Louisa had these things or wished to have them. Here again Jo renders her creatress very faithfully. She was perfectly capable of having a jolly time in company; in fact, when she was in the mood and with those she liked, she could be full of fun and frolic, could lead everybody in wild laughter and joyous pranks and merriment. She could run into a party of strangers at the seashore and be gay with them. But usually she was shy with strangers, perhaps shyer with people she knew or half knew, had no patience with starched fashions or fine manners, liked quiet, old garments, old habits, and especially the society of her own soul. She complains that her sister "doesn't enjoy quiet corners as I do," and she complains further, through the mouth of Jo, that "it's easier to me to risk my life for a person than to be pleasant to him when I don't feel like it."

With this disposition we might expect her to have a small list of friends, but those very near and dear. I do not find it so. "She did not encourage many intimacies," says Mrs. Cheney. Though reasonably indifferent to the conventions, she would not have inclined to keep up any especially confidential relations with men. As for women, she wrote of her younger days, "Never liked girls, or knew many, except my sisters." If she did not make women friends in her youth, she was not likely to in age.

All her affection, all her personal devotion, seem to have been concentrated upon her family, and from childhood till death her relations with them were close and unbroken. How dearly she loved her sisters shines everywhere through the faithful family picture preserved in "Little Women"; and the peculiar tenderness Jo gave to Beth is but an exact reflection of what the real Elizabeth received from the real Louisa.

For her father, as for her sisters, she cherished a devoted attachment. No doubt in this, as in the other, there were human flaws. At times she implies a gentle wish that he might have done a little more for the comfort of his family, even if a little less for their eternal salvation. But this was momentary. Her usual attitude was one of tender and affectionate devotion, of entire and reverent appreciation of that pure and unworldly spirit. How admirable in its blending of elements is her picture of his return from one of his unprofitable wanderings: "His dress was neat and poor. He looked cold and thin as an icicle, but serene as God." To her he was God in a manner, and with reasonable discounts.

But with her mother there seem to have been no discounts whatever. The affection between them was perfect and holy and enduring. Her mother understood her, all her wild ways and lawless desires and weaknesses and untrimmed strength. It was to her mother that she turned in joy and trouble and in both she never failed to find the response she looked for. After her mother's death she writes: "I never wish her back, but a great warmth seems gone out of life, and there is no motive to go on now."

So we see that when Jo cried, in her enthusiastic fashion, "I do think that families are the most beautiful things in all the world!" it was a simple transcript from nature. Also, it is most decidedly to be observed that Louisa's regard for her family was by no means mere sentiment, but a matter of strenuous practical effort. Indeed, it is not certain that the conscientious sense of duty is not even more prominent in her domestic relations than affection itself. "Duty's faithful child," her father called her, and the faithfulness of her duty meant more to him and his than anything else in the world. I have dwelt already upon her poignant appreciation of the hardships and privations of her childhood. Though she bore these with reasonable patience, she early and constantly manifested a distinct determination to escape from them. "I wish I was rich, I was good, and we were all a happy family this day." Note even here that the wish is general and that she wants to save them all from trials as well as herself. Her own comfort and ease she was ready to sacrifice and did sacrifice.

Yet she did not relish sacrifice, or ugly things, or petty dependence. She was bound to get out of the rut she was

born in; how, she did not care, so long as she did nothing dishonest or unworthy. Debts, she certainly would not have debts, but comfort she would have and would pay for it. She would prove that "though an *Alcott* I *can* support myself." When she was but a child, she went out alone into the fields, and vowed with bitter energy: "I *will* do something by-and-by. Don't care what, teach, sew, act, write, anything to help the family; and I'll be rich and famous and happy before I die, see if I won't."

It would be of course quite false to imply that Miss Alcott was a wholly practical, even mercenary, person, who lived and wrote for money only, or that the rugged experiences of her youth had crushed out of her sensibility and grace and imagination and all the varied responses which are supposed to constitute the artistic temperament. She had abundance of wayward emotion, and, if she subdued it in one form, it escaped in another. "Experiences go deep with me," she said, and it was true. It does not appear that she had any especial taste for the arts. Painting she refers to occasionally with mild enthusiasm; music with little more. Nature appealed to her, of course, as it must have done to the child of Concord and the worshiper of Emerson. Still, the rendering of it in her writings, "Flower Stories," etc., and even in the best of her poems, "Thoreau's Flute," cannot be said to be profound. Her nature feeling is much more attractive in the brief touches of her Journal: "I had an early run in the woods before the dew was off the grass. The moss was like velvet, and as I ran under the arches of yellow and red leaves I sang for joy, my heart was so bright and the world so beautiful."

Her sensibility and quick emotion showed, however, far less in esthetic enjoyment than in the inner play and shifting movements of her own spirit. The sudden variety of nature she sees reflected in herself. "It was a mild, windy day, very like me in its fitful changes of sunshine and shade." She was a creature of moods and fancies, smiles and tears, hopes and discouragements, as we all are, but more than most of us. From her childhood she liked to wander, had roaming limbs and a roaming soul. She "wanted to see everything, do everything, and go everywhere." She loved movement, activity, boys' sports and boys' exercise: "I always thought I must have been a deer or a horse in some

former state, because it was such a joy to run." Then she got tired and got cross, and when she was young, said bitter things and repented them, and when she grew older, would have liked to say them, and repented that also. And the ill-temper shifted suddenly and madly to laughter, merry drollery, wild sallies, quips and teasing frolics, full well remembered by lovers of Jo. "The jocosity of my nature will gush out when it gets a chance," she says.

Sometimes the same wild spirit would rise higher into a state of eager exhilaration and excitement. She longed for change, adventure, even suffering. She put melodrama into her stories, she would have liked to put it into her life. When the future seems peculiarly uncertain, she writes: "It's a queer way to live, but dramatic, and I rather like it; for we never know what is to come next." And again follows the reaction and depression, as deep as the excitement was high and exhilarating, depression far more serious than mere superficial temper, seizing and shaking the root-fibers of the soul. Tears she does not often yield to, but when she weeps, she does it thoroughly: "As I seldom indulge in this moist misery, I like to enjoy it with all my might, when I do."

Her active conscience prompts her to resist, to bear up against real trial and the still worse monotony of every-daily care. There is an education for her in grief, she says, she must make the best of it and profit by it. There is a pleasure in drudgery, she says, if one can only find it. "A dull, heavy month, grubbing in the kitchen, sewing, cleaning house, and trying to like my duty." But she doesn't like it and it wears and the immortal spirit loses its lightness and its freshness and is almost ready to give up the fight: "So every day is a battle, and I'm so tired I don't want to live; only it's cowardly to die till you have done something." Even, on one dark day, all further struggle came to seem impossible and as she passed the running tide on her way to Boston, she almost made up her mind not to pass it. But she did, and her "fit of despair was soon over . . . and I went home resolved to take Fate by the throat and shake a living out of her." Afterwards the little experience served to make a story, as it has done for other writers and sufferers.

It will be asked how far matters of the heart entered into these depressions and despairs in Miss Alcott's case.

Directly, not very much. It is true that in the story just referred to she suggests love, or the lack of it, as the exciting cause for suicide. But there is no indication that, in her own case, any disappointed love, any ungratified longing, was added to the otherwise sufficient cares that weighed down her mercurial spirit. Though the story of Jo is so largely autobiographical, the marriage to Professor Bhaer, in itself not exceptionally romantic, is pure invention, and there is nothing else to show that Louisa's heart was ever seriously touched. She had at least one offer of marriage and considered accepting it, as another form of self-sacrifice for the benefit of her suffering family. From this she was happily dissuaded; and if other similar opportunities occurred, they are not mentioned.

She would even have us believe—and so would her biographer—that she took little interest in love matters and introduced them in her books for purposes of sale and popular success. "She always said that she got tired of everybody," says Mrs. Cheney, "and felt sure that she should of her husband, if she married." Miss Alcott herself expresses some interest in children of her own and a certain admiration for babies, but she has observed that few marriages are happy ones and she thinks that "liberty is a better husband than love to many of us."

This may be all very true. Nevertheless, it will hardly be denied that many of her stories reek with amorousness. Perhaps this was precisely because the subject did not naturally interest her, and, being anxious to deal with it enough to please the public and make money, she dealt with it too much. But the explanation seems rather far-fetched, and I am inclined to believe that she had all a woman's interest in lovers, whatever may have been her opinion of husbands. Indeed, in her vicarious love-making there is a curious, teasing insistence that suggests far more than a mere mercenary preoccupation; and in the serious novels, into which she put her best artistic effort, the almost feverish eroticism would seem to indicate, as with other unmarried writers, a constant presence of the woman in her extreme femininity, however obscure and unacknowledged.

As Miss Alcott had all the sensibility, the whims and shifts of mood, the eccentric possibilities, of the born artist, so she was by no means without the artist's instinct of ambition and desire for fame. From childhood she wanted to

do something that would make her great, distinguished, and a figure in the mouths and hearts of men. She envies the successes of great authors. When she reads "Jane Eyre," she writes: "I can't be a C. B., but I may do something yet." Her young friends tease her about being an authoress. She assures them that she will be, though she adds modestly to herself: "Will if I can, but something else may be better for me." Not only has she the theory of authorship, but all her emotions and desires and fancies naturally seek literary expression. When she was a child, she wrote verses for the pure delight of it, not great verses certainly, but they pleased and relieved her. When she stood at the other extreme of life, she wrote verses still. "Father and I cannot sleep, but he and I make verses as we did when Marmee died."

She viewed life from the artist's angle also, took it impersonally in its larger relations as well as in its immediate appeal to her. She notes early in her Journal that she began to see the strong contrasts and the fun and follies in every-day life. She always saw them and always had the strong impulse to turn them into literature. And her methods were not mechanical, did not savor of the shop or the workbench. In the interesting account of them which she jotted down in later years the marked flavor of inspiration and artistic instinct is apparent. She never had a study, she says, writes with any pen or paper that comes to hand, always has a head full of plots and a heart full of passions, works them over at odd moments and writes them down from memory, as fancy and convenience dictate. Quiet, she wants, and solitude, if possible, and a stimulating environment, or at least not a deadening one. "Very few stories written in Concord; no inspiration in that dull place. Go to Boston, hire a quiet room and shut myself in it."

If the creative impulse possesses her, it possesses her wholly. When she *can* work, she *can't* wait, she says. Sleep is of no consequence, food is of no consequence. She can't work slowly. The ideas boil and bubble and must find their vent. When she was writing her favorite, "Moods," there was no rest for her. She was tied to her desk day after day. Her family alternately praised and worried. Her mother administered tea and her father red apples. "All sorts of fun was going on; but I didn't care if the world returned to chaos, if I and my inkstand only 'lit' in the same place." Then, after the excitement of

labor, came the excitement of glory. Men and women, well known, in her world at any rate, crowded to praise and compliment. "I liked it, but think a small dose quite as much as is good for me; for after sitting in a corner and grubbing à la Cinderella, it rather turns one's head to be taken out and be treated like a princess all of a sudden."

Nor did she lack the discouragement and depression inseparable from all artistic effort. There were the endless external difficulties which every artist knows and none but artists much sympathize with: the frets, the home cares, always so much accentuated in the case of a woman, even when she is unmarried, the perpetual, the trivial, and more harassing because trivial, interruptions. Idle neighbors chat of idle doings; hours slip away; when at last the free hour and the quiet spot are found, weary nerves have no longer any inspiration left in them. Of one of her books that she loved she says, pathetically: "Not what it should be—too many interruptions. Should like to do one book in peace, and see if it wouldn't be good." On another occasion she gets ready for a fit of work. Then John Brown's daughters come to board, arrangements have to be made for them and their comfort provided for. Louisa cries out her sorrow on the fat rag-bag in the garret and sets to work at housekeeping. "I think disappointment must be good for me, I get so much of it; and the constant thumping Fate gives me may be a mellowing process; so I shall be a ripe and sweet old pippin before I die."

Yet the books get done somehow. Only, when they are done, the troubles seem just begun rather than ended. Publishers are refractory, such being their nature, like that of other human beings. Stories are accepted and all seems triumphant. But they do not come out; instead, are held back by long and quite needless delays, till it is evident that the world is criminally indifferent to works that are bound to be immortal. "All very aggravating to a young woman with one dollar, no bonnet, half a gown, and a discontented mind."

Perhaps worst of all, when you do achieve success and are read and admired, there comes the deadly doubt about the value of your own work; for, however much they may resent the fault-finding of others, authors who really count are their own severest critics; and of all the sorrows of the literary life none is keener than the feeling that what you

have done is far enough from what you would have liked to do. In this point, also, Miss Alcott was an author and she often indicates what she expressed freely in regard to some of her minor works. "They were not good, and though they sold the paper, I was heartily ashamed of them. . . . I'm glad of the lesson, and hope it will do me good."

So we may safely conclude that it was not only hard necessity that drove her to write, but that, if she had grown up in all comfort and with abundant means always at her command, she would still have felt the teasing impulses of the literary instinct, still bound herself to the staid drudgery of ink and paper and been slave to the high hopes and deep despairs which mean life—and death—to those who are born with the curious longing to create things beautiful.

As it was, however, there can be no doubt that the solid need of earning money was the chief and enduring spur of her literary effort. She was not essentially and first of all a preacher, as was Mrs. Stowe. Some may disagree about this, considering the extreme moralizing of many, not to say all, of her stories. The moralizing is evident and undeniable. She not only took pains to avoid what might be, in her opinion, distinctly injurious, though there are critics who hold that in this she was far from successful, but she rarely misses an opportunity for direct preaching. Indeed, in some of her inferior writings the preaching is so overdone that it surfeits even her most ardent admirers. She is determined to preach, will not be hindered from preaching, boys and girls must learn something good, if they are to linger with her. Yet the fury of the effort implies a touch of the artificial about it. Her preaching is an acquired habit and discipline, not an inherited, divine impulse, like Mrs. Stowe's. When you look carefully into Louisa's religion, you appreciate at once what I mean. It was a sturdy, working religion, solid, substantial, full of good deeds and kindness. Her own hard experience had made her eminently ready to help others. When she gets money, she gives it, and she gives sympathy always. "I like to help the class of 'silent poor' to which we belonged for so many years." But her own hard experience had been too closely connected with abstract religion and concrete philosophers for her to cherish much personal affection for abstract religion and philosophy. In her thoughtful child-

hood she did indeed touch God under the whisper of the great pines: "It seemed as if I *felt* God as I never did before, and I prayed in my heart that I might keep that happy sense of nearness all my life." But she was too honest to pay herself with words, and to her, as to so many of her contemporaries, religious hope remained simply a glimmering star to distract thought from dark gulfs that had no hope in them at all. "Life was always a puzzle to me, and gets more mysterious as I go on. I shall find it out by and by and see that it's all right, if I can only keep brave and patient to the end."

Meantime she must earn money. She set out with that motive in her youth and it abode with her till her death. Do not take this in any sordid sense. She was as far as possible from being a miser or a squanderer. She found no pleasure in the long accumulation of a fortune, none in the mad spending of it. But the terrible lack of dollars in her childhood had taught her their value. All her life she was in need of moderate ease herself and those she loved needed it far more. Therefore she must and she would and she did earn money. How she earned it was of less importance, and she was perfectly ready to try any of the few forms of earning then accessible to women. "Tried for teaching, sewing, or any honest work. Won't go home to sit idle while I have a head and pair of hands." She takes a place as governess and goes into ecstasy over her small wages: "Every one of those dollars cried aloud, 'What ho! Come hither, and be happy!'" She even goes out as a simple servant, with disastrous results as fully related by herself. Teaching comes into the list of course. But she was never successful at it, and when Fields, with all a publisher's hearty kindness, says to her: "Stick to your teaching; you can't write," she murmurs, under her breath: "I won't teach; and I can write, and I'll prove it."

For, of all the forms of drudgery for money, she found literature the most acceptable and agreeable. "I can't do much with my hands; so I will make a battering-ram of my head and make a way through this rough-and-tumble world." She did it, but do not imagine that the way was easy, that the dollars rolled into her lap, or that she could escape many hard knocks and staggering buffets. Late in her life a young man asked her if she would advise him to devote himself to authorship. "Not if you can do any-

thing else, even dig ditches," was the bitter answer. For years she found the upward road a piece of long and tedious traveling. Hours had to be snatched where possible, or impossible, necessary tasks had to be slighted, health had to be risked and wasted, all to write stories which she knew to be worthless but which she hoped would sell. They did sell after a fashion, brought her five dollars here, ten dollars there, enough to buy a pair of shoes or stop a gaping creditor's mouth for a moment. But what vast labor was expended for petty results or none, what vaster hopes were daily thrown down only to be built up again with inexhaustible endurance and energy.

Even when success came and the five dollars were transformed into fifty and five hundred, there was struggle still, perhaps more wearing than at first. Engagements had to be met and publishers satisfied, no matter how irksome the effort. "I wrote it with left hand in a sling, one foot up, head aching, and no voice," she says of one story. Though money was abundant, it was never abundant enough: "The family seem so panic-stricken and helpless when I break down, that I try to keep the mill going." To be sure, there was glory. When it began to come, she appreciated it keenly enough. "Success has gone to my head, and I wander a little. Twenty-seven years old, and very happy." It was pleasant to be widely praised and admired, pleasant to have compliments from great men and brilliant women, pleasantest of all, perhaps, to feel that children loved your books and cried over them and loved you. Yet she seems to have felt the annoyances of glory more than most authors and to have savored its sweets less. Perhaps this was because she was early worn out with over-work and over-anxiety. "When I had the youth, I had no money; now I have the money I have no time; and when I get the time, if I ever do, I shall have no health to enjoy life." Fame bothered her. She resented the intrusions of reporters, even the kindly curiosity of adoring readers. What right had they to pester a quiet woman earning her living with desperate effort in her own way? For the earning, after all, was the side that appealed to her, the earning with all it meant. "The cream of the joke is, that we made our own money ourselves, and no one gave us a blessed penny. That does soothe my rumpled soul so much that the glory is not worth thinking of."

Also, to be sure, she had always the feeling that she was not doing the best she could and that the money came most freely for the things she was not most proud of. In her early days she wrote and sold sensational stories of a rather cheap order. Certain features of these pleased her. She confesses quite frankly that she had "a taste for ghastliness" and that she was "fond of the night side of nature." But she longed to do something else, and she tried to—in "Moods" and "A Modern Mephistopheles"—perhaps not very well, at any rate not very successfully. Few get the glory they want, but there is probably a peculiar bitterness in getting the glory you don't want.

Then she hit on a line of work which, if not great or original, was sane and genuine. She put her own life, her own heart, into her books, and they were read with delight because her heart was like the hearts of all of us. As a child, she wanted to sell her hair to support her family. When she was older, she supported them by selling her flesh and blood, and theirs, but always with a fine and dignified reserve as well as a charming frankness. Every creative author builds his books out of his own experience. They would be worthless otherwise. But few have drawn upon the fund more extensively and constantly than Miss Alcott. And she was wise to do it, and when she ceased to do it, she failed. She could allege the great authority of Goethe for her practise: "Goethe puts his joys and sorrows into poems; I turn my adventures into bread and butter."

So she coined her soul to pad her purse and, incidentally, to give solace to many. The worshipers of art for art's sake may sneer at her, but she remains in excellent company. Scott, Dumas, Trollope, to name no others, collected cash, as well as glory, with broad and easy negligence. And the point is that, while doing so, they established themselves securely among the benefactors of mankind. The great thinkers, the great poets, the great statesmen, the great religious teachers sway us upward for our good. But they often lead us astray and they always harass us in the process. I do not know that they deserve much more of our gratitude than those who make our souls forget by telling charming stories.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

THE ADVENTURES OF A POETRY-READER

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

I

At the age of sixteen I used to attend daily with two admired and beloved friends of my own age a class in Greek poetry, a class surrounded for me with the golden light of an especial charm. Our studies were pursued in the rather dim, high-ceilinged back parlor of the Higher School for Girls in a brick house in a row, a house like a thousand other houses on an elm-lined street in Chicago.

From the carpet of the back parlor we used to step into a country never known before, never to be seen again by us in quite the same splendor. Misted as the ways were by our ignorance, it seemed all a wide lighted glory of Greek figures, of plunging hosts, of the sweep of the *poluphloisboio thalasses,* of the twanging silver arrows of Apollo, the fall of the pestilence upon the camp—a world of superb beauty on shores undreamed.

It is this that one asks of a poet I think—at least it is this that I ask—that he take me to a world of his own. It makes no difference whether the world is little or large. It may be high-vaulted as Homer's, or as comfortably insular as that land in which it is so pleasant to know Mr. Lear who has written such volumes of stuff, or that confined, bizarre region inhabited by the gifted linguist who sings the inimitable lyrics about

> I don't know anything more sweet
> As sit him in some gay parterre
> And snuff one up the perfume sweet
> Of every roses buttoning there.

The character of the poet's imaginary country may be whatever anyone will. But one likes to have him follow

the Spanish proverb and after supper take a walk that is on his own ground. No one, or not many people, will care, either, about the poet's medium, or whether it is Debussy, or Manet, or Poe, or Maeterlinck who takes us to his own world. Or perhaps his world will have a clear correspondence to some actual portion of the globe, and yet be entirely his own, like the world of Burns, or James Whitcomb Riley, or Mistral, or Whitman.

II

It was not until many years after the Greek epic, the panorama of the Trojan war swam into our ken in Miss R.'s back-parlor that I read our own epic, the panorama of *Drum-Taps, Ashes of Soldiers, Marches Now the War Is Over.* Controversy over Whitman's metrical method and his right to express his ideas concerning sex have distracted comment unduly from one of his largest merits—his skill in an enormous free-hand drawing of the spirit of a people during a great social and military crisis. In this power Homer and Tolstoi are I think his only peers; and you need only compare on one side the handling of the Iliad, *War and Peace* and *Marches Now the War Is Over,* with the general outline of the romantic grace of the Aeneid on the other to see the difference between the poet whose interests are all personal, and so-to-speak, private, and the poet who can limn the portrait of a nation, and speak " the silent spirit of unconscious masses."

This interest—the mere excitement of Whitman's tale of our own fate as a democracy was when I first read him so strong as to obliterate everything else. It was like seeing something you had always known in a wonderful moving picture, something idealized in this case, but amazingly real and recognizable, something walking, swimming, flying, breathing, living, with a thousand movements, " so far and so far and on towards the end."

What he has to say is not only prophetic, enlightening, and above all for any citizen of the United States greatly to the point in the last four years, but it has another signal merit. The person privileged to engage in any service, however humble, for the country of *Democratic Vistas* and *Captain, My Captain,* can hardly find a page of either the poetry or the prose of Whitman which will not be as a mystic trumpet calling him on in his endeavors, consecrating

and dignifying his days as they rise from their fathomless deeps.

The treasure Whitman bestows upon us in this way is like some solid gift of three dimensions, utterly outside the customary argosies of letters. His tribute to his readers is comparable to the discoveries of scientists, of explorers or prophets or economists of genius. He might more fittingly be ranked with Bunyan or with Henry George than with his brother poets, with Coleridge or Keats. It is not that these brother poets fail to bring us argosies of very precious materials, but that they are of a totally different character, not possessed of any such social solidity, nor intended to supply us with the plain fare and daily moral sustenance of Whitman's freightage. The frankness, the delightful mixture of heroics and common-sense that Whitman provides are enough to carry you through anything. Even when the invisible future seems to be shadowed forth in the form of endless lengthy committee meetings, he enables you to greet the unseen with a cheer. Can you say this of any other poet?

On the wild shores of the jungle of democracy in which we all must travel, other poets as compared with Whitman seem to arrive bearing articles curious and delightful enough, but when seen beside the offerings of *Marches Now the War Is Over,* almost useless. It is as though they brought us hooded falcons and wreathed silver, and gowns of silk we should not lack nor gold to bind our hair—all splendid, but cumbersome for a journey through a jungle; and as though Whitman alone proffered rubber boots and mosquito netting serviceable through the trials of many a damp, clogging path and exasperating hour.

Thus in spite of the fact that the *Mystic Trumpeter* is far, far too inspiriting, and the *Answerer* far too eloquent in reassurances that do not really answer the questions of democracy, yet his pragmatic value as a poet has always been enormous. In my view it would have been simply impossible for us to get on without him.

Whitman had a wonderful idea of becoming the leader of future poets, or perhaps rather of having his poetry become the quarry of future poetry—all with the thought beautifully inevitable for him that these poets would be ardent disciples in the religion of democracy. Yet, it is perhaps superfluous to say that after walking on Whitman's

land with him, and after he has bestowed on you so much of the greatest value to you, you never see after you have journeyed out of his pages, a glimpse of country of the same character in any other book.

There is this immortal and mysterious beauty in the fate of genius. What the poet has desired to give most widely will still remain most remarkably his own. The thing he shared most deeply with everybody will be his own possession imperishably. Loved, cherished, delighted in along the ways of life, the beauty he has left us is now I think not simply to be echoed on another's pages, but to be lived—a finer and more natural fortune for a creator's heritage.

III

Everyone to his own adventures as a poetry reader—or shall I say as an American poetry reader? Yet, partly on account of the considerations I have mentioned, partly for other reasons, I was bewildered when a few years ago I heard Miss Amy Lowell voicing on a lecture platform the belief that the Imagists are the direct descendants of Poe and of Whitman.

As I have read the poetry and criticisms of the Imagists these have not only moved on paths remote from Whitman's dream of acting as splendid providers for the future of democracy: but the attribution of any such simple bourgeois usefulness and plain, advisory morality to their efforts as authors would be exceedingly antipathetic and annoying to them; as though their methods had been confused with those of Chatauqua lecturers.

Then, my own interest in reading Poe is so exceedingly different from my interest in reading Whitman, that I was as confused by hearing Miss Lowell invoke them inclusively, as I might have been if she had said the Imagists were the direct descendants of Emerson and George Ade.

For me the terms of Whitman's and of Poe's communications are as far apart as the poles, Whitman expressing his conceptions by a flood of light and of explication, and Poe evoking his ideas almost by concealment, by reticence. Whitman was an open air artist; and all his poetry that I have ever read is wind-blown and drenched with sunlight. But the least verse of Poe's holds one by the magic of a beauty almost antithetic to the power that makes "any ob-

ject beautiful that is completely irradiated with light." Whitman himself has well suggested that magic—

> At its best, poetic lore is like what may be heard of conversation in the dusk, from speakers far or hid, of which we get only a few broken murmurs. What is not gathered is far more—perhaps the main thing.

There is an extremely kind, old-fashioned letter by a teacher of Poe's often included in prefaces of his poems, in which the writer says that "He had a sensitive and tender heart." Out of a great gentleness and sensitiveness one may readily believe all the wild growths of the land of Poe's exquisite lyrics arise.

When one comes back from that world of purple towers and lost islands, of ethereal dances and marble plinths and columns, of sorrow and pain, of horror and glory and deathless love, one is immersed in a sense of the noble lines, the delicate modelling of the mortal soul mysteriously hallowed by its unknown fate. The earth is filled with the music of an endless, unasking patience, still and spiritualized, that accepts grief as an inevitable destiny and breathes that acceptance as the natural breath of existence. Poe speaks of "Unthought-like thoughts that are the soul of thought": and it is these that seem to sing from the echoing depths of his harmonies, his melodies, to tell a thousand wild, unfinished tales of lonely places, the sea, and space, the spirit's cloudy home. The truth that wisdom knew that said the half of music is remembered grief confides in you in a hopeless consolation through all the most beautiful of Poe's lyrics.

Perhaps he is not for very young people; and I can remember the time when *For Annie* seemed to me ridiculous. But the over-tones of what may be heard of conversation in the dusk from speakers far or hid, are unheard melodies in many years too care-free perhaps, too cheerful to understand the reality of either pain or joy, of grief or happiness. Even after one has realized, too, how much of Poe's grief, how much of his nostalgia was a contemporary literary fashion, its power of gentleness, its dignity of inner romance in making you listen for the song of the secret bird in mortal fortune, remains original and unequalled.

IV

Some of my most interesting adventures as a poetry reader have been in reading criticism written by poets.

Whitman and Poe have each given us some of the most profound and stirring work of this kind that we possess. Each of these artists has left us, concerning his hopes and fears for poetry in the jungle of a democracy, a commentary abundantly suggestive, sincere and searching. The American writer who can read unmoved either Whitman's *Poetry To-Day in America* or Poe's preface to his collected poems, or *The Poetic Principle* must be made of some material strangely phlegmatic, curiously unconcerned with the whole human value of American letters.

But not only the American writer—not only the writer who has known what it means to try to say something of the poetry of his own truth,—but the reader of poetry who has never shared the hopes and fears of this attempt, will find in these prose passages of Whitman's and of Poe's about the aim of their work on earth, the quality I have mentioned, the power that transports you in their most beautiful verse also, to a new and engulfing sense of existence.

Who will say what that nameless quality may be? You cannot I believe define poetry nor predict it with enough truthfulness to count. Your best truthfulness on the subject will arise simply from a chronicle of your enjoyment in it: and the reason why out of many years' pleasure in reading poetry of many kinds I have chosen to describe my journeys in realms as far apart as those of Homer, of Poe and of Whitman, is because these poets different as they are each possess in a high degree one of the elements I have always found most transporting. This element is musical imagination.

Needless to say that in the Iliad it is not only the profound turbulency and delicately ebbing silver bubbles of the *poluphloisboio thalasses,* the tones of different words, that are untranslatable, but the intricate yet clearly-marked balance of the Greek particles and connectives, the peculiar harmonies of Greek sentence structure, the impassable gulfs of differing inflection with all their infinitely shimmering modulations.

All translation of poetry somewhat traduces. It eliminates a dimension which belongs to poetry in my view rather than to prose. So that "a good prose translation"—not by any means to be undervalued—bears somewhat the relation to the original poem in its own tongue that a black and white reproduction bears to an original paint-

ing, or the relation that a photograph of a statue bears to the original marble or bronze.

The dimension I have mentioned that belongs to verse rather than to prose is the power of motion measured and recurrent. A faculty of course in which the art of letters whether prose or verse and the art of music of all manners differ from the more static representation of painting and of sculpture is surely in their capacity for revealing to us the element of continuation, of development, of change in life. A picture, a statue has its own power of expressing an immortal moment, one clear-focussed aspect of creation, the presentation of a given point in time. This point may be indeed a moment of passage. But the art of letters, the art of music, have a freer power of narrating one aspect of a subject after another, the great power of expressing continuous creation, death and infinite change by a sequence of motions, by symphonic variation, and passing from point to point.

The terms in which prose and verse relate changing aspects and moods of life have of course very different advantages: and for me, verse, recognizably ordered sound, the unconscious expectation of recurrent rhythm carries the reader along by a sense of existence which prose cannot recreate in the same degree. Verse was surely the best way of telling us about the river-god's pursuit when Arethusa arose from her couch of snows in the Acroceraunian mountains. This is an obvious instance. But verse is the best way, too, of telling us the terrible, exquisite and gaudy tale of the gradual, gradual disappearance of the City in the Sea: and only verse I think could rouse higher and higher in the reader the whirl and sweep and thrilling crescendo of *The Song of the Banner at Daybreak.*

The musical imagination of Poe, his extraordinary understanding of the peculiar melodic capacities, the over-tones of our English speech, his sense of the larger harmonies and architectonics of a poem—these are widely recognized, from the intimate, the deep-known heart of song in our simplest English words—

> But our love it was stronger by far than the love
> Of those who were older than we—
> Of many far wiser than——

to the exquisite over-tones, the far-heard, mysterious bells of the narrative of—

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy foootstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

Less widely appreciated is Whitman's musical gift as a splendid improviser of tone-poems, a leader of arias, choruses, alternating voices—the gray-brown bird, and the poet, in *When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed.* The bird bereft, the boy's soul and the surge of the sea in *A Word Out of the Sea.* A master of the changing motions, the long ocean-breaker rhythms of hendecasyllabics, and decasyllabics, the buoyancy of assonance, Whitman had a basic sympathy with the tonal resources of English that gives him an extraordinary sustained power in poetic composition.

The reason why I protest against having the Imagists regarded as the inheritors of Whitman and Poe is not only because these artists are not themselves exactly in a direct line of descent, not only because Whitman's view of the value of the poet's career and Poe's view of the value of the poet's art are diametrically opposed to the Imagists' apparent view, but because a leading distinction of Imagistic poetry seems to me to consist in its elimination of these very qualities in which Whitman and Poe are masters—in the power of evoking the sense of continuous motion by the melodic and tonal capacities of English, in musical imagination.

V

The excellence of Imagistic art on the other hand appears to me to lie largely in its faculty of static presentment, showing the subject in a fixed pose at a given instant of time. Not of course rhymed, the Latin and Greek verse which so often serves as the Imagists' model—and to whose world, rather than to any world of their own their poetry so often takes us—has yet its own musical atmosphere, forever different from the atmosphere in which English verse breathes, but clearly perceptible. But a leading distinction, a charm of the Imagist Anthologies for me is that their compositions all exist in some still, toneless æther, and without any musical atmosphere whatever.

I know a great claim has been made that Imagistic poetry is not unmusical, but simply written in a new verbal music,

which jangles out of tune and harsh for the ear accustomed to a different convention, as once Wagner sounded and Debussy.

But with all due respect to the claimants this parallel seems to me unjustified. The expression the Imagist collections have for the inner ear is not that of melodic unconvention, nor musical discovery whether sympathetic or dissonant, but the air and appeal of prose convention. The total effect, for me, the most novel and interesting effect of the style of the Imagist Antologies is that of a way of writing that asks you to consider it, not by listening at all to what it says, but only by looking at it.

In Imagist criticism the attempt to dispense with musical imagination in poetry is manifested in a stronger but rather different manner. Thus Mr. Ezra Pound says with disapproval in a critique on Swinburne that "he neglected the value of words as words, and was intent on their value as sound," as though the imagined sound of a word were no part of its actual value, nor a legitimate pre-occupation for a poet.

Indeed an idea is afloat somewhere in nearly all Imagist criticism that the perception of verbal music is a rather unworthy human manifestation, and that the poetry genuinely associated with thought, with culture and refinement is that conceived as though by and for the tone-deaf, or at least the hard of hearing.

This is a familiar American attitude typified for me by a lady who once observed in a conversational description of a person I had never met—"My dear, she can transpose to any key, they say. She can arrange music for any instrument in the symphony orchestra, and understands counterpoint, and all that. She is a musical girl. *Not intellectual, of course.* Though I *will* say she seems quite refined."

Mr. Pound's concessive liberalities to the art of Swinburne are much in this lady's manner. Thus he says that "We are grateful for his spirit of revolt, whatever our verbal fastidiousness," obviously using the last phrase to mean "however we may deprecate the unfortunate acuteness of his musical knowledge." He continues, too: "There is a lack of intellect in his work." I was puzzled by this remark at first. A lack of intellect in the work of the poet who could firmly comprehend and interpret by a hundred intricate and delicate modulations of English verse the

minds of Marlowe and Webster, the super-subtlety of Mary Queen of Scots, the satire of Aristophanes, the complicated, modern conception of the forward thought of the world that chords in the variations of the *Prelude*. But then I perceived that Mr. Pound used the word intellect almost exactly as my acquaintance had—not so much to denote mental activity of superior quality as to connote a commendable ignorance of music.

The term "Imagist" virtually includes in an unadmitted manner not only the verse written by Imagists but a great deal else—all their propaganda about poetry, may we not say all the politics of poetry indicated in such characteristic criticism as this. It is not against the craft of Imagists as verse-writers that one protests, neither against their praise, but against a way of poetry-reading inculcated by these politics, a way that precludes the adventure of novel understanding for the poetry-reader. For one cannot avoid the suspicion that though the authors' views are so different the cause of Miss Lowell's conception of the Imagists as direct descendants of Poe and Whitman and the cause of Mr. Pound's distress about Swinburne's poetry—its lack of intellect and its annoyance of his verbal fastidiousness—are at bottom the same.

All these remarks about the life-work of Swinburne, of Whitman and Poe seem to have nothing whatever to do with the aim of any of these masters, nor with the originality, the truth and beauty of their poetry. But they have a great deal to do with the acclaim of Imagists. Mr. Pound unconsciously seeks to exalt Imagism by refusing to admit expressive capacities of poetry outside that field of art. Miss Lowell, though more liberal to extraneous artists, seeks to exalt Imagists by claiming for them all the valuable territory in sight on the American poetical horizon and estates whose richest ore-veins of substance and style one cannot discover in the endowment of the alleged heirs.

To agree only to look, and not to listen, while you are reading Imagistic poetry is a courtesy you are glad to show to its peculiar art. But out of loyalty to Imagists, to read all poetry as though you were deaf, cannot seem an act either of scholarly, critical intelligence or of happy irresponsible adventure. Indeed nothing will deprive you of both these freedoms so completely as the custom of constantly referring the poetry of the race to the standards of some small group.

The habit of not listening to poetry while you are reading it, the habit of glancing back and forth from an artist's truth, to some standard of local measurement in your own mind, the habit of humming a tune of your own while someone else is telling you some new and delicate harmony of existence from a silent page—all these are excellent ways of extending one's ignorance, but certainly not one's knowledge of the poetry of the world: and we need it seems more than ever before the most candid, the clearest and most sympathetic knowledge we can obtain of the poetry of every country.

Now that the world is being re-made, now that the world is being so rapidly internationalized, we are asking ourselves with an especial interest about the communicative power of poetry. It would not I think be hard to show that however universal the emotion it arouses the most expressive poetry we possess springs from a profound consciousness of the living genius, the actual sound of the language in which it is written. None but those who desire a dull globe of the *gleichsinnig* can desire a uniform vehicle for poetry. All those who believe in the essential rights of small nations, all those who believe in preserving in its wide-ranging, democratic variety, the truth and beauty the human race has learned on by-ways as well as on highways must feel I think the wish of treasuring as far as may be the free grace of national speech, the sense of the living word, in the art of poetry.

Since poets are the builders and makers of the world forever what will Internationalism then do for poetry? Will it make the Japanese try to write as Shakespeare wrote, or to compose in the manner of *Manhattan's Streets I Wandered, Pondering?* Will it make us try to emulate the literature of the Japanese? The better we understand them, the better they understand us, the more unlikely will it be I believe that Internationalism will do anything of this kind to poetry. A part of international imagination will surely consist just as in our intercourse with people whom we can live with and love in private life, not simply in an understanding of our points of likeness, but an appreciation of our points of difference. The globe would be a poorer place without mutual acknowledgements of qualities peerless and

unique in persons and in nations. If there is a fascination in knowing how much other people are like you, there is also an equally magnetic charm in knowing how different people are from yourself.

When one thinks in this light, of what American poetry has to offer, when one asks oneself what American poetry is, as seen against the background of the world, one believes that Internationalism will perhaps bring very little change in the best spirit of its production.

The most alluring, the most deeply-thought poetry, sung to intrigue, to relieve, to clarify to itself the life of its creator will be sung still for the same cause. That song of the secret bird will be heard above the tides of the ocean, and her notes be listened to by hearts that will hark for comfort, yes and pain, too, and the last truth they both may give to other seekers far-off and unknown; and it will sing its knowledge still when all our ways are dust and nothing left of them except that living word of the human soul immortally sounding from the page's silver silence.

This is as it has been and will always be. The song is to the singer and comes back most to him. In a mysterious universe we alone of all created things can speak and answer. We can speak and answer and the truth shall make us free.

In that free truth, greater and deeper, more intimate and close at home, too, more charged with satisfying fire, and more forcibly touched with the hard knowledge of cruelty and tears and the imminence of death, in that freer and juster truth that the newer life of the nations together may bring for us, each soul must be heard more attentively than ever before I think, for his own story: and in an understanding of that story we shall still find one of the most endeared and largest adventures of reading poetry.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

MARCH ADVENTURE

BY WINIFRED BRYHER

Light,
Very welcoming,
The trees bend forward
To meet Adventure,
Its mulberry blossoms lifted
To a March-blue sky.

A sharp rustle of wind
Slips the ivy
From its stem of wrinkled silver,
Slaps the ivy-veins
(Flat as a summer field
Of parched green-yellow)
Softly against the moss,
Harshly against the boughs.

Handfuls of green blossoms
Blow into mulberry,
Almost touch
The scilla-blue clouds.
The tree strains
In an air full of eagerness
Struggles, and is held.

Adventure
Presses the strong curves hollowed with cloud.
But the green and mulberry blossoms,
And the silver stem,
Dare not answer.

WINIFRED BRYHER.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE HIGHER LEARNING IN AMERICA. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Veteran politicians, experienced men of affairs, to say nothing of other profound students of human nature (by no means to be placed in the same ethical class), such as tramps and charlatans, are wont to boast at odd moments that they "Know things that are not in any book"; and the complacency with which such pronouncements are for the most part received points to a somewhat general skepticism as to the competency of the book-taught mind to reveal essential truths.

The popular notion that books are not as a rule saturated with the kind of truth that is most immediately wanted is perhaps not altogether an error. Doubtless the condition complained of is not due in any degree to timidity on the part of those authoritative persons who know best, nor to any discreditable motive on the part of anyone. The fact remains, however, that one may become exceedingly well read in the authoritative and polite literature of the times without learning much about life, unless, to be sure, one has acquired somehow an ability to read between the lines. And it is, moreover, true, as the common sense of the majority of men attests, that little relief is to be had by turning to those books which are ostensibly most ingenuous and outspoken, since these books are too often the work of extremists, doctrinaires, or otherwise indifferently responsible writers.

The result is that persons—especially young persons—are prone to have recourse to fiction, and particularly to the newer fiction, as a means of satisfying a quite natural craving for that alleged "knowledge of life" which appears so difficult to get elsewhere, except indeed through a heart-to-heart talk with the "man who knows."

But so far as it touches upon institutions rather than upon the common frailties of mankind, the satire embodied in the newer fiction is but an unsatisfactory substitute for scientific analysis. It is a safe conjecture that the somewhat burlesque representations of college life contained, for example, in Earnest Poole's *The Harbor* and in Sinclair Lewis's *Trail of the Hawk,* have added not a little to the interest and popularity of the tales in question. The like is true of the exquisite and (from a literary point of view) far more legitimate characterization of a would-be college president in Henry Sydney Harrison's *Queed.* These things amuse us chiefly because of a suspicion that they represent, though in a one-sided manner, real conditions. We would not care to read this kind of criticism if we did not secretly

feel that our most cherished institutions, like Launcelot Gobbo's father, do, after all, "something smack, something grow to, have a kind of taste" of the qualities more or less playfully ascribed to them. And yet this kind of institutional satire is little more than a rather aimless telling of tales out of school. The thing is perhaps worth doing; but it seems reasonable to hope that, if there is anything in it, it may be done in some better way.

To compare in point of interest such fictional criticism of college life with a perfectly serious passage from Thorstein Veblen's recently published book upon the higher learning in America, may be worth while. "It is toward the outside, in the face of the laity out of doors," writes Mr. Veblen, "that the high fence—'the eight-fold fence'—of scholarly pretension is to be kept up. Hence the indicated means of its up-keep are such as will presumably hold the (transient) respect and affection of this laity—quasi-scholarly homiletical discourse, frequent, voluminous, edifying and optimistic; ritualistic solemnities, diverting and vacant; spectacular affectations of (counterfeit) scholastic usage in the way of droll vestments, bizarre and archaic; parade of (make-believe) gentility; encouragement and (surreptitious) subvention of athletic contests; promulgation of (presumably) ingenuous statistics touching the volume and character of the work done." Elsewhere Mr. Veblen, after scrupulously careful deliberation, describes the typical university executive as "in some sort an itinerant dispensary of salutary verbiage."

These quotations, though necessarily somewhat misleading when removed from their context, may serve to show that in raciness and vigor of expression, as in apparent candor, Mr. Veblen is far superior to the run of fictional satirists. As a matter of fact, his dry and precise style makes all ordinary irony seem by comparison clumsy and ineffectual, while his magnificent phlegm reduces most criticism of the kind called "bold" or "indiscreet" to the relative condition of tentative or peevish fault-finding. Unintentionally, no doubt, Mr. Veblen approaches more nearly the manner of Jonathan Swift than does any other contemporary writer. He might, indeed, be not inaccurately described as a modern, scientific Swift, dispassionate instead of bitter.

So much for the manner, but what of the substance? "*Communia maledicta,*" as Bacon says, "is nothing much"; and the saying holds true no less for simple vituperation aimed at institutions or types than for that which is directed at individuals.

Of the justice of Mr. Veblen's arraignment of the universities, every reader must, of course, judge for himself. The reviewer feels warranted in saying this: that *The Higher Learning in America* bears all the marks of being one of those rare books which contain such truth as seldom finds its way into print—truth such as results from genuine experience intrepidly thought out, truth such as in the nature of the case *cannot* by the generality of writers be expressed with sufficient candor and at the same time with sufficient philosophy to make it either safe or acceptable. Here is the *whole* case against the universities, including some of the colloquial expressions (verging, it must be confessed, upon scurillity) of a suppressed body of opinion; the whole case set forth with so comprehensive a grasp, with so im-

partial an eye to the working of cause and effect, that in the end no one is judged, no one need feel offended, no one has anything to quarrel with except facts (said to be capable of documentary proof when not notoriously true) and a perfectly impersonal, logically constructed conception of the relation of the universities to modern civilization in America.

Other books of Mr. Veblen's have been from time to time noticed in these pages. The fault found with these treatises (when any fault could be found) was simply that the author presented the "drift of events" as a fatally determined chain of causation, without any acknowledgment of purpose on his own part or any admission that the fatal chain might be in any way modified by a grasp of the ideas he was himself engaged in setting forth; the truth being that though events be fatally determined, our conscious thoughts are links in the chain, and, being such links, are at the same time our purposes; so that to deny purpose is to give up the possibility of thinking intelligibly (in the last analysis), and to encourage that false fatalism which resolves *not* to think.

Whether this criticism be just or not, it has no special application to the work under consideration. In this book, Mr. Veblen simply points out the obvious fact that the higher learning is the very core of our civiliation. "For good or ill, civilized men have come to hold that this matter-of-fact knowledge of things is the only end in life that indubitably justifies itself. So that nothing more irretrievably shameful would overtake modern civilization than the miscarriage of this modern learning, which is the most valued spiritual asset of civilized mankind." He then proceeds to show what the fate of the higher learning in the hands of the universities is likely to be. The reader may draw his own conclusions, purposeful or not.

As an illustration of the lucidity of thought to which so impersonal a view may lead, one may cite the author's conclusion in regard to the long continued and fruitless controversy that has been carried on, under pressure of business influences, about the practical value of higher—i.e., of university, not college—education. "Pushed by this popular prejudice, and themselves drifting under compulsion of the same prevalent bias, even the seasoned scholars and scientists—Matthew Arnold's 'Remnant'—have taken to heart this question of the use of the higher learning in the pursuit of gain. Of course, it has no such use, and the many shrewdly designed solutions of the conundrum have necessarily run out in a string of sophistical dialectics. The place of disinterested knowledge in modern civilization is neither that of means to private gain, nor that of an intermediate step in 'the roundabout process of the production of goods.'"

The case is really as simple as that of the Emperor's Clothes. To be sure, a child could see that the emperor had no clothes, though older people remained under the illusion of habitual pretense. To see that the higher education has really no "practical" value requires something more than a child's intuition. It requires, nowadays, a superior talent for straight thinking.

Others have pointed out the preposterous mixture of idealism and worship of business success which is characteristic of modern civilization everywhere and especially in America. No one has

brought the essential idea so effectively to bear upon any concrete problem as has Mr. Veblen upon the problem of the higher education. It is the intrusion of business ideals and business methods upon the true and professed interests of the university everywhere—in the governing boards, in the academic administration, in the work of the executive and of the teachers—that is doing the mischief. And this intrusion is so natural a result of the whole social system under which we live that it seems unavoidable.

Mr. Veblen is dispassionate, but his thought has a heat much more powerful to melt away obstacles than those more or less factitious bursts of indignation that are often supposed to accomplish this result. His book, unhopeful as it is in tone and intent, will certainly not be without an ultimate effect in bringing about a different state of affairs—which may or may not, according to Mr. Veblen's philosophy, be an improvement.

ARCHITECTURE AND DEMOCRACY. By Claude Bragdon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The ancient faith that the "book of power" is ultimately of more value than any precise, provisional formulation of certified knowledge, or any formally correct application of accepted logic to generally approved ends, holds its ground in spite of the deserved disrepute into which mere emotional appeals, edifying discourses, or random suggestions of mystery have nowadays generally fallen. Modern literary opinion strives (somewhat half-heartedly, it is true) to eliminate the psychopath and the charlatan, while it clings with a certain integrity of mind to the doctrine that a book of genius is in all cases of more value than it can immediately be proved to possess.

Men used to say that books of power were inspired; we now prefer to say, with much the same intent, that they are sincere and original. Just what we mean by "originality" is rather less easy for us to say than it was for our forefathers to tell what they meant by "inspiration." A rough working definition of original thought would perhaps be: Original thought is thought in which *all* the forces of a man's nature work in a harmonious and unimpeded manner toward the accomplishment of an end not clearly foreseen. This is in general accord with Professor Ladd's illuminating dictum, "Thinking is a matter of the whole man;" while at the same time it may serve to distinguish the prized quality of originality from the humdrum labor of research and from the mere enthusiasm of camouflaged propagandism.

It naturally follows that the book of power is sometimes a curiously uneven fusion of various elements, among which gold and clay may frequently be distinguished in strange juxtaposition. And so there is no inherent contradiction in saying that while Claude Bragdon's book, *Architecture and Democracy*, is one of the best, one of the most potent, books, on architecture or anything else, that have recently come to light, it is also a somewhat puzzling mixture of intuitive truth, doubtful speculation, and obvious sentiment. The like is true of Rousseau's *Emile!*

The distinction between "arranged" and "organic" architecture is not, indeed, by any means new, nor is the idea that architecture is a

true reflection of national life a discovery. Mr. Bragdon, however, perceives these things not as mere abstract canons of art—and what art is worse than that which deliberately and in cold blood *seeks* to be national or racial?—but as vital, active principles. What is better, he is able to give us more than a glimpse of the way in which these principles work and are even now working. The spirit of democracy and of brotherhood are certainly capable of bringing to pass a transformation, in art as well as in life, from ugliness to forms of beauty strangely new and yet thoroughly congenial. "The architecture of the United States, from the period of the Civil War up to the beginning of the present crisis, everywhere reflects a struggle to be free of a vicious and depraved form of feudalism, grown strong under the very aegis of democracy. The qualities that made feudalism endeared and enduring; qualities written in beauty on the cathedral cities of medieval Europe—faith, worship, loyalty, magnanimity—were either vanished or banished from this pseudo-democratic, aridly scientific feudalism, leaving an inheritance of strife and tyranny—a strife grown mean, a tyranny grown prudent, but full of sinister power the weight of which we have by no means ceased to feel." Yet so simple a structure as the Red Cross Community Club House, built during the war at Camp Sherman, Ohio, seems, as Mr. Bragdon describes it, to reflect no little of "the light that never was on sea or land." Similarly, "the most modern note yet sounded in business, in diplomacy, in social life, is expressed in the phrase, 'Live openly.'" And by the operation of a spiritual law, the new spirit is gradually working toward expression in a new architectural comeliness.

All this strain of thought in Mr. Bragdon's book is eminently sane and vitalizing. The basic thought, as true as it is commonplace, is that no noble constructive work in any field can be carried on without faith. The completed work will reflect the nature of the faith. Unless it possesses, however, the element of insight or intuition or rightness, or approximate accordance with the will of God, the work will have no beauty whatever, but at most a kind of strange fascination—which is one of the things that men habitually confuse with beauty.

This faith or intuition may be fairly called mystic; it has relation to a mystery—for when all is said, scientific ethics cannot tell me why I ought not to cheat my neighbor in a business transaction, or why I ought not to erect a building that speaks architectural deceit and theft in every line—if I so desire.

The mystery has to be reckoned with; it is best to realize it consciously; a joyous submission to its workings is no doubt the best condition for successful endeavor. But when men have attempted to describe the mystery thus joyously relied upon, they have not infrequently gone astray. To try to draw inferences from the supposed nature of the cosmic spirit is seldom quite safe. And so it happens that the second part of Mr. Bragdon's book is rather more curious than inspiring.

Mr. Bragdon is quite properly interested in the fourth dimension—a fascinating subject. But just here his artist's nature appears to come in with the demand that everything, including the fourth dimension, shall be harmonized with his artistic aims and theories. The

desire for such harmony is doubtless the work of intuition; and so far forth it is genuine and to be respected—it has nothing whatever in common, needless to say, with any kind of faddism. But while a man's intuition, if he consciously heeds it, may tell him to build a house expressive of brotherhood (if he have brotherhood in him) rather than a monument of greed—just as it tells the bee to build his cells—one of the things that intuition absolutely cannot assure him of is that *number*—that is, mathematics—is not only the symbol of order in the universe, "but the very thing itself." One cannot learn this through intuition, nor, apparently, can one learn it by any other means. In fact, the drift of philosophic thinking on this point would seem to be that if there is any form of thought that is used simply and purely for the purpose of controlling bits of experience in a possibly pluralistic and inchoate universe, that form of thought is mathematics. Than number, then, there is nothing that will bear with a worse grace to be hypostatized.

This suggests some doubt as to the philosophic basis of a system of decoration based upon projections of fourth dimensional solids. One is willing, however, to abide by the pragmatic test. The patterns that Mr. Bragdon develops by his fourth-dimensional method are unquestionably fascinating; yet to the perception of the layman there is in them something unconscionably weird. They do, indeed, powerfully suggest the complexity of the modern mind. There is in them, one would say, something subtly congenial to the mental state of a man who, let us say, follows a prosaic business, believes in spirits, thinks that there is perhaps something in socialism, would like to live on a farm, does not know what to do about his son who is not making good in college, and at the age of sixty dances the one-step. But do we want symbols of perplexity? To the men of the past—and perhaps they were wise—the simplest symbols of the Great Mystery have seemed, on the whole, to be the best. And the question arises whether we had better not make a little more sure of what the fourth dimension humanly means before we begin to use projections from hyperspace as symbols for our communal, not to speak of our cosmic, life. All of which should not, of course, prevent us from using anything that proves humanly good, whether it comes from hyperspace or from anywhere else.

From speculation Mr. Bragdon descends to rather facile sentiment and to somewhat obvious symbolism. Must the artist, one asks after reading the chapter on "symbols and sacraments," really give himself up to the "pathetic fallacy"? Must he revel in the easy parable of the brook running to the sea and other like "parables from nature"? Must he think about gold and silver like a medieval alchemist? All these and similar sentiments and fancies suggest something very different from the robust and practical mysticism of Mr. Bragdon's first essay.

Despite weakness, however, Mr. Bragdon's collection of essays is a book of power, not in parts only, but from cover to cover. Its very artistic unity makes it so; and perhaps a certain artistic unity in our works and beliefs is the very best we can, any of us, achieve. What we all secretly desire, at any rate, is the most perfect possible adjustment of our whole personalities to the laws of the universe at large

and to the circumstances of our mundane life. Any collection of sane, acute, and suggestive ideas tending to show the feasibility of this quest, and to prove the joy of even partial success in it, adds to the fulness of life.

INDUSTRY AND HUMANITY. By W. L. Mackensie King. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

What is first of all needed for the determination of industrial policy is a clear, controlling idea of the whole problem. We must have an essentially correct concept stated in simple, general terms such as will conform to and suggest both the practical and the moral factors.

Such a concept is supplied by Dr. King. Following Pasteur, the author distinguishes in human affairs, as within the human body, two conflicting laws or tendencies—the Law of Peace and Work and Health, and the Law of Blood and Death. According to this view, " all that begets strife and hatred in human relations " is of the nature of " disorder and ferment, akin to that evidenced by disease."

This idea is as profound as it is simple, as hopeful as it is sane and evolutionary. Remove the *obstacles* to right action, and you will obtain inevitably *right action.* True, you cannot remove the obstacles all at once. Some of them are natural: they are merely limitations incident to an early stage of growth. But many of them are unnatural; they are curable diseases—the symptom of which is not simply that *crudity* of life which we see among savages and animals, but misery, with its accompaniments of bitterness, humiliation, weariness of life, which we rightly associate with civilization rather than with a " state of nature." Conceive of humanity as an organism, and try to insure its healthy growth, with full faith in the reality of the organism and in its tendency to health.

All the more significance should be attached to this way of thinking because it is set forth on the authority of one who is not only a deep thinker but a practical statesman. For ten years, Dr. King was associated with the Department of Labor of the Government of Canada, first as Deputy Minister of the Department, and subsequently as Minister. During that time he was called upon to act as mediator in over forty strikes important enough to warrant intervention. The industries concerned embraced agencies of transportation and communication such as railroads, ocean transport, street railways, the telegraph and telephone; coal and metalliferous mining; and manufacturing establishments of various kinds. Dr. King was brought into close touch with a much larger number of controversies, and since the severance of his official connection with the Government he has continued to see much of important industrial disputes from the inside.

Considering these facts, too much emphasis cannot be given to the following deliberate and measured statement by Dr. King of his mature opinion:

. . . " *I believe I can say that, without exception, every dispute and controversy of which I have had any intimate knowledge has owed its origin, and the difficulties pertaining to its settlement, not so much to the economic questions involved as to* [*a*] *' certain blindness in human beings ' to matters of real significance to other lives, and an unwilling*

ness to approach an issue with an attempt at appreciation of the fundamental sameness of feelings and aspirations in all human beings."

What are the causes of this "certain blindness," which William James so lucidly analyzed? Fundamentally, as all thought is prompted by more or less hidden motives and goes on subject to more or less obscure limitations, one cannot reach logically every deep-seated cause of mistaken hostility. But there are certain external causes—certain wrong ideas—that can be thus reached and disproved.

One of these is the idea that workers, like the materials they work with and the tools they use, are simply means to an end. Means to an end they certainly are, as are all of us, but they are also, because human beings, ends in themselves. It is somehow difficult to keep in mind the conviction that they are *both,* and so to avoid the opposite extremes of sentimental socialism and selfish *laissez faire.* But modern life requires us to master knowledge of at least two dimensions.

Another wrong conception—which in one field, at least, has exploded in blood and smoke—is the false interpretation of the so-called law of "the survival of the fittest." Natural selection, of itself, is not sufficient to explain evolution—so the most advanced evolutionists agree. Still less can this law be recognized as excluding human intelligence from selection in human affairs, since our problem as conscious beings is just to select what is fittest *and to make it survive.* And in nothing is the choice more momentous than in the case of conflicting standards of living. The lower standard, through a kind of Gresham's Law, does tend to oust the higher; yet "through co-operative effort based on choice, higher standards may be made to prevail over inferior ones."

The real difficulty, however, is not so much to remove general misconceptions as to adjust industrial relations in such a manner as to minimize both the mental blindness which gives birth to fear and distrust and the fear and distrust which tend, in turn, to increase mental blindness.

In order to see how this may be done, we must have a clear analysis of the relations themselves.

Dr. King distinguishes four parties to industry—Labor, Capital, Management, and the Community. He designates the agencies of progress as Discovery and Invention, Government, Education, and Opinion. He defines the aim of his investigation as the discovery of right principles respecting Peace, Work, and Health.

Unfortunately, just at this point the exposition becomes, owing to cross-classification, a trifle tangled. What is referred to under Health would seem to belong quite as much to Peace, and what is said concerning Education and Opinion is so comprehensive that it might almost serve as an epitome of all. The whole treatise is, indeed, somewhat labored, somewhat disproportioned, somewhat heavily abstract. But these defects should blind no one to the profundity and fundamental clearness of Dr. King's ideas. The author is simply encumbered by the weight and the copiousness of his own thoughts—and, indeed, perfect ease and shapeliness are too often merely the virtues of those writers who handle with great facility the thoughts of others!

One of the leading principles underlying Work is this: "With a larger product, there is the possibility of increased returns, *not to one*

factor at the expense of others, but to all at the expense of none." Once this is thoroughly comprehended, a further misconception is cleared away, and the road seems logically open to adjustment with the aim of securing the utmost efficiency with the greatest prosperity for all.

Of very great interest is the author's discussion of the various means of adjustment that have been tried; for in this, one perceives the working of a principle. Compulsory Arbitration, though logical, does not work well in practice. Voluntary arbitration is but slightly better. Mediation and conciliation are decidedly better, but not always workable. Compulsory investigation has worked on the whole better than any other expedient. "The number of disputes which have been amicably adjusted under the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, without loss of a dollar to Capital, a day's wake to Labor, or a moment's inconvenience to the public, is so considerable as to constitute the vast majority of the cases which have been referred under its provisions."

Profit-sharing, on the other hand—and here the author agrees with those who have studied the matter carefully from the point of view of management—is of very limited use; the reason being that it is in practise not so much an application of principle as a mere palliative or device. Labor's suspicion of profit-sharing, the author acknowledges, is more or less well founded.

That method is best, in short, which goes farthest in destroying suspicion, in invoking public opinion, and in conserving independence.

And so the best method of all would seem to be Industrial Representation—democracy in industry.

This is the practical idea which looms largest in Dr. King's book, and which is indeed the logical outcome of his discussion.

Already a beginning has been made toward securing industrial democracy. The Rockefeller Industrial Plan, the recommendations of the Whitley Committee in England, are both based upon this principle. If Dr. King had done no more than to explain adequately these two plans, and to set them in their true light, drawing out the profoundly interesting parallel between the progress they mark and the development of political freedom in English history, his book would still be of immense value.

He has done all this and more. He has written what is perhaps the most truly philosophical, and hence the most practical, of books concerning the industrial problem.

THE LETTERS OF ANNE GILCHRIST AND WALT WHITMAN. Edited by Thomas B. Harned. Garden City.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Only a sentimental schoolgirl could fall in love with Keats, with Shelley, with Tennyson, merely through reading his poems. The personality of the poet is in his works, but in an etherealized form: he makes us think of beauty, not of his personality.

Whitman's personality is in his work in a different sense. The whole man is there—virile personality, warm affection, democratic bluster, along with the great thought. And so Anne Gilchrist did not need to meet Whitman face to face in order to fall in love with him.

There are those of us who prefer a more etherealized form of expression, who are troubled by Whitman's insistent humanity, his personal intrusions, his emphasis upon his own faults, which make criticism of his poetry, for all its elemental quality, so much a matter of liking or disliking *him*.

But it is an extraordinary testimony to the strength of this same personal quality in Whitman, and to its intimate union with what is most uplifting in his thought, that a highly cultivated and sensible woman, far removed by maturity and by character from the follies of youth, fell passionately and devotedly in love with him just through reading *Leaves of Grass*.

From Annie Gilchrist's letters one will gather no new appreciation of Whitman—though Anne was a brilliant critic. The letters are sheer love letters. All that they show of Whitman is his personal power. The letters are simply a reflection of him; even the conception of love in them is thoroughly Whitmanesque.

Nevertheless, Walt Whitman was to Anne Gilchrist something more than an object of deep affection, as he was also something more than a moral and intellectual liberator. The relation between these two, though on Whitman's side one of simple friendship, was more beautiful and more vital than are many of the loves that are consummated in this world. Whitman drew out from the woman who loved him all that was most wholesome, natural, generous, and joined it to an exalted view of life. Certainly, he gave her much.

She gave to him a warmly human, spiritual love, and to the world a rare example of that utter faithfulness, that pure unselfishness, that happiness in renunciation, which proves the strength, the vitality, the glowing joy, the deep satisfaction, that may be in the mental part of love, and the continuity of this with the instinctive part. Anne Gilchrist was no ascetic, denying her woman's nature, no sentimentalist worshipping an idealized image of a man; and yet love of the ideal was the very life-blood of her passion.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FROM A SOLDIER'S FATHER

SIR,—*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

You may be interested in hearing of how some of our young men were treated who believed the above sentiment and freely offered their lives for their country on the battlefields of France in 1918. My youngest son was a student at Yale College when the war broke out in 1914. In 1915, with 700 other fellow-students, he enlisted in the Yale Battalion. In 1916 they were sworn into the U. S. Army as privates and sent to camp at Tobyhanna, Pa., where they made four batteries of the 10th Field Artillery, under command of Colonel Danford. In September, 1916, they were mustered out and returned to Yale, where their artillery instruction was continued during the winter of 1916-17, under Colonel Danford, Captain Moretti and Captain Potter. Captain Potter was detailed to teach them to ride. They were put through the same riding drill as the West Point cadets. In the spring of 1917 they were ready to go to the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Okla., and Colonel Danford strongly urged and expected that they be sent there for three months' training, when they would be ready for their commissions as artillery officers, which we so sorely needed at this time. Instead of doing this they were ordered by the Secretary of War to apply for admission to the training camp nearest to their homes. Even then each man had to get three letters of recommendation before he was allowed to enter these camps.

When I heard of this I telegraphed to the Secretary of War asking whether it was still too late to change this order, as three months at the Fort Sill School of Fire would fit these 700 men for artillery commissions. In ten days I had a telegram from the Adjutant General of the army, saying the Secretary of War had turned my telegram over to him for answer—that while the Yale Battalion was a fine body of men and would no doubt make fine soldiers, it would not do to have a corps d'élite in the army. Of course, this was an evasive answer, as they would not have been a corps after getting their commissions any more than a class of West Point is a corps after graduation. However, my son was sent to the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Niagara in May, 1917; received his commission as 2d Lieutenant, Field Artillery, U. S. R., on August 14, 1917, and was one of ten out of his battery sent directly to France, where he was ordered to Battery F, 7th U. S. Field Artillery, 1st Division of the A. E. F.

This division was on the Lorraine front until April, 1918, when

they were ordered to the front between Cantigny and Amiens. In May they took Cantigny and held it against numerous counter-attacks by the Boche. They made many raids in this sector and saw real fighting. In one of these raids my son carried a wounded man out of No Man's Land under fire and was recommended for a citation. In July they were ordered to rest billets, having been under intensive fire for three months, but before reaching them were turned to the line south of Soissons to take part in the big drive which started on July 17 and was the beginning of the defeat of the Germans. My boy had many hair-breadth escapes in these battles, was gassed, but not wounded. He filled every battery position. When the division was relieved he had not had his uniform nor his boots off for a month, and weighed only 130 pounds. His weight is 170 now. When his division was ordered to St. Mihiel he and other Yale Reserve officers were ordered back, some to teach at the artillery school at Saumur. He was ordered to the classification camp at St. Aignan, where he was when the armistice was signed. He was then sent to Blois and put on waiting orders, with no duties. He lost all his baggage in April and had to buy a new outfit. On December 1 he learned of its location, at a town about forty miles from Blois. The Colonel in command at Blois refused to let him have a day off in which to get it. His reason was that orders might arrive for him. He refused to let him go to St. Aignan for his Christmas packages. His baggage in still in France. He refused him twenty-four hours' leave to go to a Yale dinner in Paris. He refused him twenty-four hours' leave to say good-bye to his French friends at Nice and St. Georges. In fact, this Colonel, who was a Major when Pershing was a Captain, was a real old-style martinet, such as we read about in Maryatt.

On Christmas morning my son was discharged from the army and ordered to leave that night for Brest, to take transport for the United States. Although discharged in France he was not paid off in France. At Brest he had to wait ten days for a transport, paying his own expenses. He had to borrow money from the Red Cross. On the transport he had to pay for his meals—$14. The Colonel in charge of the ship refused to sign his subsistence checks, saying, "you are no longer in the army and therefore are not entitled to subsistence." He received his pay after reaching New York.

His case is only one of hundreds. To say that these men are sore over their treatment is putting it mildly. One officer who had enlisted in Paris, and had received the Croix de Guerre and three citation stars, was sent to New York, although he demanded to be returned to the place of his enlistment. These men are all returned as "casuals." They have no division, no regiment, no company. My son, after sixteen months on the front and a year on the firing line, after having been recommended for a citation and promotion, is discharged in a foreign country without pay and has to borrow money to get home. He feels he has been kicked out of the army, as though he had never done anything creditable. He wanted to remain in France, but it was not allowed. Although discharged there, and as far as I can see, at once becoming a private citizen, he and others were sent to Brest in charge of an officer!

Leaving here in August, 1917, full of enthusiasm and eagerness to

serve their country in the army in France, they return disheartened and with anything but love of country in their hearts. Something is radically wrong in the treatment of these men. We could not raise a volunteer army of any size today. I doubt whether an army could be raised today by conscription without serious opposition. As for our present Administration, it is teaching that the Government will support the people. The idea that the people must support the Government does not seem to have any place in the minds of the Socialists, labor unions and I. W. W.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Pardon my encroaching on your time, but I know you will hear much about the complaints of returning soldiers, and I thought you might be interested in the experience of one of them.

Easton, Pa. S. H. CHAUVENET.

ROOSEVELT AND JOHN BURROUGHS

SIR.—What a lovable and wonderful figure is John Burroughs! With an aged body crowned by time-bleached hair, he faces the world with a smile and a calm young soul as fresh as the snow upon bowed chrysanthemums in late November. In the flower of his years he urges us, who have not achieved the outlook his comprehension has attained, to accept the Universe, telling us that life is sweet despite the bitter seed we often bite into in our enjoyment of the mellow fruit. "The good would have no tang, no edge, no cutting quality, without evil to oppose it."

He has said: "The voyage is not all calm and sunshine, but it is safe * * *;" that "power waits upon him who earns it * * *." And I recall the word of another naturalist whose strong voice of resonant courage was ever raised to point the way of true happiness: "The joy of living is his who has the heart to demand it." And it seems that the source of this last quotation, Theodore Roosevelt, has been overlooked in one essential aspect—that is, literary ability. In the tremendousness of his political career the books into which he put himself, where you find the real man, have not been noted with the degree of prominence that their eloquence and scholarship deserve.

The spirit of adventure was wonderfully developed in Theodore Roosevelt. It seemed to be a part of his innermost being, this desire for new plains to roam on, new men and stars and forests and beasts to see. He loved to go over untrodden ground, revelling in the unfolding of virgin landscapes, experiencing the thrill of an explorer mounting the crest of a hill to gaze into a fresh land his pioneer spirit had brought out of the unknown, the joy without the disappointment which Moses must have felt when he saw deep into the heart of Caanan. The long days in the saddle; the dangerous trailing of fierce animals; the deep forests spreading welcome shade over wide floors of fern, inviting one to tent and rest—these were clear joys to him. And this wish for the uninhabited, uncivilized reaches, for great plains and extended vistas of hills was not an impression upon his mind of a mere *wanderlust* tendency; it was the logical need of his being for undefiled Nature, the irrepressible longing of his mind for an environment in which his

visions could take wing and beat above exalted scenery and descend in virgin fields.

It is these qualities that his books manifest, as this slight and insufficient quotation from *A Booklover's Holidays in the Open* will show:

> The man must have youth and strength who seeks adventure in the wide, waste spaces of the earth, in the marshes, among the vast mountain masses, in the northern forests, amid the steaming jungles of the tropics, or on the deserts of sand or of snow. He must long greatly for the lonely winds that blow across the wilderness, for the sunrise and sunset over the rim of the empty world. . . . The beauty and charm of the wilderness are his for the asking. . . . He can see the red splendor of desert sunsets, and the unearthly glory of the afterglow on the battlements of desolate mountains. In sapphire gulfs of ocean he can visit islets, above which the wings of myriads of sea-fowl make a kind of cunieform script in the air. . . .
>
> The joy of living is his who has the heart to demand it.

Through that classic, *African Game Trails,* as through his other works, runs the poetic understanding and felicity of imagery which will serve to make Roosevelt's genuine contributions live. His gift for description may be exampled thus:

> Two or three days later I left the woods. The weather had grown colder. The loons had begun to gather on the larger lakes in preparation for their southward flight. The nights were frosty. Fall was in the air. Once there was a flurry of snow. Birch and maple were donning the bravery with which they greet the oncoming north; crimson and gold their banners flaunted in the eyes of the dying year.

The hearts of these two men, Burroughs and Roosevelt, beat in the direction of Nature. There they discovered that lasting glamour and beauty which only he who has heard the soughing of the pines, the hymn of the larks, and felt the perfect concinnity of her comradeship, can appreciate.

Will you let me thank Mr. Burroughs through you for the satisfying essay in the January REVIEW.

WILLIAM GAMALIEL SHEPARD.

Guinea Mills, Va.

WE REAFFIRM IT

SIR.—In your article on the dissolution of the Empire of Germany it is asserted that in the course of the last sixty years Germany has failed to produce "one great spiritual leader, or, indeed, one great free intellectual leader." The inference is that this condition is the result of the coalition, and the dominating influence of Prussia in the policies of the Empire.

As I have heretofore understood it, the troubles incident to the act of federation were dynastic in their origin; and that the union produced no essential change in the social and intellectual life of its peoples. In other words, the federation was purely political in its character. If the sovereignty of our States should be absorbed in complete centralization of the Government, a Pennsylvanian would think, worship and attend to his business as before that event took place; his children would have the same privileges and opportunities as before. Has the Empire denied the German any such, or has it abridged his

liberty? In the sense that we are a federated republic, Germany is a federated Monarchy. Am I incorrect in this assumption?

If not, your statements are not susceptible of proof, and involve a contradiction. In modern Germany, as in other civilized nations, advancement in "material sciences, industry and commerce" goes hand in hand with advancement in the "things of the mind and spirit." This subject has been treated in Guizot's *History of Civilization in Modern Europe* in the first chapter. It is absurd to assert that Germany's progress in the last sixty years has been one-sided.

The comparison is not entirely fair; it should be made to include other civilized peoples. If it can be shown that Germany alone can show no great names to set against those of a period antedating 1848, there would be some justification for your conclusions; but even so, I am still unconvinced that the cause could be found in the political status of its peoples. But can this be done? Who are such in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Japan; where are ours? The Graces are not prodigal with their gifts; Nature does not produce giants every so many years.

I believe your statements to be inaccurate, and I will be glad to have you enlarge on this subject in a later issue. There must be a number of your subscribers, besides myself, to whom a paper would be of interest.

Orwigsburg, Pa. LIN B. ZULICK.

HIGH THINKING AT HIRAM HILL

SIR.—Mr. Harrison Rhodes' impressions of the high thinking and very plain living practiced in Civil War times at the academy on Hiram Hill, to which you give a place in a recent issue, are very timely. It seems not less so to enlarge upon Mr. Rhodes' good word for the results of the study of Latin at that humble institution. The following letter was written by the room-mate who shared the corn-meal mush with the senior Rhodes, to a friend who afterwards died, "in the service," of camp fever:

Wadsworth, Feb. 26, 1861.

My dear GUST:

. . . I am studying some, reading Tacitus. I shall finish twenty-four pages today. His treatise upon the Germans, which I am reading, is very interesting indeed. We study history, after all, as men make geographical discoveries. We begin with the nation, and go back to the tribe in the forest; the geographer begins at the mouth of the river, and traces it till he finds the spring from which it flows in the mountains. Two years ago I read Motley, now I am working my way through Tacitus. Do you not find an especial delight in tracing thoughts to their source—to go back till you can say, "There that idea originated"? At such a moment you have a feeling akin to that which Bruce felt at the sources of the Nile. Here arises, I think, a larger share of the pleasure we experience in reading the classics. I read Motley.—Motley had studied Tacitus. History and its attendant studies afford me my greatest pleasure; and I take the most pleasure in standing just upon the border land—between light and darkness—just as the sun is coming up; where I can see the night fleeing and the day advancing. I think I am safe in saying that in all departments of human inquiry the questions of greatest interest always arise just where the known shades into the unknown. I think it is true in history. I find Tacitus graphic; and can easily understand what Rufus Choate meant when he called him the "Macaulay of the Ancients." When I have read the four pages remaining, I shall not study any more here.

The writer of this letter,—B. A. Hinsdale, late of the University of Michigan,—has left a name in political science and in education. When he wrote the letter, he was a young man twenty-three years old, and was spending a vacation helping his farmer father tap the maples for sugar making.

MARY L. HINSDALE.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

IMMORTAL YOUTH

SIR.—To many of the patriotic and loving yet bereaved fathers and mothers whose sons have fallen in the Great War, I have found that one of the most comforting thoughts has been that their "boys" have been thereby endowed with "immortal youth."

No matter how long the parents live, their boy never will grow old to them. Had he and they lived together for ten, twenty or forty years, the boy of twenty-odd would have become the man of even sixty-odd with gray hairs and the *pes anserinus* furrowing his temples. Once he has given life itself for Liberty and Civilization, he has passed from the Realm of Time, with its changes and its vicissitudes, its ageing and its decrepitude, into the Realm of Immortality. There he never will lose the bloom of youth with his well-remembered inspiring buoyancy, his affection, his ardent, hopeful, cheerful life. Immortality for him and them knows neither Decay nor Decline. Its voice is ever that of vigorous, hopeful, radiant Eternal Youth.

I believe as firmly in Immortality and the Future Life as I do in my present existence. Hence I believe that Immortal Youth is the future of our young heroes who have made what is well called the "Supreme Sacrifice."

W. W. KEEN, M. D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICA*

MUST IT BE SACRIFICED TO HUMANITY?

BY THE EDITOR

WHEN Abraham Lincoln arrived in Washington from Springfield, in 1861, the nation was confronting the most vital crisis that had arisen in its history. With deep and solemn appreciation of that dreadful fact Mr. Lincoln uttered these words in his first inaugural:

"My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time, but no good object can be frustrated by it."

That was the counsel of tolerance, of prudence and of wisdom. Our country is now facing another paramount exigency. Opinions may differ as to its importance compared with that which arose in 1861. I feel myself—and I am trying to speak without exaggeration but from a sense of profound conviction—that it is even more vital. What would have happened if our Union had been divided into two separate commonwealths no man can predicate

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* An address to the Bankers' Association of Chicago.

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with any semblance of authority. By the mercy of God, the necessity of engaging in such speculation did not arise. We are, however, assured of this fact that, even though disunion had eventuated, the fundamental principles and traditions of the Republic would have been retained by each of the two nations thus created. How long to their mutual disadvantage they would have remained separate entities no one can tell, nor for the present purpose is it essential or profitable to attempt to formulate an opinion.

The point I wish to emphasize by way of contrast is that the danger which now confronts America is vastly greater than even that of those black days immediately preceding the Civil War, for the reason that we are now asked to change our form of government, to divest our nation of its full independence and its most cherished tradition, and to sacrifice in part at least our sovereignty. That is what the proposed mingling of the United States with the Powers of Europe and of Asia means. The fact is undeniable; indeed it is admitted reluctantly but definitely by the proponents of the new order of the government of the world.

If it were necessary to produce evidences in substantiation of this statement there would be no difficulty in doing so. Both the President and the ex-President, the leaders of the movement, have made the acknowledgment over and over again. They insist merely that such a waiver is one only of degree; that it is in no essential sense a novelty because every treaty ever made bears a concession, however slight, of like import. This rejoinder is neither conclusive nor convincing, for the reason that every treaty entered into by the United States contains a distinct provision that it may be legally abrogated or denounced at any time upon compliance with certain prescribed conditions. That is to say, a treaty is temporary in its nature and not binding upon the contracting parties beyond the time when either may deem its continuance in force disadvantageous or unadvisable.

The present proposal, on the other hand, is perpetual, a covenant from which none of the parties thereto can withdraw with honor or without in effect declaring war upon the rest of the world. Upon this point also there is no disagreement. Even though there were a difference of opinion as to the inherent right of withdrawal, regardless

of the absence from the written document of such a privilege, the very existence of the doubt might easily produce confusion, misunderstandings and disasters surpassing even those likely to spring from the implied denial of the right itself.

I shall not attempt to analyze the concrete proposal submitted to the country by the President. That has already been done so thoroughly and so effectively that nothing that I could say would add materially to the store of knowledge which you already possess. There is moreover another wholly practical reason. It is now clearly evident that the covenant in its present form is doomed to failure. We may safely assume that the pledge signed by more than one-third of the Senators and supported by an actual majority makes this a certainty, wholly aside from recent information from Paris that several of the other Powers regarded the published draft as purely tentative, have had at no time any real intention of accepting it unamended, and acquiesced in its promulgation for the sole purpose of serving the President's convenience.

Even the President himself, while not modifying his insistence that no material change whatever would be admissible, inferentially conceded upon the eve of sailing, the necessity of adopting another method, at least, of achieving his ultimate aim. Tacitly recognizing the impossibility of imposing his will upon the coördinate branch of the treaty-making power, he announced his purpose to circumvent the Senate by so weaving into the treaty of peace the threads of the covenant that separation would be impossible, and that thereby he would put the Senate in such a position that it would be compelled to ratify his proposals or to assume responsibility for continuance of the war, thus following the course of Congress when it puts a "rider," wholly extraneous in nature, upon an appropriation bill, which the Executive must approve perforce, to provide means for conducting the affairs of the Government.

The ethics, or even perhaps the morality, of such a proceeding I shall not discuss. To do so would involve almost necessarily consideration of, and perhaps reflection upon, the President's motives. Into that realm I shall not and you would not wish me to enter. Nevertheless, while I would not under any circumstances, in the common phrase, attack the President, I hold it to be not only the right but

the positive obligation, especially of a publicist, not only to criticise but to denounce anything and everything that a President may do or attempt to do that seems to be wrong. We are altogether too prone to make a fetich of our Chief Magistrate and to regard his every act as of origin so nearly approaching divine as to be practically immune even to discussion. After all, every President, from Washington to Wilson, has been the same fallible being after he entered the White House as he was before; and, after all, he continues to be in fact, as one occasionally disingenuously declares himself to be in theory, a mere public servant, whose official performances are properly subject to the approval or disapproval of his masters.

But, however we may regard the propriety under our laws and customs of the procedure which the President announces he shall follow in the accomplishment of his purpose, none can deny the merit or the value of his frankness. Forewarned is forearmed. For the first time since he sailed away to France early in December and substituted intensive secrecy for the "open covenants openly arrived at" which had been guaranteed by the first of the fourteen commandments, we now know precisely what to expect. Nor is there occasion for surprise in the programme adopted. Long ago, before Mr. Wilson had any anticipation of becoming President of the United States, he formulated his theory of the practical relationship of the two treaty-making branches of the Government. Writing in 1907 on Constitutional Government in the United States, Dr. Wilson said:

"Of one of the greatest of the President's powers I have not yet spoken at all: his control, which is very absolute, of the foreign relations of the nation. The initiative in foreign affairs, which the President possesses without any restriction whatever is virtually the power to control them absolutely. The President cannot conclude a treaty with a foreign Power without the consent of the Senate, but he may guide every step of diplomacy, and to guide diplomacy is to determine what treaties must be made, if the faith and prestige of the government are to be maintained. *He need disclose no step of negotiation until it is complete, and when in any critical matter it is completed the Government is virtually committed.* Whatever its disinclination the Senate may feel itself committed also."

It will be seen, therefore, that the course which the President has avowedly marked out for himself conforms precisely to the theory then enunciated. Other Presidents have held other views. President Lincoln, for example, addressing the Senate under date of June 23, 1862, on the project of a treaty between the United States and Mexico, which had been proposed to him by our minister to Mexico, said:

"The action of the Senate is of course conclusive against the acceptance of the treaties on my part. I have, nevertheless, thought it just to our excellent minister in Mexico and respectful to the Government of that Republic to lay the treaties before the Senate together with the correspondence which has occurred in relation to them. In performing this duty I have only to add that the importance of the subject thus submitted to the Senate cannot be overestimated, and I shall cheerfully receive and consider with the highest respect any further advices the Senate may think proper to give upon the subject."

A more striking illustration of the antithesis in judgment of President Lincoln and President Wilson with respect to the prerogatives of the Senate could not be desired. It is, moreover, a reasonable assumption that, if Mr. Wilson had treated the coördinate branch with the respect and consideration accorded by Mr. Lincoln, much of the confusion and acrimony which has risen, greatly to the disadvantage of our country before the eyes of the world, might have been averted.

Instead, however, as we all know, following his own lead, which differs sharply from that not only of President Lincoln, but of every predecessor beginning with Washington, he ignored the Senate completely, denied it any participation in the negotiations and designated as his associates personal retainers of slight, though respectable, repute.

There was, moreover, a particular reason why one so solemnly and so frequently pledged to heed the voice of the people might well have taken a broader view. Only a month before he had submitted somewhat defiantly his policies to the country, and the country, rightly or wrongfully, had rejected those policies by a majority exceeding 1,300,000, and had substituted the Republican Party for

the Democratic Party in control of the Senate itself. Despite, however, this clear indication of the attitude of the people and of his own pledge to accept their judgment without cavil, he disregarded the verdict and pursued his course, even to the point of disregarding an age-long tradition by forsaking his post of duty and assuming personal control of the negotiations in foreign lands.

The pity of this is now only too apparent in the prolongation of the conference called primarily to determine the terms of peace, until now at the end of three months, practically nothing has been accomplished, to the great distress and danger of all of the peoples of Europe and to the continuing discomfort and anxiety of our own countrymen, the reconstruction of whose industrial affairs is so sadly needed. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to exculpate President Wilson from responsibility for this most distressing condition. Both at home and abroad the probability is now recognized that but for the President's insistence upon the injection at the outset of his favorite project, peace would have been attained in January and the whole world would have been released from its fetters, to begin at least the mighty tasks essential to renewal of the ordinary activities of existence which alone can make for the restoration of human happiness.

But, except for the lessons which may be derived, the mistakes of the past, if they be mistakes, may be ignored. Our concern is with the present and the immediate future. Even though, as we have assumed, the tentative programme cannot win essential acceptance, the substance of the plan has not been and will not be abandoned. The President is so fully committed to the project and so firmly convinced of the support of the people that a test of the sentiment of the country is inevitable. Whether he will succeed in convincing the delegates of the other Powers of his ability to so entwine the League notion with the peace treaty proper as to enable him to coerce the Senate seems doubtful; but, failing that, there is hardly a question of his fetching home some kind of proposition upon which to raise a definite issue before the country. Let us, then, go to the root of the matter.

In the first place, no League to Enforce Peace can be devised which is not in effect a League to Enforce War—war to be waged by its members upon any country which

refuses to submit to their decrees. The President, unconsciously perhaps, admitted that when, at Great Britain's insistence, he withdrew his demand for freedom of the seas because, forsooth, upon reflection he perceived that there could be no neutrals with a League in operation. Precisely why, he did not say, but in any case he regarded it as a joke on himself that he had never thought of that before. Incidentally the support of Great Britain was essential to the success of his project and Great Britain would not budge from her great tradition of sea control. Hence the unsuspected jest.

Secondly, no conceivable advantage shall accrue to the United States. Upon that point the President was rigidly insistent from the start and finally, through the exercise of his remarkable persuasive talents, he won the acquiescence of the other Powers. Indeed, if the truth must be told, from the very beginning their one concern has been, not whether they could get something out of us, but how much. Great Britain, of course, will yield nothing. She is in the position of the rich man whose sole need is to find somebody to guarantee his perpetual possession of what he already has. We are to be that somebody—maybe. France and Italy will readily cancel manufactured claims to territories which they have no use for and never really wanted. In return for these extraordinary concessions we are to give them control of the United States. Not immediately, of course; that might seem too obvious. We are only to finance them for a while and send our soldiers to police their outlying provinces. You may think that an exaggeration. It is not. That is precisely what the President has agreed to once and will agree to, in substance, again if he can find some way to turn the corner of the Capitol.

A perfect parallel is this: You have built up a great, successful bank. Some other like institutions not so very near are attacked successfully by burglars. You go to their assistance, not in a dream or because you have visions of an approaching millennium, but because you fear that if those burglars are not stopped they may rob you, too. You arrive in the nick of time to help the others beat off the burglars.

When it is all over you find that you have incurred heavy liabilities, but that your capital and surplus are still intact, your deposits show signs of increasing and your

bank is the soundest, richest and most promising in the land. Meanwhile, those other banks have suffered sadly. Two or three are on the verge of bankruptcy. You meet to consider the situation. You have done your full part but you are willing to do more. You will extend loans, you will make fresh loans, you will reduce interest, you will do anything in reason that can be asked. Then somebody makes a proposal. It is that all the banks combine and pool assets and liabilities, the assets being yours, of course, and the liabilities theirs, and there will be nine directors of whom you shall be one and President. They are to have the control, but you are to have the honor. Think of that!

And who do you suppose makes this remarkable proposition? Why, you, the head of the great solvent bank, and the others hem and haw about it for a while and after persuading you to concede this, that and the other to bind the bargain, finally consent. Then you go back to your stockholders and report what you have done in the name of humanity, for the common good, and demand ratification of your superb performance. Suppose all that should happen! Where do you think you would get off? Well, that is the precise proposition which now confronts the stockholders of the United States. It is a homely illustration, but a true one. I defy anybody to find a flaw in the analogy.

The similarity, in fact, in a broad sense, stretches further than I have indicated. Whatever in the case imagined might be the attitude of your stockholders and whatever, when the time comes, may be the attitude of the stockholders of the United States, there can be no question whatever of the eagerness with which the insolvent banks in the one instance or the impoverished Powers in the other would welcome the proposal. Surprise has been manifested at the readiness of England to join the combination, and many compliments have been paid to the President for his success in "converting" Lloyd George. But why should not England gladly and thankfully enter into such an arrangement? In the first place, it is her own scheme from top to bottom. There is a common supposition that it is an American plan conceived by an American President. That is not the fact. America is only a cat's paw in the business. The origin of every one of the thirteen famous Points

remaining out of the fourteen uttered by the President on January 8 is absolutely and wholly British.

The only Commandment missing is the one abandoned by the President as a joke on himself at the behest of Great Britain. You will perceive, therefore, that instead of originating the bases of peace, as is generally supposed, the President merely adapted the propositions already avowed by the British Government. We are concerned for the moment in but one, namely, that creating a League of Nations, with respect to which the President replied to Senator Brandegee that four drafts of a proposed Constitution had been submitted, one each by the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy. The British plan, the President added in further response to Senator Brandegee's questioning, was the one adopted. The other plans had been "put aside." Nevertheless, if the Senator should insist, he thought it "possible" that the American plan might be produced for comparison. If it has been, the fact has not been made public. That is to say, the American people have not yet been permitted to see the plan prepared by their own Commission and probably never would have known that one had been submitted at all if Mr. Brandegee had not almost inadvertently elicited the information. Instead, we are not only asked but ordered to swallow a purely British concoction, hook, line and sinker.

Now I make no special point of that. If we must become a minority partner in world government instead of continuing to do business as an independent at the same old stand, and if the British scheme is the best suggested, well and good; but as the parties chiefly in interest, are not the American people fairly entitled at least to look at their own proposal and try to discern why another is preferable, especially when, as is universally admitted, they are doing all the giving and the others all the taking?

But perhaps we ought not to haggle about such things. Perhaps we ought to go it blind. That this is what we are expected to do there is no shadow of doubt. Senator McCormick spoke the exact truth when he said that "during his week's visit to the United States, President Wilson gave voice to two rhetorical rhapsodies, but he adduced no argument in support of any of the disputed articles and made no specific answer to any specific objection."

What he did say was that "the people are in the sad-

dle," and that "statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken," and that any Americans who failed to heed his admonition would be derelict in "their duty to mankind" if they did not assume whatever obligations might be put upon them by himself and his associates from other countries, "without counting the cost." And to this amazing assertion to a hundred millions of people who are not supposed to be devoid of common sense he added, "We"—meaning we Americans—"are ready to make the supreme sacrifice and throw in our fortunes with the fortunes of men everywhere."

Now that is going far. The Declaration of Independence contains no such pronouncement as that. It asserted merely that "these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states," free to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and as independent of the rest of the world as they freely conceded the rest of the world to be of them. And when the President took his oath of office he did not pledge himself to serve "men everywhere" throughout the world. He restricted himself, in the words of the Constitution, to a solemn promise that he would "faithfully execute the office of the President of the United States" and nothing more than that. "Men everywhere" did not elect him. "Men everywhere" do not pay him. His sole obligation is to this country.

But has anybody heard so much as a whisper from Paris of the slightest consideration of the future welfare of America? There is no concealment or denial of the obvious fact that the English delegates are concerned only with the British Empire; that the Frenchmen think only of France; and the Italians only of Italy. That is in no sense to their discredit. It is more than their privilege, more than their right, it is their duty. But if America has a single advocate among our commissioners to the great conference, no sign to that effect has appeared in the published reports. They represent humanity, even though they were not selected by humanity, and if the League of Nations shall be formed it is an irresistible conclusion that its first President will represent humanity, and that this great Republic will not have even one representative devoted exclusively to its interests out of the nine who will comprise the rulers of the world.

Now why are we asked to make this mighty sacrifice?

Why has it suddenly become our duty to toss our cherished Republic into the melting pot to be crushed into a pulp of international socialism? To prevent a recurrence of war, we are told, and simultaneously we are warned by the President, that if his project is not realized, all Europe will soon be aflame and again weltering in a sea of blood. How can he know that? For fifty long years militant Prussia transparently threatened the peace of Europe. Today not only Prussia, but all Germany, all Austria, and all Turkey lie prostrate and helpless awaiting the stern judgment of those whom they so cruelly wronged.

Never in all its history has the prospect of enduring peace in Europe been so fair as it is today. The Allies are absolute masters of the situation. They can, and pray God, they may affix a penalty which will bar the outlaw from ever again threatening civilization. Do you not think they realize this? Do you doubt for a moment that they will do it? Already we read that, in the temporary absence of the American commission from Paris, they have decided to reduce the German army to a police force of one hundred thousand men and to keep it there. That is for the salvation of France. Do you suspect for a moment that England will permit the building of another German navy? Is it conceivable that those great and intelligent peoples who have suffered untold agonies, will agree to a settlement that will make it even remotely possible for either the autocracy or the people of Germany ever again to threaten their very existence?

Upon what conceivable ground can the President base his prediction, uttered with all of his accustomed assurance, of another immediate holocaust but for our or his interventions? May it not be possible that, shrewd and capable as he is, he may be as mistaken, as when he warned the American people that he could not hope to win the war for them unless immediately they granted the electoral franchise to women. You may accept it as a certainty, that our Allies neither seek nor desire assistance from us in dictating the terms of peace. All they want from us is the present use and the future control of our vast resources in money and, if need should arise, in men.

But we are informed, upon what authority I do not know, but certainly not of the Bible, that our first obligation is to those of distant climes rather than to our neighbors

and ourselves. I deny that. I deny further that our primary duty is to "men everywhere." But even if it were, what reason is there to believe that by entering a combination, which as Senator Knox clearly demonstrated, is a breeder of wars and not a maker of peace, we could serve humanity better than we have served it since the fathers established this free Republic upon the sure foundation of liberty under law.

America has not failed in her duty to the world. From the moment that she signalled to oppressed beings throughout the world that here was safe refuge and equal opportunities for all, she has kept that beacon-light burning, and drawn within her borders millions who might otherwise have perished and who today are as proud of their citizenship and in the recent war have proved their fidelity equally with the descendants of the three millions who first constituted the nation.

By her example far more than by her precepts and far more than any other agency America has shattered the idols of monarchy and brought thrones crashing to the ground. Shall the continuing and ever increasing effects of that example be now dispensed with? Can better than the glorious results already attained be reasonably anticipated from a mingling of her undefiled spirit with the diverse and incongruous elements of the Old World?

All teaching, all tradition, all experience, points the contrary. We not only assume but demand virtual guardianship of the western hemisphere. Is not that enough? Is it not all that we can safely or ought to be asked to undertake? Would we not better still the ferment in Mexico and Peru and Chile and San Domingo and Costa Rica before attempting to foist everlasting peace upon the Balkans? And have we no vital problems within our own boundaries crying for solution? "To thine own self be true," applies with force no less as to a nation than to an individual.

To those who sneeringly remark to us of pigmy minds, "Produce something better than our League or forever after hold your peace," I reply: "That is not for us to do. It is for you to show wherein our country has failed and how it may hope more gloriously to fulfill its mission." Yours, not ours, is the burden of suggestion and proof. And we are free men. We will take no dictation and we will not

follow blindly. Long have the American people safely pursued the course marked out for them by the Fathers of the Republic, and in the words of Abraham Lincoln only "the people themselves, and not their servants, can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions. . . . Whatever may be the wishes or dispositions of foreign States, the integrity of our country and the stability of our Government depend not upon them, but on the loyalty, the virtue, the patriotism and the intelligence of the American people. . . . Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess."

I can do no better than to leave you with those words of your martyred President ringing in your ears. I wish only to add, in conclusion, as from New England, of *our* great patriot that, while according unstinted admiration to those whose largeness of view enable them to say, with Garrison, "My country is the world, my countrymen are mankind," I am content to walk humbly, reverently, in the footsteps of Daniel Webster in the service of "my country, and nothing but my country," and I have only to regret that we cannot hear that great voice ring out as it did ring out of yore:

"Thank God, I—I also—am an American."

PRESUMPTUOUS PROPAGANDA

THE Hunnish propagandists are incorrigible. We had supposed that with exposure of their deviltries they would at least have the negative graces of shame and silence. So most detected malefactors do. But these are an exception to all rules. The more their falsehoods are exposed, the more they revel in them and rail and snarl at those who tell the truth. It is in vain that we address to them the demand that was made upon Falstaff: "What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?" The fat knight made a most ingenious excuse, for the cleverness of which we may forgive its falsity. But the Huns and their apologists disdain excuses, glory in their shame, and heap opprobrium upon those who expose them with the truth.

Conspicuously is this the case among those who we may term the intellectuals, in relation to that most insidious and most iniquitous of all forms of propaganda, the falsifying and corrupting of instruction. There was perhaps no more discreditable revelation made in all the drama of the war than that of the prostitution of literature, of pedagogy and of science to the vilest purposes of the would-be conquerors and ravishers. We now know that the German professors in American universities, who were sent hither under the exchange system were in fact chiefly unscrupulous agents of the Wilhelmstrasse, receiving large salaries from the German Foreign Office for their services as spies, intriguers and propagandists. We know that school and college text books, to say nothing of other literature, were deliberately falsified, in order to promote regard and admiration for Germany and to arouse unfounded prejudices against lands with which Germany was likely to clash. We know that a numerous company of the foremost scientists and educators of Germany early in the war signed their names to an elaborate public document which every one of them must have known to be a monstrous concoction of wanton lies.

Captain Ohlinger, of the United States, has recently reminded us most forcibly and indisputably of the German campaign which was carried on for years before the war in our public school system, with a view, as was frankly avowed by some, of Germanizing America. Thus in the State of Wisconsin, thirty years ago, it was found that 14 per cent of children of school age were not attending school at all, and that in 129 German Lutheran parochial schools no instruction whatever was given in the English language. Thereupon a law was made requiring all children from seven to fourteen years old to attend some school in which the "Three R's" and history were taught in English. Against this law the German population of the State arose in wrath, carried an election, and compelled its repeal. In Nebraska the German Alliance secured the enactment of a law compelling the teaching of a foreign language—which was certain to be German—in the primary schools whenever a certain number of parents demanded it.

So, too, German propaganda was surreptitiously introduced into text-books in our public schools. Works were used which taught that the United States was indebted to

Germany for a large share in its foundation and for the major part of its civilization and culture; that the spirit of the German people was far superior to that of Americans; that William II was a "Christian and hero" who "always followed the right path"; that Germany was a peace-loving nation surrounded by aggressive and militaristic foes; and that Germany though in name an empire was in fact a republic with a constitution much like that of the United States.

We should have thought, we repeat, that the simple exposure of these infamies would be sufficient to cover their authors with confusion and to silence them for criticism or even comment upon whatever reform and purification of our educational system might in consequence of these disclosures be effected. But it was not so. The contumacy of the propagandist, and of his knowing or unknowing assistant, is seemingly irrepressible and unconquerable. No effort is made, it is true, to defend or to palliate those Hunnish falsehoods and intrigues. But vigorous protests are made against the counteracting of that educational poison with application of wholesome truths.

Thus in Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's *Nation* we find an impassioned diatribe, now sneering and sarcastic, now austere as a Hebrew prophet, against what it calls "Poisoning the Wells" and what it further describes as "subtly pernicious Government propaganda developed by the war" for the "prostitution of educational systems to the selfish purposes of rulers." It gives examples of this iniquity, culled from a manual of instruction concerning the war which has been adopted by officials of the New York Department of Education; thus: Responsibility for the war is placed, by this manual, "upon the shoulders of the German Emperor, his political and military leaders, and the German people;" such German authorities as Dr. Muelhon, Mr. Fernau, Prince Lichnowsky and Mr. Harden being authority for the charge. This is cited by the *Nation* as a hideous example of "systematic abuse, to say nothing of downright misrepresentation, of Germany and the German people" and "a view of the great war which is no less than a monstrous falsehood."

Again the manual is quoted as saying that "in Russia a revolt broke out against the pro-German court and the Czar * * * Kerensky tried to establish a stable government

but failed on account of the opposition of the extremists, Lenine and Trotzky. When these men attained power, they betrayed their country into the hands of Germany." Now that statement, in general and detail, according to the overwhelming weight of evidence, from both Russian and American sources, including that presented recently by the American Ambassador at Petrograd, is a notably precise and judicious statement of the truth. Yet the *Nation* seeks to pillory it as a monstrous falsehood intended for "searing the souls of little children with the blasting flame of hatred" and for "the poisoning of their spirit with falsehoods."

Another prescription which seems especially to infuriate the Hunnish propagandist or apologist is the syllabus of a conference of a department of the National Educational Association, which includes the following: How to teach pupils that democracy involves duties as well as rights; how to teach pupils respect for properly constituted authority; how to teach pupils to respect the rights of others; and how to teach pupils faithfulness in the discharge of responsibility. The average intelligent and thoughtful American will, we are sure, regard those four topics with sincere gratification, as indicating four eminently desirable courses of instruction. But the *Nation* dismisses it with the characteristic Villardian sneer: "A subservient citizenry, well drilled in falsehoods and hatreds, and trained to the duty of universal military service—what could be finer or more fitting fruit of a war fought for democracy?" We must assume, then, that the *Nation* would have the youth of America taught that democracy involves no duties, that no respect is to be given to constituted authority or to the rights of others, and that it is folly to be faithful in the discharge of responsibility.

After that we are not surprised to find the gentle Bolshevist rancidly ranting about "the incalculable injury that is being done to millions of innocent and impressionable children" and "sins against the Holy Spirit" for which "those who are to blame shall find no forgiveness though they seek with strong crying and tears." Of course we might say that even such carrion is innocuous, since in the very rankness of its reek it conveys its own antidote; but it would, as we know by only too painful experience, be unjudicious too confidently to depend upon such salvation.

There is nobody more inclined to such arguments than the offenders themselves. The thief is always an advocate of giving him all the rope he wants; and though he may ultimately hang himself, he contrives to do a vast deal of pilfering first.

When the definitive and deliberate history of these times comes to be written the philosophic historian will dwell with amazement, not unmixed with detestation on the one hand and reprobation on the other, upon the all but incredible impudicity of the Hunnish propaganda before, during and following the war, and upon the similarly all but incredible forbearance shown toward it by the American people.

THE SPOTS OF THE LEOPARD

THE proverbial saying about the paramount importance of the month of April in American history, for which there is indeed much basis in fact, may easily receive additional confirmation this year. Indeed, it can scarcely avoid it, unless some extraordinary influences cause the Peace Congress to content itself with marking time and listening to voices in the air for another four weeks. If, as we have every right to expect and to demand, at least the preliminary treaty of peace is agreed upon by the Allies and is dictated to Germany this month, another transcendent event will be added to the already unrivalled record of April; whether for good or for ill is yet in the lap of the gods.

For the settlement will have to do with both parties. We have said, and it cannot be said too emphatically, that the terms of the peace treaty should be determined by the Allies alone, and should be imparted to the Germans simply for their information and acceptance without demur or privilege of discussion. Any other course would, we believe, be a grave mistake, fraught with immeasurable potentiality of disaster. Nevertheless we must remember that the permanent value of the treaty will be not only in the reparatory and protective effect which it has or seems to have upon the Allies, but also, and perhaps equally, we shall not say in the

punitive but at least in the admonitory and chastening effect which it shall have upon the German people.

We emphasize this the more because it is quite obvious that the German spirit has not yet been brought to a realization of the grossness of Germany's offence against humanity and civilization, or even of Germany's defeat in the war.

The fear that this was the case arose at the very time of the making of the armistice, nearly five months ago, and it has never been dispelled nor even abated since that time, but on the contrary has been steadily and to a marked degree intensified and strengthened. It must be remembered that neither in communications with outside Powers nor in domestic deliberations has German guilt or German defeat been authoritatively admitted. The entire and consistent attitude of the German Goveriment, press and people has been that of a nation that was forced into war against its will by malignant enemies, that defended itself with valor and with success, and that finally brought the war to a close with at least as much honor on its side as on that of its opponents.

That Germany outlawed itself by atrocious violations of international law and the principles of humanity, and that it is now an object of general distrust and detestation, never enters the German mind. Nor is there the slightest thought of renouncing the savageries of "Kultur" for the human culture of the civilized world. What the German spirit was under the Hohenzollerns, that it is to-day, unchanged and defiant.

That, we say, is ominous; and one of the most essential things to be done—without which all else will be vain—in the treaty of peace is to bring Germany to a realization of the truth as the world knows it and sees it, and thus to at least the beginning and the possibility of a change for the better in the German attitude toward the world. We do not mean that the spirit of the German people should be broken and humiliated, much as they may deserve even such a fate. We do mean that for Germany to continue in her old spirit would be to perpetuate her menace to the peace of the world; that for her to get rid of that spirit and to get a better one in its place, what we may term political conversion is necessary; and, to continue the figure, to become converted it is necessary first to be convicted of sin.

Recall the course and the attitude of Germany in all respects since the armistice. The troops returning from the front were acclaimed as victors, as conquering heroes. There is scarcely an item in the armistice that has not been protested and denounced as not only ungenerous but also unjust, and the Allies have actually been warned not to presume too far upon German patience and forbearance.

Along the Rhine the Germans at first sought most unctuously to ingratiate themselves with the American troops, in order to sow dissension and distrust between them and the French; failing in which amiable design they turned against them viciously. With most flagrant propaganda and intrigues and even with open military operations Germany has been striving to thwart the recreation of the Polish state, and to assure the Germanization of the seceded Russian provinces along the Baltic and at the south. There have been appointed to the foremost places in the German Government those men who because of their crimes are most offensive to America and to the civilized world. The President long ago intimated that peace negotiations could be had only when Germany had at the head of affairs men whom we could trust and believe, and Germany replies by putting into her high places such creatures as Mathias Erzberger and Dr. Albert!

If the treaty which is expected to be made this month should confirm Germany in this spirit and attitude, or should permit her to remain in it, the prospect for the peace of the world would indeed be gloomy. Convinced that they were the foremost nation of the world, that though greatly maligned and wronged by the other Powers they were still unbeaten in the great war, and that they had a direct commission from their Old German Gott to conquer the world for "Kultur," they would never cease planning and preparing for another war until they had brought it about. No League of Nations, no treaty of peace—which they would of course regard as a scrap of paper—would avail to restrain them.

It is therefore supremely necessary that, whatever else it may or may not contain, the peace treaty shall contain something which will if possible bring home to the German mind the truth as others see it and incline the German

people to abandon the Hunnish ambitions of the Hohenzollerns and to align themselves with the civilized world in pursuing the paths of peace. We do not wish them evil, but we wish the world well, and the welfare of the world requires that if possible the German spirit be exchanged for the spirit of humanity.

We, say, if possible. We hope that it is possible, and that hope is so strong as to warrant the most earnest and persistent effort to be made for its realization. Of course, if the thing is done at all, if it ever can be done, it must be done in the making of the treaty of peace. After that it would be impossible. And it may, anyway, be impossible for the leopard to change his spots. But one of the prime duties of the Peace Congress is to essay the task.

THE OBSTRUCTION OF PEACE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

It has become increasingly difficult to comment freely upon the conduct of the President of the United States without exceeding the limits of expression which a patriotic citizen desires to observe when speaking of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. It was with surprise and regret that the country received the President's announcement of his desire for a "challenge" and the reference to his "fighting blood," accompanied with a wish for an opportunity to "let it have scope," in his speech at Boston on the occasion of his brief visit to the United States. The people were expecting a clear and dispassionate exposition of the purport and the relation to the interests of the Nation of the document that had been sent from Paris as a project of a "League of Nations," and were prepared to receive the President's message regarding it with respectful attention in order to form a judgment of its merits. There seems to have been no occasion for a belligerent mood on the part of anyone, and this unexpected display of personal feeling appeared to those who desired to receive enlightenment on a subject of such great consequence as a rather grotesque method of approaching the discussion of universal peace.

That some new international undertaking should result from the experience of the Great War is evident to all thoughtful men, but the problem of the nature and extent of new and perpetual obligations to be assumed by the United States regarding other countries, is too serious to be treated in a light manner, and the solution of it too heavily charged with consequences to be accepted without careful consideration by all whom the consequences will affect.

The circumstances in which this country has been placed by the President's decision to carry into execution a policy in contradiction to all the traditions of the Republic find no

parallel in the history of any free people in the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. They recall the occasion when the former German Emperor, without consulting the constitutionally authorized officers of the German Empire, undertook, in his private capacity, to carry on negotiations with a foreign Power by procuring an alliance with the Czar of Russia; and the other occasion when the same sovereign attempted to influence the sentiment of the British people by an expression of his personal views in a published interview, and was called to account by the Reichstag. In these instances of purely personal diplomacy, which have been severely criticized both in Germany and elsewhere, the sovereign merely assumed that he had a perfect right to propose and carry into effect what he believed would be for the good of his country. The ground of objection to his conduct was not that as sovereign he did not have charge of the foreign relations of the Empire, a duty which the Imperial Constitution imposed upon him, but that he had exceeded the constitutional limits in his method of procedure; in brief, that his authority was not personal but official, and that officially he could speak and act only in conjunction with other officers also speaking and acting in their joint capacity.

It is, of course, not disputed that the President of the United States is charged by the Constitution with the duty, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," of negotiating treaties with foreign governments. It has, however, been customary, and it is the evident intent of the Constitution of the United States, that in the process of treaty-making, even in the most ordinary matters,—much more in the case of the settlement of the most important issue regarding the peace and safety of the world that has arisen in the present generation, or is likely to arise,—the President should not proceed alone. As Hamilton wrote in the *Federalist,* when urging the adoption of the Constitution, "The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise in a nation to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind, as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world, to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be the President of the United States."

If this caution was deemed necessary regarding decisions

affecting merely those matters relating in a general way to "intercourse with the rest of the world," what is to be said of a scheme to revolutionize the whole plan of international relationship, involving permanent and unalterable bonds of obligation between many nations as yet unnamed in the covenant, and thus far non-existent as established and generally recognized States?

Certainly, it could never have been contemplated by the founders of this Republic that one man, however great, and wise, and noble, should be empowered to pool the interests of this nation with those of other nations unless "by and with the advice and consent" of at least one branch of the representatives of the people, and thus to commit both of the legislative branches of the Government and the property and persons of the people to undertakings incapable of previous precise definition and in terms so broad that they might easily give rise to controversy and even to ultimate dissent and refusal.

Could it have been imagined that any person honored with the prerogatives and responsibilities of the presidency of the United States would even presume, in defiance of public opinion, to disregard the precedents of more than a century, and insist upon leaving his country repeatedly, and for long periods, in the midst of important public business, and appoint himself, accompanied by a retinue of persons chosen only by himself and wholly subservient to his dictates, as the personal negotiator, not of an immediate peace, —which alone might justify an unusual procedure, in order that the victors in a frightful war might promptly guard themselves against future aggression in the manner desired by those most exposed to danger,—but to impose upon other nations, as the price of future American aid and friendship, a plan of world reconstruction evolved from his own inner consciousness, which had not only never been publicly discussed by his fellow-citizens, but had never been disclosed even to the co-ordinate branch of the Government in the exercise of the treaty-making power?

Such a course could certainly never be taken "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." And it should not be overlooked that in the making of treaties it is "advice," as well as consent, which is authorized as essential to the proper performance of that duty.

Who of our American presidents has ever placed such

confidence in himself, or so presumed upon the confidence of others, as to demand the privilege of acting without such advice, or would exercise it without diffidence and every fortification of wise counsel, even if urged by his fellow-citizens to assume this responsibility?

In Europe, where the head of a State has great authority, no sovereign would undertake so large an enterprise. Once, by accident, the late King of England, Edward VII, whose discretion was unusual, met and held conversation with another sovereign, without the presence of a minister. There were no negotiations, and probably there was no utterance on either side beyond what the courtesies of casual intercourse demanded; but immediately there was public criticism in the London newspapers of this disregard of the British Constitution, and it was demanded as a matter of public right that the sovereign should not hold such conversation without the presence of a minister. There was probably only one sovereign in Europe who would resent such criticism, and he is no longer a sovereign.

An American President, it may be thought, is himself his own prime minister. This is an error. He is a definitely delegated representative of a sovereign people, possessing no powers which are not included in the constitutional designation of his functions, by which also they are strictly limited. By etiquette he ranks with royalty in a foreign country because he is the head of a State; but in point of influence he is for that reason more potent than any minister. An American President is never embarrassed by the presence of his ministers. A prime minister is the creature of a Parliament, and subject to its will. He can be overthrown at any moment, and a successor takes his place. A President can be impeached—a difficult process—but he is as secure in the exercise of power, within constitutional limits, during his term of office, as a treasure is secure in a steel safe-deposit vault behind the trusty bolts that will be withdrawn only when the time-lock releases them.

From a European point of view, the President must be taken at his own self-valuation. It is naturally assumed that what he promises he can perform. When, therefore, he states what the United States will do no one questions his powers of execution. He carries the destiny of the country in his closed hand more effectively than any king or emperor under a parliamentary régime could do.

While an American President has this advantage over any minister or even any sovereign in Europe, the President of the United States well understands the embarrassment of the heads of other governments at a moment when combined strength is needed to facilitate an issue from a condition of emergency. Without America the balance of power that has won the war would be lost and the victory forfeited.

In such circumstances the President does not hesitate to speak disparagingly of European governments. Unless they adopt a "League of Nations," he declares openly, they are likely to be brushed aside. The "people" he affirms are the ultimate authority, and it is to the people that he appeals. It is upon this popular pressure that he depends to influence the governments, of whose spontaneous inclination he expresses doubts. "The nations of the world," he said in his speech on landing at Boston, "have set their heads to do a great thing, and they are not going to slacken their purpose." But he hastens to explain that he does not mean the governments. Having received the plaudits of the multitude as a distinguished foreigner and apostle of liberty, when he made his tour of Europe before the Peace Congress assembled, he has made evident to his own mind something which the governments seem not to have been aware of before, but with which he affirms they are duly impressed now. "When I speak of the nations of the world," he says, "I do not speak of the governments of the world. I speak of the peoples who constitute the nations of the world. They are in the saddle and they are going to see to it that if their present governments do not do their will some other governments shall. And the secret is out and the present governments know it."

What is the nature of this "secret"? With whom has our President been conferring? The governments now also are said to participate in this disclosure, but apparently it did not come originally from them. It is something that has been forced upon them through popular pressure, and it is upon this that the President counts as the basis of the "League of Nations" which the governments will be compelled to accept or give way to others. His confidence is not founded upon those with whom he has been negotiating, but upon those who will have "other governments" decide the question if their will is not obeyed.

Who are those " other governments "? Are they governments foreign to those people—ours for example—who are to force obedience to the popular will, or are they revolutionary governments yet to be created? Would the President of the United States be pleased to have any foreign potentate, or even an ambassador, tour the United States, making popular speeches in our cities, and then make such observations regarding the American Government with which the stranger had come to negotiate?

Judging by the President's estimate of the European nations—and he is speaking not of governments but of nations now, by which he says he means "peoples"—Europe is sadly in need of a guardian, but would prove an unruly ward.

Here is his graphic picture of the nations with which, in the future, he desires us to be closely associated, and by whose collective judgment he wishes our future policy to be determined:

> You understand that the nations of Europe have again and again clashed with one another in competitive interest. It is impossible for men to forget these sharp issues that were drawn between them in times past. It is impossible for men to believe that all ambitions have all of a sudden been foregone. They remember territory that was coveted; they remember rights that it was attempted to extort; they remember political ambitions which it was attempted to realize—and, which they believe that men have come into a different temper, they cannot forget these things, and so they do not resort to one another for a dispassionate view of the matters in controversy.

If this is a just estimate of the European nations, it would appear to be the part of wisdom for a distant people to keep as far as possible from intervention in any of their quarrels. The picture, however, is drawn with no discrimination, and is as erroneous in substance as it is unjust in its implications. It is monstrous to include innocent Belgium, which did resort to the good faith of others for a dispassionate view; or France, which has been made the victim of every crime; or Great Britain, which has played a noble part in the endeavor to avoid strife and to save the world from the ruin of civilization, in the picture of a discordant and distrustful Europe which the President has drawn in the paragraph just quoted. These countries have stood together, and fought together, amidst great sacrifices, to put down aggression; and this is the first time that anyone has revived the unhappy memories of a past that has been

buried, to question the solidarity and mutual confidence that existed in the Entente before the President went to Europe. It is injurious and unpardonable to try to make it appear that America, and America alone, can harmonize a discordant Europe, and lead the music in a new concert of world power. The nations of the Entente and the governments of the Entente are as capable of pursuing high ideals and creating the conditions of peace as America herself, and are as much disposed to do so. It is both sophistical and reprehensible to appeal to American pride, and to exalt American conceit, by detraction from the capacities of Powers with problems far more serious to solve than any which confront this nation.

The truth is that America very tardily, but with abundant and long disregarded warning of what awaited her, finally came into the war in time to prevent the defeat of the Entente by adding a fresh force to tip the scale of the balance of power, and it was this new preponderance that won the war.

It will require the maintenance of that superior counterpoise to conclude and enforce a victorious peace. That is the immediate problem, and the only immediate problem. The imposing of just, but necessarily punitive, terms of peace on Germany and her allies would secure the peace of the world for a long time to come. Ulterior questions of international reorganization could then be discussed calmly and effectively in the light of the conditions which would prevail when peace had been concluded and the power to enforce it had been demonstrated. Until that power can be proved to exist by actual achievement, the speculations about permanent and universal peace are mere excursions in dreamland.

Instead of promoting peace, the efforts of the President of the United States to impose his own views and to array the populations of other countries behind them by bringing pressure—if that has actually been the case—upon other governments have seriously impeded and obstructed the only peace in which the world is really interested at this time, and for the need of which whole nations are dying with hunger and are kept in an abnormal and dangerous state of mind as a climax to their physical distress. In the meantime the Entente is weakening through discouragement and the enemy is reorganizing, if not for resistance

at least to display a refractory attitude toward conditions of peace that could at one time have been easily imposed.

There is no division of opinion in the United States regarding the duty of this country to stand firmly with our Allies in this war in the complete suppression of a common enemy and the maintenance of a peace thus imposed. Yet the President raises the sophistical question, "If America were at this juncture to fail the world, what would become of it? I do not mean any disrespect to any other great people when I say that America is the hope of the world, and if she does not justify that hope the results are unthinkable. Men will be thrown back upon the bitterness of disappointment not only, but the bitterness of despair. All nations will be set up as hostile camps again; the men at the peace conference will go home with their heads upon their breasts, knowing that they have failed—for they were bidden not to come home from there until they did something more than sign a treaty of peace."

What necessity is there for raising the impertinent and defamatory question, What would become of the world if America failed to do her duty? The American people have no thought of failing in the performance of their duty, and the description of what would happen if they did fail is superfluous. The real question is, What *is* America's duty? and it is not answered by a dogmatic assertion that America must make herself responsible for the future peace of the whole world, which may be beyond her powers of accomplishment. Her plain duty is to do now what she can do, which is by loyal coöperation with her Allies to impose and maintain immediate peace on a common enemy growing every day more dangerous.

The President has never frankly spoken of the Powers with whom we have together fought in this war as our "Allies." For a long time he was in a state of cold neutrality regarding them. Gradually they became in his mind "associates," but they have never seemed nearer than that; and to-day his aim is to place them, after this intimate companionship in action and suffering, in which our soldiers and sailors have fought side by side with British, and French, and Belgian, and Italian combatants to win a common cause, in a "general association of nations" to which he would have all peoples irrespective of their affinities equally belong.

The President's mind seems always to dwell in a region of abstractions. The concrete does not appeal to him. Overlooking the pressing necessity of immediate peace, the one imperative duty in this regard has not been performed. His policy has been, and is, world reconstruction first and peace afterward. This policy has obstructed and prevented the action by the Entente Allies that should have been taken, and would have been taken, but for his personal interference. It was the right of the Entente Allies, as victors, to impose an immediate peace upon the enemy; and it was the duty of the United States not only to aid in this, but to secure the execution and preservation of the peace after the treaty of peace was signed. It could not then be said of it, as the President says, that such a treaty would be a "scrap of paper."

If, in November, 1918, when the German armies were defeated in the field and called for an armistice, a peace had been signed during that month at Berlin, Germany and her allies would have known that they were beaten, and that the terms insuring a European peace would be imposed and would have to be carried out. Among those terms it would have been proper to include this: that any attempt on the part of the Central Powers or their Allies to make an unprovoked attack upon any of the Entente Powers would be regarded as an attack upon all, including the United States. That would have been the honorable way for America to have treated her co-belligerents in the war against a common enemy, and that alone would have been sufficient to dispel all thoughts of war for a long time to come. Peace once secured, the new nationalities would have had an opportunity to complete their organization under conditions of peace, and Russian Bolshevism could have been taken in hand and suppressed by a united Europe. France would have been made at once secure. Without this, the war has been virtually lost. That security was the first and most pressing problem, and it is still unsolved.

And what is the situation that has been allowed to develop? I quote the words of one of the most candid and best informed observers of the proceedings of the Peace Conference now in Paris. "Mr. Wilson came to Paris," says Mr. Frank H. Simonds,

> Resolved that there should be a league of nations. * * * Finding French interest and French attention fixed upon the salvation of

France rather than upon the formulation of the principles of a league of nations, Mr. Wilson and those associated with him were not successful in concealing their disappointment or their disapproval of what seemed to them a particularistic national policy. When France as a whole asked Mr. Wilson to go and see her devastated regions, that he might understand her heart, he returned a cold and unequivocal negative. I do not think that any single act of any man ever carried with it profounder disappointment than Mr. Wilson's refusal to go to the northern regions and see what the boche had done.

And we have had, week after week, a slow but sure change in French emotion with respect to the President. He was hailed by the little people of France as a savior. He was hailed as a man who came from another world to deliver France and other peoples of the world from the shadow of tragedy which had been, and little by little his course here had the effect at least of creating the impression that he cared nothing for the life or death of France, that he was not concerned with those things which the tragic years of war had burned into the soul of every French man and woman.

I do not think it possible accurately to represent how profound was the disappointment of France at this course of the American President. A sense first of desertion and then of utter isolation crept into the French heart, as more and more the American attitude toward France passed from mere coldness with respect of French necessities to open criticism and hardly concealed suspicion. I do not think one would exaggerate by saying that three months ago France believed the war won and to-day, as a result of what has occurred here in the peace conference, there is something amounting to real terror lest the war shall be lost after all, and France left alone again across the pathway of a Germany increased in power and population by the last war.

These words were received from Paris on the very day when the President was delivering his speech in Boston, in which there was not one word regarding the sufferings and peril of France, but the intimation of changes of government in Europe, if a "League" was not accepted. At the same time the newspapers were informing us that the Constitution finally assented to as a project for a "League" is by no means a spontaneous embodiment of the desires of the fourteen nations alleged to have adopted it. We were assured that the "League" had been "on the rocks," because Monsieur Clemenceau had urged that France could not subscribe to a compact that did not offer her security; whereupon the situation for the "League" was saved by an American diplomat's sending for Monsieur Bourgeois and saying to him "that President Wilson was very near the limit of his patience in the matter," was very much chagrined by the attitude of the French press, which was pleading for the security of France, and would perhaps

drop the whole question of a "League of Nations." It was then put squarely to Monsieur Bourgeois that he would have to decide between this compact and no "League" at all. After consulting Monsieur Clemenceau, Monsieur Bourgeois reported his reluctant acceptance of the proposed covenant rather than permit France to be thus deprived of the good will of America.

It is known that when the President went to Europe the main object of his going was that he might be able to say privately what he did not wish to write or to discuss openly. He had in mind a programme of universal peace which he had gradually thought out in isolation without giving it full publicity, based on the conception of a "League of Nations," a project which has been strongly advocated for some years by the "League to Enforce Peace." Such a "League," as foreshadowed by the President in his public speeches, involved a "general association of nations" that would mutually guarantee the independence and the territorial integrity of all its members; that would secure freedom of navigation upon the seas, alike in peace and war; and that, by the removal of economic barriers, would establish equality of trade conditions for all nations.

At the time this idea of a "League" was conceived, it was intended as a medium for reconciling the differences made prominent in the Great War by securing a compromise peace which might afterward be made the basis of a permanent peace. This was the inner meaning of the "fourteen points." These rubrics were formulated at a time when victory on either side was thought by the President to be still doubtful, and when his original idea of "a peace without victory" may have seemed to him the best method of demonstrating the utter futility of war.

The problem at that time seemed to him to be, to formulate a plan that could be accepted by both sides by promising to secure in the future the most important interests of all the belligerents. The wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 was to be "righted, in order that peace might once more be made secure in the interest of all." Belgium was to be "evacuated and restored" as a sovereign State, without any stipulation of indemnity. In return, since the new "association" was to be "general," Germany was to have a place in it, and also to enjoy the *status quo* determined by the peace after surrendering the conquered

territories, together with all the advantages which the plan implied. Great Britain was to abandon her naval supremacy under the protection of the "League." Armaments were to be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety. A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial judgment of all colonial claims was to be assured, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

Thus, it was imagined, the gates of the temple of Janus would be permanently closed. There would never be any more war, because there would remain no just causes for war. As to the unjust ambitions of nations, these would of course wholly disappear!

As a plan for universal and permanent peace, this is comparable with the great proposal attributed by Sully to Henry IV of France, and should no doubt appeal to the imagination and the sympathies of peaceloving men in a similar manner; but, like that and other great and noble conceptions for world reorganization, its defect was that it did not reckon with the fact that no Great Power was ready to accept it in its entirety except as the result of military defeat.

The truth of this last statement is demonstrated by the events which have followed. When the fourteen rubrics of peace were proposed, in January, 1918, seeing that they embodied a purely mediatory proposal, Germany was ready to accept five of the fourteen points, but these were the five that the Entente Allies were not willing to accept because they implied that Germany was to be treated and trusted as if she were a just and pacific nation. In October, 1918, when the certainty of her defeat dawned upon her, and her allies were failing her, Germany, in the belief that all fourteen were intended in a mediatorial sense, was ready to accept them all "as a basis for discussion." The Entente Allies when invited, not wishing to alienate the President, whose support was necessary in the war, also accepted them with one exception, in the belief that the conditions of the armistice would be sufficiently strong to show that a victory had been won, and on that basis peace was possible with honor.

When the President went to Europe, he hoped to persuade the Entente Allies to accept his entire plan. He intended to convince the British Government that it would be in the interest of Great Britain to accept his idea of the "freedom of the seas" under international control, for if this were not accepted, the United States would in future prepare to hold the supremacy of the seas; and, to impress this point, he directed the Secretary of the Navy to propose immediately an extensive programme of naval construction, and through him exhorted Congress to hasten in passing the necessary legislation, subject to its non-execution if the "League" were formed.

If the British Government had resented this proposal, the consequences to the Entente would have been serious, indeed; but, retorting that, as the two nations were fast and inseparable friends, the building of a greater navy by the United States would afford to Great Britain a new sense of security, the agile-minded Premier convinced the President that British sea-power could not be a menace to neutral nations, since, under the "League," there would be no neutrals in any war in which Great Britain could engage; and the President is reported to have declared that "the joke was on him for not thinking of this," and the "freedom of the seas" is thus settled!

With regard to the "general association" promised in the fourteenth point of the President's peace programme, a similar renunciation has been made, as it was certain from the beginning it would have to be. Nothing could induce France, after what she has endured, to enter any "general association" of which Germany is a member; and of course Russia,—although arrangements were made to negotiate with the Bolsheviki, in spite of Monsieur Clemenceau's declaration that France would never associate with assassins,—could not be included. Germany's recent allies will also, no doubt, if the "League" comes into being, and probably some other Powers, have to sit a long time in the anteroom, even if they are on the waiting list. As a scheme of world organization, therefore, the President's plan is far from being accepted, although so recently as his speech in Manchester on December 30th, he voiced his conception of what the "League" should be in the words: "If the future had nothing for us but a new attempt to keep the world at a right poise by a balance of power, the United States would

take no interest, because she will join no combination of Powers which is not a combination of all of us."

It is precisely such a combination as he here repudiates which the President now insists it is our sacred duty to join, or remain "selfish and provincial." It is Monsieur Clemenceau who has had his way regarding the "balance of power"; for the "League", as the President represents, would be "a scrap of paper" if the power of the United States were not thrown into the scale to render preponderant this combination of four Great Powers and some little ones, which latter will need but not afford protection.

From the moment when the President saw the "joke" regarding British naval supremacy, the British Government became as eager for the "League" as the President had been. In this the Government was joined by the British press and British public opinion, for it was seen that the adherence to such a combination, with the United States as a member, would create a preponderant balance of power.

With an American alliance in which the United States would assume equal responsibility with the European Entente Powers for the peace and control of the rest of Europe, a "League" would undoubtedly be a great security to them all. It would, in effect, place the balance of power entirely in the hands of the "League."

It is not surprising, therefore, that Great Britain, with vast imperial interests in every part of the world exposed to attack, should become an eager advocate of the proposed combination. Retaining her naval supremacy, acquiring no new obligations, and relieved of a share of her responsibility, Great Britain is much interested in bringing the "League" into being. General Smuts, a former Boer officer who had become an ardent imperialist, in order to satisfy the President's desire for a "League" of some kind, had made ready for use in the Peace Conference a detailed plan that would be acceptable to Great Britain. That plan, which contained a provision for the administration of the colonies conquered from Germany, now figures more largely in the proposed "Constitution of a League of Nations" than any other. The idea of administration by "Mandatories" ingeniously extricates those who have taken the German colonies from the dilemma of either stultifying their claims to democracy by annexing them outright or returning them to Germany, by placing them under the ad-

ministration—temporary, no doubt—of other Powers, preferably of the United States, which would thus be drawn into the complications of a joint imperialism in distant parts of the world.

It is quite intelligible that, although it was assumed in Europe that the President speaks with authority for the purpose and policy of the United States, there is in this country no corresponding unanimity regarding the obligations which the United States should undertake to assume in remote and turbulent parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, or the islands of the Pacific.

In the United States it is clearly perceived that we should be an unequal partner in the combination that is proposed; and the President not only admits this, but urges it as a reason for our accepting new and unpredictable responsibilities.

In stating the case thus candidly, there is no intention to disregard the strong friendship which has developed with Great Britain during the latter years of the war. On the contrary, it is timely to emphasize the wish that this friendship may always continue to be close, loyal, and permanent; but it is the part of wisdom to avoid those complications which, in circumstances that may arise, might tend to alienate two great nations by too close an intimacy in affairs that separately concern them. Great Britain and America have many great interests, as well as many strong bonds of sympathy and understanding, in common. We have among the nations no better friend, unless it is France; for which we have a particular affection of long date and recent demonstration. The British fleet, it is true, annoyed our shipping and embarrassed our trade early in the war, but before the war was ended it became our faithful protector and co-partner. Anywhere in the world, on sea or land, we feel safe where the British flag floats over us, and we should not wish to see it lowered. But before we could agree that we would send our sons and brothers across the seas to fight to keep it wherever it floats outside Great Britain itself,—which to many of us is a mother-land,—we should have to ask ourselves whether we or our fathers would have fought to place it everywhere in the world where the policy of the British Empire has carried it.

Nations and governments, like individuals, from their very nature, must limit their responsibilities. Without this

they weaken and destroy their own capacity for usefulness. It is necessary to be strong before we can help the weak, and we render no real service to those for whom we become entirely responsible. It is for this reason that we ought not as a nation to permit ourselves to be influenced by an appeal to our national pride or the personal sentiments which might properly control us in affairs of a private nature.

The personal experience of the President during his unprecedented ovation in Europe, as the head of a nation that turned the scale in the war, is of a kind that appeals powerfully to the emotional element in his nature. He has led the Entente nations to expect great things of America, and he undoubtedly feels responsible for realizing these expectations. He has held up to enraptured audiences that have thronged to see and hear him the vision of a reconstructed world. Naturally they have had faith in him. They were longing for peace, and he has pictured to them Utopia. He returned to America with a demand for the realization of his promises.

The urgent appeal to the United States to adhere to a "League" without debate, without hesitation, and without regard to any question of national interest or expediency, is the almost necessary psychological consequence of the President's self-imposed activity. The Constitution presented for adoption is not, it is true, the realization of his original purpose; but it is a result of it,—the nearest approach to it that he could achieve. To reject it utterly would be a repudiation of his leadership. The acceptance of it, at least in substance, is necessary to his prestige. It is for this that his "fighting blood" is aroused. It is for this that the President's public and his still more fervid and less parliamentary private denunciations of all critics and opponents, have seemed to him justified. The rôle must be carried to its logical conclusion.

In commending immediate action the President employs none of the arguments which would be expected of a statesman. He has found in Europe, he reports, a general confidence in the disinterestedness of America as a country of great ideals. This is the chief impression of his experience. He said to his Boston audience: "Every interest seeks out first of all, when it reaches Paris, the representatives of the United States. Why? Because—and I think I am stating the most wonderful fact in history—because there is no

nation in Europe that suspects the motives of the United States."

It is frankly admitted that all other nations have "interests," that they are objects of contention among themselves, and that all these nations turn to the United States as a great disinterested benefactor. The United States alone is presumed to have no interests, or to act without regard to them. The President never mentions them. He even scorns a reference to them. His appeal to the country is as emotional as his experience has been. We should, he affirms, act in this great emergency "without regard to the things that may be debated as expedient."

There is grave danger to our national life in resting a decision upon an appeal to the emotions of the people. In the past our statesmen have not hesitated to defend the national interests entrusted to their keeping. These interests are now deliberately excluded from view and sunk in the advocacy of a vague internationalism. This is proposed ostensibly in behalf of "peace", but it will have other consequences. The prospect is confessedly one of interminable suspicion, intervention, and restricted independence. In the end, nations will settle their differences in the manner that seems to them at the time in accordance with their highest interest. Nothing can more effectually breed strife than to mix them up in one another's disputes,—disputes which, if the nations desire mediation, can be more readily composed by a free, strong, united, and independent America, whose word of counsel would be listened to, than by an America bound to the control of a group of Powers, constituting perhaps a third of Europe, in which her voice would be drowned in the general clamor.

We have, of course, a great interest in peace. We have a special and immediate interest in a conclusive and permanent settlement of the actual issues of the war, in which our honor as well as our interests as a nation is bound up. We cannot without disloyalty desert our Allies so long as we have a common enemy, but this does not make it necessary to assume new obligations in other parts of the world. Unless we assume these, the President assures us, America "will have to keep her power for those narrow, selfish, provincial purposes which seem so dear to some minds that have no sweep beyond the nearest horizon."

It is difficult to see the reason for this reproach, and it is

little short of exasperating to those who saw America's duty and urged the performance of it long before the President's vision had swept beyond the nearest horizon, when he was urging neutrality in the midst of international outrage, not only on the part of the Government but in the thoughts as well as the deeds of citizens; when he was still asking what the war was about, and declaring that we had nothing to do with its causes or its results; when he was advising a peace without victory; when he was elected to the Presidency because he had kept us out of war; when he was still regarding strict accountability as implying nothing more than liability to pay a money indemnity for American lives, destroyed ruthlessly in violation of International Law and every instinct of humanity, and yet did not see that preparation for war alone could rescue the nation from contempt. It is, therefore, impossible not to resent the attempt by mere rhetoric and insinuation to silence the free speech of men who are entitled to be heard on international and constitutional questions affecting the destiny of the nation and its unveiled future by a public reference to them as "minds that have no sweep beyond the nearest horizon"; even when this is spoken by the President of the United States.

It is not the path of peace that is being pursued, but a course that is obstructive of peace. The Entente that has saved Europe has been strained by the introduction of new and irrelevant issues, many months have been consumed in deliberations and journeys not related to the ending of the war, and the American people are in danger of being seriously divided over a question that can be rightly settled only on the basis of an existing peace, when they may act with freedom and not under compulsion. If the world is to be made safe for free nations, it will be by an Entente of Free Nations. While that lasts there is hope; but if that ceases to exist, hope will have departed. The moment bonds are felt they will destroy the power that has won the war. By whatever name it is called, there is no third condition between super-government and the independence of free peoples. Discussion over speculations about such a possibility are but a waste of time; for the free nations do not desire a super-government. There remains, therefore, no possibility but an Entente of Free Nations, however it may be named, and our one solicitude should be that it be not destroyed.

To the word "League" there is in itself no objection, except to the bondage which the word implies. For the improvement and enforcement of International Law, for the pacific settlement of disputes, for aid to free nations exposed to danger, for the suppression of Bolshevism, and for international bodies to deal with these subjects, there is great need. But these ends cannot be accomplished by mere paper machinery, which presents only a new cause of disagreement—a new occasion for difference of opinion and of strife. If the ideals of civilization are not safe in the hands of the free nations, acting freely, they will remain in danger. What happens in the future will depend upon what the free nations will to do; and the essential element in their unity, their security, and their effective cooperation is precisely their freedom.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

THE FRENCH PEACE COMMISSIONERS

By MARCEL KNECHT

THE representatives of France at the Paris Conference typify certain qualities of the French people which we as Frenchmen have come to believe as thoroughly characteristic.

The President of the French Republic, Mr. Raymond Poincaré, who opened the Peace Conference by a masterly speech, represents the lofty and supple intelligence of his country; Premier Georges Clémenceau—a wounded of the war—President of the Delegation, personifies, in the opinion of the world, as well as France, patriotism in its noblest aspect. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Stephen Pichon, and the Minister of Finance, Mr. Klotz, contribute extraordinary diplomatic knowledge, lucid reasoning, and the spirit of justice.

A great friend of America during the war, Mr. André Tardieu, not only stands out splendidly as the champion of the courageous youth of 1914, but above all, as the creative energy needed for the moral and material reconstruction of the nation.

Ambassador Jules Cambon, better acquainted with perfidious German diplomacy than any other Frenchman, and who learned to appreciate the United States while he was in Washington, combines with his wisdom and idealism a fund of good sense.

Another eminent Ambassador, Mr. J. J. Jusserand, although he takes no part in the Conference, accompanied President Wilson, whose fellow-countryman he might have been had not his love for France been stronger than his affection for the land of Washington and Emerson.

Two diplomats, the pride of the Quai d'Orsay, Messrs. Dutasta, Ambassador to Switzerland, and Philippe Ber-

thelot, founder of the Official Bureaus of Information abroad and Director of Political Affairs, unite rare experience with the clear-sighted vision that is needed for a task of such tremendous import.

Very close to the Delegation, Mr. Léon Bourgeois, author of a draft of a Society of Nations, and a high authority in matters of law, contributes a wide humanitarianism.

In the Parliament, which is only separated from the Quai d'Orsay by the residence of Mr. Paul Deschanel, the Commission on Foreign Affairs has great figures of former Cabinets, Mr. Aristide Briand, Mr. Louis Barthou, Mr. Henry Franklin Bouillon. And dominating the Conference itself, our beloved Marshal Foch, our victorious generalissimo, symbolizes in the present and in the past, better than Richelieu and Louis XIV, better than Bonaparte and Gambetta, the immortal genius of the land that gave birth to Roland, Joan of Arc and Guynemer.

These then are the men who are working side by side with their allies and comrades to clarify in terms of lasting peace the purposes that the guns spoke out across the fields of France.

President Raymond Poincaré—I.

It is many a day since at Bar-le-Duc, in that historic region of the Meuse, a young boy with eyes of singular gravity, intelligent mouth, and forehead that showed even then his strength of purpose, was studying eagerly and systematically under the guidance of a most admirable mother. Such a mother of France and Lorraine she was as truly represents all those who throughout history have created and cultivated the intelligence and heart of the children of France. The little boy from the Meuse had constantly before his eyes the strong and simple life of his parents, whose existence was a series of sacrifices joyfully accepted for the greater benefit of those who were to carry on the family.

The Poincaré family were famous in the department of the Meuse for their intelligence. At Bar-le-Duc, and afterwards at the University of Nancy, worthy successor of the Strasbourg alma mater, the young Raymond Poincaré was a source of astonishment to his masters on account of his

insatiable desire for scholarship and capacity for sounding the depths of knowledge; above all, for his vast intelligence, with its marvelous suppleness in adapting itself to the varied aspects of life.

As the young University graduate, somewhat weakened by nights devoted to study but happy in the consciousness of knowledge gained, spent some months at the home of his uncle, Dr. Poincaré, a distinguished physician of Nancy, and in the more polished setting of the capital of Lorraine he was better able than in the provincial milieu of Bar-le-Duc, to give full vent to his creative imagination and to the fancy of his literary dreams.

The sons of the Meuse, like those of Lorraine, possess wonderful qualities: they brave every danger and defy every obstacle. When an obstacle does happen to be unsurmountable, they bide their time, wait in silence, prepare for attack, and sometimes at the end of forty-seven years one of them reconquers his beloved city of Metz and the annexed territory.

This extraordinary optimism, this indifference of the true son of the soil to the eternal changes brought about by time and destiny, was also taught to the young schoolboy, Poincaré, by the history of his province.

Poincaré served his term of military duty, and in 1879-1880 was first a private, and then a corporal in the famous 26th Infantry Regiment, one of the four glorious regiments of the Iron Division.

An intelligence sustained by patriotism and sane democracy will expand, then soar, then dominate. The excellent student, the undergraduate who carried off every honor, the good soldier, was soon to become one of the greatest lawyers of France and of Europe. Working side by side with such men as Millerand, Waldeck-Rousseau, Viviani, Mr. Raymond Poincaré brought to his profession an extraordinary legal diagnosis, an irrefutable documentation, prodigious good sense, a profound knowledge of his mother tongue and masterly oratory, and to this array of qualifications may be added a clear voice, vibrant with nervous strength, capable of moving the most sceptical audiences. It is a characteristic of all the Poincarés, from the great scientist, Henri Poincaré, to the President and his brother, Lucien, General Director of Public Education, that the eyes, energetic and serious, slant slightly up-

wards towards the temples, giving to the expression an originality that reveals the richness of their imagination.

This imagination of Raymond Poincaré is seen also in a gift for word painting, inspired by the purest classicism —such were the qualities of the lawyer, who soon left the Bar for politics.

First a General Councilor, then Deputy for the Department of Meuse, with Commercy and St. Mihiel, finally a Senator, Mr. Raymond Poincaré was still in the flush of his youth and ardor when he was appointed member of one cabinet after another, showing rare ability as an organizer. Like a true Lorrainer, the new cabinet member would first examine and investigate, and instead of destroying the work of his predecessor, he would improve, renew, and modify it without breaking the necessary links that must unite the unstable present to the past, sacred heritage of the race.

The confidence of the French Parliament and the admiration of the élite gave him in 1912 the important ministry of Foreign Affairs and the presidency of the Council of Ministers, or premiership. After the disquieting threats of Germany in 1904, 1908 and 1911, the Premier in power in 1912 had a very heavy task before him.

The more intelligent Frenchmen, and Mr. Poincaré was at their head, felt that a German attack was impending; the more idealistic refused to believe in it and were generously trying to prepare for world peace by a superior kind of internationalism.

Premier Poincaré, while he secretly longed for the liberation of humanity, did not wish to compromise the immediate security of the country, and through his fortunate negotiations with Great Britain, Russia, and Italy, before relinquishing his premiership in 1913, he had greatly strengthened France's position in Europe.

That same year Raymond Poincaré was triumphantly elected President of the Republic by the French people. France, by allowing her choice to fall on this Lorrainer of great intellect, showed the world in a pacific way that she would continue to struggle for the maintenance of peace, but with dignity and without renouncing anything.

The 1914 elections proved to an astonished world the innocence—the naïveté almost—of the masses of the people, who opposed the deputies in favor of the law for a

three-year term of compulsory military service. Poincaré had need of all his solid optimism, all his faith in our country to keep from despairing of the future.

After his trip to Russia in July, 1914, he returned suddenly, and acclaimed by the population of Paris, gravely took his place in his beloved France, who realized at last the ineffectiveness of the olive branch and took up the sword of older days, a little rusty in parts, but shining with patriotism.

Then the Barbarians lit their fires of destruction and began their slaughter. And the fire and slaughter went on for over four long years. But like the sacred flame of the Vestals, French intelligence was still burning; it began grouping hostile parties, bringing provinces nearer together, strengthening alliances and Ententes.

During the entire war, this intelligence has never ceased manifesting itself in the councils of the nation. Foch, Joffre, and Pétain never appealed to it in vain; Viviani called it into play to put on a solid basis the "Sacred Union," which we used to speak of before the war as the "Franco-French Entente." Briand, Ribot, Painlevé, and especially Clémenceau, realized that they must coöperate with this permanent force, which was protecting Right.

Several fine books on education, patriotism, the soul of French democracy, made the name of Poincaré, already famous as that of a statesman, rank also among professional writers. The French Academy, that illustrious assembly of all our national glories, admitted him within doors that have ever been jealously guarded by dignity, taste and tradition.

Although the Constitution does not vest the President of the French Republic with the same powers as the American Constitution gives the President of the United States, yet Mr. Raymond Poincaré, since August 1st, 1914, has weathered the furious storms that have shaken his country, and has held the helm with a firm hand, eyes ever fixed on the distant port of Victory.

MARCEL KNECHT.

IS GERMANY BANKRUPT?

BY HAROLD G. MOULTON

Is Germany bankrupt? Was it her staggering national indebtedness and rapidly approaching, if not already existent, financial insolvency that prompted that summary capitulation of the German Government? These questions have been widely discussed in financial and business circles during recent months. They are of more than historical interest. Upon the existing state of industry and finance depend the possibility of an early payment of indemnities for the losses inflicted upon the Allies during the war. Upon Germany's ability, moreover, to return quickly to a normal production and distribution of food and other necessities of life largely depends the spread of Bolshevism in Central Europe. Revolution breeds best in an empty larder.

If the German nation is indeed bankrupt, it is sheer futility on the part of the Allies to attempt to make the Hun pay in the near future,—a bankrupt nation cannot liquidate its obligations. Nay, it is worse than futility, for it would serve to fan into fuller flame the smouldering fires which even now threaten the conflagration of the erstwhile Fatherland. We must obviously either discard the notion that Germany is bankrupt or abandon the idea of an early indemnification of the losses that have been inflicted. The time would therefore seem to be opportune for examining the prevailing belief that Germany is financially insolvent.

In proof of the contention that Germany must have been virtually, if not actually, bankrupt at the end of the war, statistics are usually presented which compare the annual interest charges on the public debt with the annual savings of the nation before the war. It is observed that

in the spring of 1918 the interest charges on the German war debt reached the approximate sum of $1,450,000,000 a year, and it is believed that by the end of the year it had reached $2,000,000,000. Now, according to the official estimates of Dr. Helfferich the annual savings of Germany before the war were a little less than $2,000,000,000. Assuming that these savings could not have been increased during the war, Germany was living beyond her income; the annual savings were less than the annual interest.

And besides the annual interest charges it is pointed out that Germany must make provision for the gradual extinguishment of her huge national debt, requiring the setting aside of an annual sinking fund of perhaps $600,000,000 a year. Nor is this all; for there must of course be pensions for the disabled and for the widows and dependents of deceased officers and men—estimated to reach as a minimum $700,000,000 a year. Now add to all this an indemnity of $94,000,000,000, as has been suggested—payable, let us say, at the rate of a billion a year, plus interest on the balance, for ninety-four years. Would it not be enough to drive any nation to economic and political anarchy?

But let us pass by the indemnity—for this is not our present problem—and consider merely the meaning of these statistics of German indebtedness. Do they or do they not—accepting them as authentic—reveal a real national bankruptcy? The analysis that follows is intended to show that these statistics reveal nothing of the kind—that they are almost entirely beside the point.

The fundamental fallacy in these figures of war indebtedness is that they show only one side of the financial accounting involved. The problem of war finance is almost universally approached with the assumption that when a nation borrows, it necessarily borrows from an outside party, who becomes its creditor—just as when an individual borrows he places himself in a position of debtor to another person. The analogy between individual borrowing and national borrowing holds good, however, only so long as the nation borrows by placing its loans in foreign countries. It must be borne in mind that Germany is not financing this war by borrowing from outsiders. It is practically all being done through domestic loans and taxes. When it is pointed out, therefore, that the interest

charges which Germany has to meet each year are $2,000,000,000, or more, one must reflect that this interest is received by the German people as well as paid by the German people. Similarly, when it is argued that an enormous tax will have to be levied after the war to pay pensions, it must again be reflected that the government in its financing is merely transferring funds from German people to German people. The people of Germany, as a whole, as indicated by the Treasury statistics, merely owe the people of Germany a staggering total of wealth, expressed in monetary terms.

Indeed, where a nation does not borrow anything from abroad, its Treasury statements are in a sense nothing but bookkeeping records. They register in a financial way the value of the goods and services of the nation that during the war have been devoted to public ends. The sum total of all private budgets would in a similar way reveal the total of goods and services that during the war had been devoted to private ends. During four years of war these private budgets would not represent a debt to be paid to some external parties. They would merely be a record of four years' private consumption of wealth, nearly all of which had been produced during these very years. Similarly, the Treasury records of war expenses show the aggregate of four years' public consumption of wealth,—nearly all of which was produced during these very years. This truth that the goods and services devoted to the waging of war were nearly all produced during the war (even in Germany with all her preparedness) must be clearly perceived; for in it lies the explanation of the oft repeated dictum of the economist that, unless a nation borrows abroad, it cannot shift the cost of the war to the future[1]; it must pay as it goes. If, at the end of the war, these private budgetary records were all destroyed, and if the books of the Treasury were burned, would this have any net effect upon the *real* wealth of Germany? Did, in fact, the repudiation by new Russia of the domestic debt of old Russia lessen one iota the existing stock of Russian wealth?

No, national debts owed to the nation's own citizens are merely the paper claims of individuals to ownership of the existing supply of national wealth and to wealth that may be produced in the future. The payment of a

[1] Except as indicated in the third paragraph following.

domestic debt at the end of the war does not therefore in any sense involve a net reduction in the total wealth of the nation; it means merely that the government will collect, through taxation of the people, funds which will in turn be paid back to the people—that is, to the owners of government bonds and other obligations. Now, if all had contributed equally to the financial support of the war, and if post-bellum taxes were levied in exact proportion to the bond holdings of those who financed the war, the payment of Germany's war debt would be merely a balancing of the books and without economic significance except in so far as it required a large force of people to collect the revenue, make the disbursements, and keep the necessary financial records.

But individuals do not in fact ever contribute to the financing of a war in equal proportions, nor is it ever possible to adjust the incidence of post-war taxation precisely in proportion to individual contributions to war finance. War finance, therefore, always involves readjustments in property and income among the various groups of people who make up the state. It may result in giving to certain classes a larger proportion of the national wealth than before; it may give to others less. But by itself, domestic borrowing has no direct effect upon the immediate total of a nation's wealth.

The real costs of war to a nation are not to be measured in terms of money. They are to be measured rather by the deterioration of plant and equipment; by the exhaustion of natural resources; by the loss of new capital which would have been created had not war diverted the energies of the people from construction to destruction; by the decimation and impoverishment of her population—impoverishment in the sense of being undernourished and in subnormal health conditions; and by the arrested training and development of the youth of the land.

Thus measured, Germany will be seen to be far from bankrupt. At the conclusion of hostilities she had a population nearly equal to that in 1914 (at the outside, two millions less); she still possessed her original agricultural area, though doubtless somewhat impaired as to fertility; and she still possessed her mines of raw materials, her factories, and her transportation lines, though unquestionably much the worse for wear and tear. In short,

when stripped of the monetary camouflage, we find that Germany is still a puissant as well as solvent nation. Indemnity aside, she is in debt to foreign nations scarcely a copper. She has her internal reckonings and financial adjustments to make, to be sure,—no simple problem this,—but she is not in any sense financially insolvent. Given political and economic stability and access on equal terms with other nations to the supplies and to the markets of the world, and a decade might see Germany largely recovered from the economic effects of the war.

HAROLD G. MOULTON.

THE PROBLEM OF EASTERN EUROPE

BY JAMES BISSETT PRATT

WHEN the whistles began blowing and the bells began ringing on that memorable first Thursday afternoon of November, we all got out into the street and shouted and shook hands and tore up paper and paraded because peace had come; and it was a bit humiliating to learn, a few hours later, that all our noise and delight had been based upon a false report. That did not matter a great deal to be sure; but it would be infinitely worse than mere humiliation should it develop that our second celebration and the present joy of the whole world over the end of the world war were also based upon a false report. And yet it is surely only too well within the range of possibility that our rejoicing is again premature and that we are today hailing peace when in truth there is no peace. For a large part of our joy in victory is due to our hope that it marks the end not of this war only but of war as such; and should this hope prove fallacious we should have little reason for prolonged congratulation. Yet we seem but dimly aware of the fact that half of the battle is still to be won if the world is to be made really safe for democracy or for anything else. Many of us appear to be convinced that we have a sufficient guarantee for the peace of the world in the fact that all the wicked have been beaten and all the righteous are now in the saddle, and that since the meek at length inherit the earth there is nothing more to fear. It would be superfluous to point out that a large percentage of the previous wars have ended with the same comfortable feeling on the part of the victors; but it may be worth while to indicate one of the many special dangers to the continuance of peace with which the world will certainly be threatened immediately upon the close of the peace conference, unless very definite measures are taken to

avoid it by the governments and peoples in whose hands rests the making of the coming treaties.

Dangers there are enough in Western Europe—not to mention Eastern Asia; but the danger I have specially in mind is one that springs from the new birth of freedom which as a result of our victory has come to the little nations and oppressed peoples of Eastern Europe. As a natural consequence of their conflict and ours against imperial despotism, sympathy for them has turned into confidence, and confidence is now approximating something like idealization. They were in the right, and they were fighting for their liberties against oppression, and now that they have won, the problem is solved, and we—at any rate we in America—feel we need trouble our heads no more with the affairs of these distant folk, whose outlandish names were till yesterday hardly known to us. As champions of liberty they have made Eastern Europe safe for democracy and they will keep it safe.

Just how secure a guarantee of peace and democracy we really have in these champions of liberty we may be able to decide a little better if we consider the case of the most famous champion of liberty which Eastern Europe has yet produced. Not even Washington nor Patrick Henry are more indissolubly associated, in the minds of most middle-aged Americans, with the idea of the defense of freedom against tyranny than are Kossuth and his brave Hungarians, with whose praises both this country and England were ringing all through the boyhood of most of us. How nobly they fought against oppression, what stalwart apostles of the rights of humanity they showed themselves to be! Up till two or three years ago there were but few Americans who realized that these same champions of liberty, once they got the power into their own hands, had become the most systematic foes that the democracy of the Twentieth Century had to face. The Magyars had indeed vindicated their nationality and won for themselves a thoroughly democratic form of Government; but they used the power they had wrung from their Austrian masters to oppress their own subject peoples as tyrannically as ever they themselves had been oppressed by the Hapsburgs. Since the formation of the *Ausgleich* in 1867 the subject peoples of imperial Austria have been fortunate and free compared with those of democratic Hungary.

It would of course be easy to say that nothing of the sort is to be feared from the newly liberated peoples of to-day because they are not Magyar; but such an answer would be far too simple. The Magyars oppressed their subject peoples not out of any native tyranny inherent in the Magyar race, but chiefly out of the same intense love of nationality which has been the source of most of the movement for liberation among their subject peoples in the present war. Baser motives no doubt played their part. Politicians like Tisza and Andrassy may have been moved by the desire to retain power in their own little circle, and others no doubt wished to protect vested interests and the "rights of property." But these men had the backing of the rank and file of the Magyars because they all wished Hungary to be a united Magyar land. It was not only men of the Tisza type who sought to root out every vestige of national feeling, not to say independence, among the non-Magyar inhabitants of Hungary. In the year of liberty, 1848, the great Kossuth himself informed the representatives of Croatia that he recognized no Croatian nationality. It was this intense ambition for their own beloved nationality (and not some tyrannous tendency in the Magyar blood as such) that has made Hungary first a glorious example of oppressed liberty struggling against tyranny, and then the most systematic oppressor of the liberties of others that the twentieth century has known.

Now the point which it is necessary to keep in mind is the fact that this same intense feeling for nationality is to be found in most if not all of the newly liberated peoples, and that just as this has been the chief source of strength in their struggle for liberty, it may also easily become a great danger both to the liberty of other peoples, and to the peace of the whole world. This danger is not one of mere probability or guess work; it has long been active. For years before the war began the most radically nationalist party among the Croats was even more venomous toward the Serb minority in Croatia than toward the Magyars. The war, indeed, and the common struggle of all the south Slavs against Austria-Hungary, for a time put an end to this. In November, 1914, Pasic, the Prime Minister of Serbia, announced a programme for the union of all the Southern Slavs, and by the "Declaration of Corfu" in July, 1917, signed by Pasic and Mr. Trumbic, President

of the Jugo-Slav Committee, all three branches of the Southern Slavs—Croats, Slovenes, and Serbs, whether subjects of Austria-Hungary or of the Kingdom of Serbia—officially bound themselves into one state. This union was strong so long as pressure from without, applied by a powerful Austria-Hungary, held them together. Almost immediately upon the collapse of Austria, however, the old separatist tendencies of the different nationalities came to the surface. The Declaration of Corfu had acknowledged the Karageorgevic dynasty of Serbia as the monarchs of the future Jugo-Slav state. The Austro-Hungarian Slavs, on second thought and after the removal of the Austro-Hungarian menace, are now not at all certain than a Karageorgevitch will be much better than a Hapsburg. It was for this reason that the Jugo-Slav Committee in the United States not long ago formally repudiated the Declaration of Corfu, and its members came out for a republic. Just what is the position of the Austrian Jugo-Slavs in the home-land is uncertain, further than the fact that they mean to settle the question of the future government of Great Jugo-Slavia in a grand constitutional Assembly. The gift of prophecy is not required to foresee that there will be lively times when this Assembly meets, but further than this, prediction cannot safely go. It is pretty plain, however, that a constitution of the sort likely to be acceptable to the Croats and Slovenes is about the last thing which Pasic and the Karageorgevics desire. They would welcome their brother Slavs with open arms into a kingdom of Greater Serbia just as the Croats and their friends would welcome the Serbs of the kingdom into a new Jugo-Slavian Republic; but the difference between republican and monarchical ideals, which seemed negligible in war time, is likely to prove considerable in the actual formation of a union. For the present, to be sure, the Italian menace has obscured the importance of the constitutional question; but once the danger of a war with Italy is removed, the liberal and conservative, as well as the Catholic and Orthodox, forces are likely to find the problem of union bristling with unrealized difficulties. Some way out may indeed be found; one side may yield for the sake of unity. But the chances of inner peace within a Jugo-Slavia thus constituted do not seem very bright, especially when we remember that Austria, the old common foe, will no longer be

there to soak up the products of Slavic belligerency. For it is hardly to be supposed that the sense of separate nationality which has resisted every hostile influence these last fifteen hundred years in all three of the races is going to be destroyed by the one new and magic word—*Jugoslavia.* If on the other hand no union of the Southern Slavs is brought about, we shall have simply added another nation to the Balkan medley—an addition, moreover, of a peculiarly dangerous nature because of the large number of Serbs in Croatia and Bosnia. No one acquainted with the Southern Slavs could regard such a situation with anything but foreboding.

When we turn from the southern extremity of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy to what was its northern border we find much the same story repeated. If Kossuth with his Hungarians had a rival in the admiration of the lovers of liberty in the last generation it was Kosciuszko with his Poles. Most Americans are happily ignorant of the fact that the Polish martyrs of liberty, both before and after their conquest by the Austrians, were all but as oppressive toward their own subjects, the Ruthenes, as the Magyars have been toward their Croats, Roumanians and Slovaks. The Ruthenes, being an uneducated and peasant people, with few native leaders, have offered little resistance to their Polish masters; but in the last year of the war they summoned up courage to form a Committee *à la mode,* and appealed to President Wilson and the Allies to be permitted to form an independent state or to join their kinsmen the Ukrainians, across the Russian border. In fact, once Austria was out of the game altogether and Galicia as a whole seemed about to be appropriated by the new united Poland, the Ruthenes saw that it was now or never for them, and accordingly have taken up arms in defense of their national existence. The Poles, strong in the historical fact that before the Dismemberment all Galicia formed a part of Poland, are loud in their demands for its reincorporation in the resuscitated fatherland and terribly shocked at what they call the treason of the Ruthenes. So they are answering blow for blow and a new war is beginning as the old war ends.

But for lack of space, it would be easy to show how the same narrow but intense sentiment of nationality which makes for separatism and jealousy among Magyars, Serbs,

Croats and Poles, dominates the political tendencies among all the peoples, new and old, of Eastern Europe. The breaking up of the Russian, Austrian and Turkish Empires has left an unbroken series of petty states, stretching from the Polar Sea and the Baltic to the Adriatic and the Aegean, each swelling with the sense of nationality, bent upon its own internal unification, and jealous of all real or imaginary encroachments upon its rights. To make matters worse, the races are so split up and intermingled in this Babel-like part of the world, that nearly everyone of these little nations has an "*irredenta*" somewhere near by, buried in one of its neighbor's bosoms, a prolific source of irritation between states that even without it would be only too ready to quarrel. An instance of this which is particularly embarrassing to us is to be found in the relations between Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece. The second Balkan war gave to Greece and Serbia a large amount of territory whose inhabitants are chiefly Bulgarian in both race and sentiment. This violation of the principle of the self-determination of nationalities was made more difficult to deal with by the fact that the diplomats of Bulgaria led her to join the Germans in the Great War. Now that the war is over Serbia and Greece will of course expect their sufferings to be rewarded by some substantial "rectification of frontiers"; and the way which naturally suggests itself for granting these demands is to carve off from wicked Bulgaria some more of her territory to be handed over with its unwilling Bulgarian inhabitants to our little allies. But these three nations are not the only ones among whom the racial problem is certain to make trouble. A similar mixture of races is to be found throughout the Balkans, and in fact is characteristic of the whole region we have been considering. The truth is that instead of settling the Balkan problem, the war has resulted in extending the Balkans in a broad belt right up to the Polar Sea.

The situation seems dismal enough. *Is* there any real hope of a continued peace? One thing at least is plain. No peace of more than a few years' standing is to be looked for on the old principle of a balance of power. History has made it very plain that you cannot balance the Balkans. As we know only too well, moreover, a war arising among them is pretty certain to spread, sooner or later, to their

bigger neighbors on the west. It would, therefore, seem clearly to follow that if the world is to have real peace and not merely an armistice, some new method of treating the problem of Eastern Europe must be devised. I certainly have no panacea to suggest, but two of the conditions of anything like permanent peace must surely be plain to everyone who thinks over the facts. Both of these conditions are, indeed, so obvious as to be commonplace, yet both of them, strangely enough, are repudiated in act by many militarists and "red-blooded patriots" in all the Allied countries. The first condition is the trite yet profound principle that there can be no lasting peace but a just peace. To carve off territory from our foes so as to give it to our friends regardless of the wishes of its inhabitants, to be so moved by sentiment for the newly liberated subjects of Austria-Hungary, Germany or Russia, as to enable them to play the Hapsburg over newly subject peoples, to rearrange the Balkans only on the principle of gratitude for military assistance and with but slight consideration for racial preferences—to make a peace of this sort would be to perpetuate the very evils and dangers which we have fought to destroy, and to raise a whole new litter of little Austria-Hungaries, each a center of racial jealousy and oppression and a breeding-place of future wars. In spite of sentiment and gratitude we must realize that in attempting to reshape the world we are dealing with racial and social forces which resemble the Laws of Nature in the inevitability of their working. If this war has taught us anything it has shown that artificial political arrangements, at this stage of the world's history, are bound sooner or later to defeat themselves; that no peace can be permanent which does not respect the wishes of the peoples concerned, or which fails to treat fairly both "those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just." Such a peace may not square with our greed for revenge, which we like to call a demand for "punitive justice"; but to make any other kind of peace would be an attempt to fight against nature—with the bloody results to our descendants which a hundred thousand years of peace-making upon the punitive model make altogether certain.

It would, however, be inexcusably sanguine to suppose that any distribution of territory or reframing of governments, no matter how just or how democratic, could in itself

insure peace in Eastern Europe. The racial lines are too intricate to be followed by any political boundaries. Do what we will to be fair to all concerned, there will still be split-off communities of one nationality embosomed within the territory of some alien race. Other causes of jealousy and enmity moreover will inevitably arise, new rivalry of interests combined with many ancient hatreds, so that the Greater Balkans if left to themselves will be ever on the very verge of war. They must not, then, be left to themselves. Peace forbids it. But Liberty equally forbids that they be swallowed again by some new paternal empire. Neither will it do to trust them to the benign management of a few Powers, delegated for that purpose by "Europe." That scheme has been tried long enough for us to estimate its value without further costly experimentation. The one plan which has not been tried is the one which alone on the face of it seems truly promising. That plan, of course, is that the nations of Eastern Europe should be prevented from breaking the world's peace by a league of all the world's nations, a league in which they themselves should have their rightful place, and one, therefore, which should represent them as well as all other peoples. Many of the causes of friction that have arisen in the Balkans or that are likely to arise in the Greater Balkans are of the kind that would plainly be justiciable before a neutral Court. Many others are of the sort that might be smoothed away by a neutral Council of Conciliation. And if it were known that the breaker of the peace would have to face not only some weak neighbor but the power of the whole League, and that no backing could be looked for from some friendly Great Power standing by and only too willing to sow discord in the Balkans for its own ends, there would be much less likelihood of war, and war if it should come would be far less dangerous to the world.

JAMES BISSETT PRATT.

COMPULSORY HEALTH INSURANCE

HOWELL CHENEY

To the general principle of health insurance, voluntarily conducted and established on a commercial basis, no one will take exception. We have come to look upon the health insurance of the people with small incomes as just as legitimate a part of their plan of life as either death or accident insurance or a credit or wage system. It is only when the idea of compulsion is applied to it that we have any serious cause for doubt. This is the starting point of all general objections.

It is acknowledged that the simplest forms of voluntary health insurance cost the average working man from two to three times per $100 of insurance what the same protection per $100 would cost in units of $10,000. It is primarily from this angle that a feeling of opposition to existing insurance arises in the workingman's mind. We are probably within the truth in stating that forty to fifty per cent of the premium is an inevitable and necessary carrying charge upon the business of commercially insuring under a voluntary plan great masses of laboring men for small amounts against disabilities arising out of sickness and death.

Our commercial organizations, further be it remembered, have only successfully tackled the problem of Group Insurance, or of insuring as an averaged unit a large number of individuals, as applicable to the hazard of death. In insurance against death they have succeeded in removing one of the insuperable obstacles of expense by treating great groups as units and by looking to the employer to pay the premium in one lump sum. Even here it is predicted that the experiment is doomed to disappointment, if not failure. It may be sound as an insurance proposition. It

has not been tried on any considerable scale except where the employer has paid either the whole or a very large share of the premium and has practically given the insurance as a bonus, gift, or charity to his employees. The underlying motive has been the expectancy of attaching his employees to him by the prospect of reserves accumulating in proportion to the years of service. This motive may work as long as its application is exceptional with higher classes of employees, but has obviously a weakened power as it is generally adopted. It is at bottom a false motive and any employer who expects to solve his wage problems on the basis of either charity or gratitude has only himself to blame for the failure he is courting through dangerous temporizing.

While voluntary and mutual plans of sickness insurance can succeed within a certain field where either the employment policy or the social basis of selection gives a fair average risk, compulsion will automatically add four most important factors to this class of insurance. *First,* a true average of the risk. Under any voluntary plan there is an inevitably higher probability of securing a poorer average risk. *Second,* economy in administration through the forced collection of premiums at the source of the income, thus eliminating all expenses of agents and solicitation, and minimizing the expense of investigation and the payment of claims. *Third,* under a compulsory system a much higher degree of discipline can be enforced against doubtful claims, thus reducing malingering. Under a voluntary system it is almost impossible to enforce necessarily rigid rules for the protection of all where they happen to exclude individuals who have failed to comply with the requirements through carelessness or indifference. The necessary physical examinations for both membership and benefits are freed from many difficulties when they are enforced legally. *Fourth,* only full legal compulsion will remove the suspicion and distrust with which the majority of laboring men view any attempt of either employers or philanthropists or commercial agencies to promote an insurance of their disabilities.

Because we all of us accept the principle of insurance, practically without opposition today, we often do not stop to analyze the elementary character of the economic reserve that it gives us. The ordinary average working man

is found to lose on an average of from seven to nine days a year from sickness. If he wishes to protect himself against half of the average loss of wages, he has to provide an insurance reserve of, say approximately, half of his wages for nine days, which will cost him from $10.00 to $15.00 in premiums a year. This is only true in the event that the loss is an average loss and covers not one individual, but groups of individuals large enough to secure an average loss. As an individual, if he wishes to give himself an equal protection, he has got to provide a fund which would give him half wages during disability, besides providing death benefits of half of one year's wages and medical attendance. It is estimated that the man who is earning $4.00 a day, if he is uninsured should have reserves behind him of approximately $1,500 to $2,000. As an individual, no smaller reserve will give him the same protection that premiums of from $10.00 to $15.00, distributed over the whole year, will guarantee. If the man has neither the individual surplus nor the insurance guaranteeing protection when adversity overtakes him, he and his dependents must immediately come down to a lower scale of living, and weakened by ill health he must again shoulder the problem of subsistence for himself and his family, not only with reduced physical strength, but with no material resources to fall back on. It is not surprising that he falls a prey to discontent on one hand and on the other gives himself up, either from ignorance or from superstition, to all sorts of fake remedies and quack doctors.

We have come to look upon insurance as a moral duty, which a man with very material resources behind him owes to his dependents to prevent their being thrown upon a lower scale of living when his immediate income stops. If they are subject to a moral obligation in order to prevent a break in the hopes and aspirations of their children, what is the condition of those to whom the sudden cutting off of support means not only the blotting out of hopes and aspirations, but perhaps of subsistence itself?

To the working man then, sickness insurance is not the luxury that it is to the man of higher income, which allows him to go about his work with a more comfortable feeling of mind that he has not got to pinch himself in any material comforts when some of the major hazards come upon him. To the working man without capital behind him, it

means immediately tackling life from a lower plane with less physical strength and with less food, and hence, with less courage and with infinitely less chance of success. The possibility of creating the necessary reserves seems to inevitably and of necessity depend upon the compulsion that will automatically place this reserve behind him. It is well enough to assume that the working man ought to do it voluntarily. It is unquestionably proven that he will not do it voluntarily. Can he even be expected to do it voluntarily when it is acknowledged that the existing voluntary agencies are either wasteful in administration or unsound in principle? The only relief in sight which will practically work is to compel the deduction at its source of a percentage of wages sufficient to cover the average risk and to so safeguard the essential principles of insurance and the investment of these funds as to guarantee the relief in the hour of need.

The objection is raised that no automatic system can take the place of individual thrift; that the paternalistic or socialistic attempt to compel a man to do what he ought to do for himself is foredoomed to failure and makes for dependency and shiftlessness. Space does not permit of quarreling with the theory of this contention. We can only face the facts which are apparent to all—that the average working man who is earning less than $1,000 a year does not save and has no reserves behind him. We are all vitally interested in this fact and would like to mitigate it and explain it away if it were possible to do so. If you accept it as a fact, will you veto the application of a principle which you know to be sound in your own life, if this application can only be effectively and broadly secured by compulsion? Will you veto it if you realize that for small incomes especially the insurance principle has a far sounder economic basis than the pure savings idea? He who saves in order to meet a future disability must have a long time in which to do it and exercise great self-sacrifice in saving and skill in investing. He is finally the greater speculator in futures. To lay by, say $100, a year out of $1,000 he must have the ideal combination of four factors:—time, self-sacrifice, investing skill, and a justifiable spirit of adventure. And, if he dies at the end of one year, he leaves but $100, but if he insures he leaves his heirs $1,500. The saver is an isolated adventurer. He cares

only for himself. The insurer is in strong contrast and rests himself upon the principle of combination and co-operation with all those who are exposed to the same average degree of risk. If this principle is sound for larger incomes, it is beyond dispute for those who are living close to the line of subsistence.

We must first, however, insist that in the enforcing of this principle under compulsion, we can only avoid unreasonable individual injustice if it is limited to groups who are subject to a similar degree of risk. As long as the hazards which are averaged are fairly within the common experience of all of the members of a group, there is no injustice in compelling contributions to a common fund. It is only when it is proven that "A," in contributing to relieving "B's" disabilities, is contributing to a far higher average of risk than he is himself subject to, that injustice occurs.

If we are willing to agree to the idea of compulsion, when limited to groups of a like average of risk, can we bring this compulsion into harmony with our social and legal philosophies?

If it is a part of our political, as well as our moral creed, that it is the duty of every individual to support himself; and if it is the duty of the state to protect itself as far as possible from dependency, why cannot the state compel the individual to actually perform what is recognized to be his universal obligation? We certainly are not willing to give up lightly the immense benefits and liberties that individualism has brought us. We believe in individualism and are going to continue to fight for it. Is it then a contradiction that we are willing to make some sacrifices to accomplish a higher degree of individual support on this earth, here and now? Shall we actually enforce the fundamental duty of self-support in the only practical way it can be accomplished, i. e., by the compulsory contribution to a common fund of all those who are subject to a like degree of economic risk, or shall we continue to attempt the impossible—the salvation of the derelicts of our individualism through the deadening influences of charity and poor relief?

Social workers and socialists exclaim with impatience against the restraints of constitutional limitations in working out social reform. It is confidently believed, however,

that we can find methods of working out this reform under constitutional methods and that in so working it out with strict regard to both individual rights and responsibilities, and under strict observance of sound and tried insurance principles, we will immensely increase its power for social upbuilding.

We would first lay it down as a fundamental and universal obligation of every man and woman of legal age, to provide during their working days for their own self-support during disability and temporary support for their dependents at their death. This is laid down not merely as a moral theory for general guidance, but as a fact of economic necessity, which the state is justified in enforcing. It is foreign to the method of development of the theory to insist that the state must do this to protect itself from dependency, but, if this theory gives the lawyer an added comfort, we need not object to it, unless it necessitates looking upon the exercise of this duty as an exercise of the police power, and the relief as poor relief and charity.

The method of enforcement should logically be through the imposition of an income insurance tax, pro-rated exactly upon the incomes of all classes of individuals within the state who were engaged in any form of labor for profit, i. e., upon all those who had any incomes, without respect to the character of their employment, but with certain obvious and reasonable exceptions, as the theory of the law permitted.

It is fundamental to the purpose in mind that both premiums and benefits be rigidly fixed in relation to income. So also must all individuals be classified according to those who are subject to a like degree of hazard. Only by observing these elementary principles of sound insurance can we guarantee that the compulsion does not bring about the taking of property inequitably from one class of individuals for the support of another class. Also, if we neglect these principles, we shall lose sight of the individual's rights and responsibilities upon which our foundations rest, and will forfeit one of the most valuable influences of such an undertaking—the safeguarding and protection of the health of groups so that the cost may be reduced or the benefits increased. So far the proposal has allowed for the greatest freedom of the individual in placing his insurance and has emphasized the necessity of the

fulfilment of the individual's duties. The removal from any individual or class of an obligation, which clearly rests upon them, for the social betterment of another individual or class must inevitably fail of its purpose.

In the case of insurance, there can be no question but that a relation of dependency of the people upon the state will develop if the individual benefits derived are not purchased by proportionate individual sacrifices. If this is true as regards the receipt of benefits, it is more than true as regards the remedial and curative effects, which should be the most valuable factor to the state of such an insurance plan. Unless individual sacrifices will make for a reduction of the burden of the cost, there will be no incentives upon either individuals or groups to apply the preventive and protective measures which the modern conception of medicine has made available. The greatest benefit of the workmen's compensation law socially has not been in the benefits or compensation paid. It has been in the more direct incentive to prevent accidents, which has been a great economic saving, particularly among self-insurers. So in sickness, if the relation between the cost and its avoidance can be kept simple and direct, the incentives towards the scientific prevention of disease will be powerfully multiplied. We do not appreciate the amount of the cost at present. The first step is to visualize the cost by definitely locating it; the second is to establish more definitely the responsibility for its existence; the third is to apportion justly both the cost and profit for its reduction.

So far we have considered only the responsibility of the individual and the apportionment of the cost in relation to it. In doing this, we have attempted to present a method which is somewhat novel in the modern development of the subject, but which is in conformity with sound, economic and legal ideals.

May we now develop a theory to justify the placing of a part of the burden upon both employers and the state? Heretofore the employer's liability has been very vaguely based upon the theory of his responsibility for occupational diseases, but actually has been based upon the ease with which the tax could be collected from him. There was little justification for or thought of the establishing of an exact relationship between diseases and the conditions of

employment. Probably the amount of disease attributable to employment, in the sense that it is either preventable by the employer or is in excess of the best obtainable standards ruling in any employments, is relatively small. Is not the fact apparent that the great bulk of sickness does not arise out of the conditions of employment, but does arise either out of our personal indulgences and abuses, or out of our relations with each other as citizens or members of a community?

The basis of the employers' and the State's contributions should be justified on some calculable theory of their responsibility for causes. Too exact and rigid a justification in each case need not be insisted upon, and it seems perfectly possible that the statute might establish rules of presumptions of accountability that could only be offset by reasonable proof to the contrary, as well as rules of specific accountability for certain diseases.

Diseases and injuries not covered by existing compensation laws may be attributable to three general sources. *First,* to personal indulgences, abuses, strains or infections arising out of the voluntary acts of individuals or their guardians, other than their choices of employments or habitations. *Second,* to occupational poisons, irritants, strains and infections when resulting from specific conditions of employment. *Third,* to infections and injuries arising out of our social and community environment, not due to employment.

The greater amount of our disabilities is fairly traceable to the person suffering them. The statute might specifically state that the presumption in the following cases was that they were attributable to the individual and that this presumption could only be offset by reasonable proof to the contrary. Under this class would come all petty complaints which are fairly attributable to the direct and personal neglect of the primary laws of hygiene; diseases resulting from congenital, organic or hereditary causes; all disabilities directly traceable to the effects of alcohol, drugs and narcotics; sexual diseases and diseases peculiar to sex and the genito urinary organs; organic mental disorders and diseases of the brain; all accidental injuries, not received in the course of employment, and for which there exists no legal liability to pay damages.

Diseases which might be attributable to the State and

charged directly to the State fund are those contagious diseases, against which legal quarantines are, or can be, established over individuals; and infectious diseases, which, it is fair to assume, State supervision through an enforcement of the police powers of the State, as directed by modern science, might control, if not entirely eliminate. Where a past history exists to account directly for the infection, the responsibility might be divided, either between the State and the individual, or the State and the employer.

The diseases attributable to the occupation would include all occupational poisoning cases; the diseases contracted in caisson or under high air pressure; and all diseases due to physical strains and diseases of the nerves, which could be traceable predominatingly to employment.

There remains an indefinite field, which would tend to become constantly narrower, in which there would be no presumption and in which the responsibility might be divided. This would include a division of the responsibility for nervous diseases and for the more common communicable diseases. If the individual, previous to employment, had a history that would account for the existence of these diseases, as is usual in a great majority of cases, they could not be fairly charged to the employment or the State, though they might be aggravated by employment or public sanitary conditions. No investigations could arrive at exact proportions of responsibility in each case, but they could arrive at approximations or averages which would work for a pretty exact measure of justice as a whole.

The point to insist upon is that, unless we get some fairly approximate apportionment of the responsibility, we shall not work for the elimination of the causes and shall fail, as has been pointed out, of the highest purpose we are pursuing.

HOWELL CHENEY.

THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT—III

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY RETIRED

GERMANY'S THIRD GREAT MISTAKE

Since the great attempt to break through the Western front at Verdun had utterly failed and Germany saw there was no longer any hope of doing it and resuming a war of movement, she again reverted to her former plan to hold it defensively with a sufficient force to prevent the Allies from breaking through, and with her available forces took the offensive successfully against Russia, Roumania, Italy, and again against Russia; and, largely as a result of carrying out this plan, was wholly or partly successful against each. Had she continued in this way to mass her forces in turn against the Allied armies at Salonika and in Italy, she would most probably, with considerably less effort than she later spent in attempting to break through on the Western front, have conquered or annihilated or captured both.

With the Salonika army defeated, the German and Austrian armies could have quickly overrun and occupied Greece; and with the Italian army defeated, they could have occupied the valley of the Po, rich in agriculture and manufactories, and have pushed forward to the French and Maritime Alps; and might have been able to break through the Maritime Alps and invade France via Nice. And even had Germany been stopped there, she could easily have held temporarily the line of the French Alps, and thence southward to the sea, as well as the line of the Western front, while she was organizing and bringing into her system all the conquered countries. Master of Italy, Greece, Albania, Montenegro, Serbia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria, Russia, and the greater part of Turkey, her dominion would have been

mightier than was that of Napoleon at the height of his power.

Having reached such success as here set forth, she would have been in a position to forestall the landing of any expedition in the Balkans from the Aegean Sea, in Austria from the Adriatic, or in Turkey from the Eastern Mediterranean; or, had it been landed, would have been favorably situated militarily for concentrating a greatly superior force against it; and destroying it before it could have gained a foothold and advanced into the interior.

For some reason Germany did not continue to carry out this plan; but decided to renew the offensive on the Western front; and with this end in view began on March 21, 1918, a little more than two years from the time of beginning the attack on Verdun, a powerful attack against the Allied line opposite Amiens, and then followed it up by a like attack against the British line in the vicinity of Ypres, and two other similar attacks against the French line between Reims and Montdidier, towards Chateau-Thierry. By massing overwhelming forces against sectors of the line in these attacks, Germany succeeded in pushing it back thirty-five miles opposite Amiens, thirty miles to Chateau-Thierry, and about ten miles in the vicinity of Ypres; but in no case was she able to break completely through the line and resume a war of movement.

Just why Germany made such a complete and momentous change in her whole strategical plan[1] in March, 1918, is not now fully known; but the principal reasons for the change are probably as follows:

First: Because she felt that she must make a supreme effort for victory on the Western front before the American troops arrived there in large numbers.

Second: Because the German commanders, having discovered that the British had built very few if any lines of entrenchments behind certain sectors of their line, and had very few reserves behind them, hoped by attacking these weak sectors with greatly superior forces, which had become available as a result of the collapse and disintegration of the Russian armies, to be able to break through them and resume a war of movement.

Third: Because the military authorities, by a study of

[1] There was a persistent rumor at the time that Hindenburg was opposed to this change of plan which the German General Staff approved.

General von Hutier's plan of attacking, based upon his experience in the capture of Riga, and their easy success in driving back the British troops after the British victory at Cambrai, had become convinced that the best way to break through an entrenched line was not to pound themselves forward by a succession of small attacks, as they had attempted to do at Verdun, and as the British had done at the Somme, but to assemble their divisions in overwhelming force against a long sector of the enemy's line and gathering up all their implements and methods of destruction, to move forward on an extended front and strike it with their utmost power.

Since the strategical situation on the Western front during this time had not changed, the question arises: Why did not Germany make the second effort to break the Allied front along the Verdun-Reims sector, instead of making it along the Somme sector from La Fere to Arras? The answer is, that although strategically the Verdun-Reims sector was the better place to break through, tactically it was the more difficult. Bitter experience had already taught Germany that it would be impossible to break through this sector of the line. Then, again, Germany must have known that a large portion of the French reserves were at this time in Champagne south of Reims and that very few, if any, were in rear of the Somme sector. And she doubtless knew, too, that the British had constructed few, if any, lines of intrenchments behind this sector after the battle of the Somme; and that she had taken over only recently that portion of the sector south of St. Quentin; and, as yet, had not had time to make complete arrangements for holding it. Then, too, the Germans knew that the dividing line separating the French from the British armies crossed this sector at its southern end; and that there was as yet no commander in chief of the Allied armies on the Western front, each army having thus far in the war acted to a great extent independently; which facts could not but be bound to prevent that full unity of command between them, so essential to success. All of which no doubt led the Germans to choose this sector for their great attack.

Their plan evidently was to throw an enormous force against this fifty miles of British front and to open a gap between the British and French armies, forcing, if possible, the British back on the English Channel and the French

back upon Paris; then to contain one while they settled with the other.

As to whether, if successful, they would have first proceeded against the British and attempted to throw them back on the Channel ports and captured them; or against the French and attempted to envelop, defeat, and capture them and the French capital, is not now known; and, perhaps, was not known by them at the time; for they may have intended awaiting future developments before making a decision.

But it may be remarked here that it probably would have been better for the Germans to settle with the British first; since to proceed against the French about Paris while this large British army was in their rear and threatening their lines of communication back through France and Belgium would have been highly dangerous.

Although the great attack begun by the Germans on March 21, 1918, failed to separate the British from the French armies, it forced the Allied line back a distance of about thirty-five miles, producing an immense salient opposite Amiens whose base was about fifty miles in extent; and it had the immediate effect also of changing the slightly curved front between Verdun and the English Channel into an angular front which extended from Verdun in a generally western direction past Noyon to a point about one mile south of Montdidier and thence in a generally northern direction to Nieuport on the English Channel. This change from a curved to an angular front, as well as the creation of the salient opposite Amiens, not only made a vast difference in the strategical situation of the combatant armies, but it had the immediate effect of bringing about greater unity of action between the Allies, by causing them to select General Ferdinand Foch as Commander-in-Chief. It is purposed to discuss in this and an article in the next issue of THE REVIEW, each of these changes under the headings: An Angular Front; A Salient; and Unity of Command.

AN ANGULAR FRONT

Occupying that portion of the theater of war within the angular front, the Germans had the advantage of interior lines, which enabled them to mass a superior force upon either the western or southern portion of their front much

more quickly and easily than could the Allies on the outside of the angular front assemble a sufficient force to meet it.

But, on the other hand, this angular front gave to the Allies a great strategical advantage, in that, if they should break through on either front it would so threaten the communications of the Germans attacking on the other as to compel them to turn back to save their communications. In other words, it gave the Allies the opportunity of carrying out that great principle of strategy of striking at their adversary's communications without exposing their own; for it mattered not whether they should strike northward from the Reims-Verdun front toward Mezieres and Sedan or eastward from the Amiens-Arras-Lens front toward Hirson and Maubeuge, in either case they would sever a considerable number of the German lines of communication and threaten seriously the remainder without in the least exposing their own to a German attack.

And this advantage which the Allies possessed, had they had the strength or genius to make use of it, far surpassed the advantage which the Germans possessed as a result of their central position and interior lines. And the reason for this is that an attack made directly through the lines upon the German communications would not only have effectually put a stop at once to their advance, but would have placed them in a most precarious situation and compelled them to turn back to fight for the recovery of their lost or threatened communications.

To illustrate: Suppose that at the time the Germans began their great attack of March 21, or a day or two afterwards, the French with their reserves massed in Champagne had been prepared to make a great attack northward from the Reims-Verdun front and had broken through a considerable distance, very much as the Germans broke through in their great push toward Amiens, and had cut the east and west railways south of the Ardennes Mountains, what would have been the result? The answer is, that the Germans would have been compelled to stop their advance, turn back, and either fight to recover the lost railways or try to escape from the pocket in which this maneuver had placed them, by retreating northeastward and gaining the Charleroi-Namur-Liege-Aix-la-Chapelle railway.

If to this the reply be made that the Argonne forest,

just north of the Reims-Verdun front, was such a difficult country to operate in, and so strongly fortified and held, that little headway could have been made through it, the answer is that the Americans afterwards forced themselves through it in the face of a most desperate resistance; and that a powerful attack on this vital part of the angular front, even if it had not made much headway, would nevertheless have compelled the Germans to halt their leading divisions and send back many of them to stop the French advance, just as a few months later they were forced to send them back to try to stop the onrush of the American soldiers.

The maxim or principle of war which applies in these cases is, that where two armies are maneuvering against each other's communications, or are attacking each other, that army whose communications are the more seriously threatened will invariably abandon any effort to press on and will fall back to fight for its communications. And "The importance of this fact," says Hamley, "is immense; for the commander who finds himself on his enemy's rear, while his own is still beyond his adversary's reach, may cast aside all anxiety for his own communications, and call up every detachment to the decisive point, certain that the enemy will abandon his own designs in order, if possible, to retrieve his position."[1]

There are, it is believed, no exceptions in history to this maxim, save in a few cases where the commanding general had decided to give up his communications because he had established, or planned to establish, new ones; as Napoleon did at Austerlitz,[2] where he made no effort to fight to preserve his threatened communications back southward through Vienna, because he had already prepared new ones westward through Bohemia, which he could have used in case of defeat; or as Sherman did in the Atlanta campaign, where he made no effort to fight for his communications back to Chattanooga, upon Hood's marching rearward from Sherman's front to cut them, because he had decided to cut loose from them and march to the sea, where he would establish, and did establish, a new base for future operations.

It would appear that had the Allies been in a condition to strike at the communications of the Germans by breaking through the line on one side or the other of the angular

[1] Hamley, *Operations of War*, p. 93.

[2] Sargent, *Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign*, pp. 186 and 187.

front, there was offered them strategically a most favorable opportunity for its success, since the Germans in their great attacks invariably selected the front behind which there were few Allied reserves for massing their own reserves preparatory to making the attempt to break through, thus necessarily weakening proportionately their own front behind which the Allied reserves were massed, and thereby making it the very front on which an Allied offensive would most probably succeed.

But, as a matter of fact, nothing of this kind was attempted. On the contrary, when the Germans made their attack on March 21, 1918, the Allied reserves in Champagne, and such other reserves as could be collected, were hurried around the angular front with all possible speed to stop the German advance on Amiens; then when the Germans made their second great attack south of Ypres on April 9, the reserves were hurried northward to that point to help save the British, who in a critical situation with "their backs to the wall" were fighting desperately to keep themselves from being driven into the sea; then when the Germans made their third great attack on May 27, upon Chateau-Thierry, and for the second time in the war reached the Marne, the reserves were hurriedly sent to that front to check the Germans and keep them from cutting off the French right wing and from finally reaching Paris.

Why were all the Allied efforts to stop the Germans during these four months, from March 21 until July 18 when Foch began his great offensive, confined entirely to defensive operations? Until fuller details of the situation become known this question cannot be satisfactorily answered; but probably the failure of the Allies to appoint a commander-in-chief prior to the great German offensive of March 21 had much to do with it; for it must be remembered that it takes time to prepare for an offensive, and that "the transition from the defensive to the offensive is," according to Napoleon, "one of the most delicate operations of war."[1] Of course the aim of the Allies during these four critical months was to hold the Germans until America could transport sufficient men to France to give the Allies a preponderance of fighting troops. But whether this purely defensive strategy, which seems to have been the Allied plan up to the counter-attack begun by General Foch on

[1] General Bournod, *Napoleon's Maxims of War*, p. 50.

July 18, was as effective in gaining the result sought as defensive-offensive strategy would have been is questionable.

As to waiting for prepondering forces before beginning an offensive, there is this to be said in its favor: since the Americans were sending to France on an average of more than 200,000 soldiers a month the Allies would soon considerably outnumber the Germans. But did this justify their waiting during these critical months for preponderating forces? Perhaps so! At any rate, it succeeded. Nevertheless, it is well to remember that great soldiers have seldom deemed it necessary, even in critical times, to wait for preponderating forces before undertaking offensive operations; and that, not infrequently, such operations have led to the greatest victories. A vastly preponderating force against Robert E. Lee did not prevent him and his great lieutenant, "Stonewall" Jackson, from winning the battle of Chancellorsville; nor did it prevent Bonaparte in his first Italian campaign, although greatly outnumbered at all times in the theater of war, from bringing a superior force upon practically every battlefield; and by so doing defeating and crushing one Sardinian and six Austrian armies sent successively against him.[1]

But until the facts are more fully known it is not safe to pronounce definite criticism on any of the operations of the Allies during these four critical months. Nevertheless, from what is known, and judging from the strategical ability shown by Marshal Foch in his subsequent operations on the Western front as commander-in-chief, we are of the opinion that, had he been appointed commander-in-chief of the Allied armies a sufficient time prior to the great thrust toward Amiens, begun on March 21, 1918, to have formulated and worked out his plans for meeting the attacks, he would have put a stop to them much earlier than he did.

(*To be continued.*)

[1] Sargent, *Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign*, pp. 168 and 169.

THE RAILWAY PROBLEM—II[1]

BY VICTOR MORAWETZ

If permitted by law to increase their rates the railway companies could earn large returns for their stockholders; for the industries and commerce of the country could not exist without the railways. It is true also that the earnings of most of the railway companies prior to our entry into the war would have been adequate to sustain their credit if the stability of these earnings had been assured. It seems evident, therefore, that the failure of the credit of the railway companies has been due to the fact that investors have lost confidence in the wisdom and fairness of the rate-regulating commissions established by the National and State governments. Investors have reached the conclusion that in the long run the companies will not be allowed to charge the rates necessary to enable them to earn adequate returns upon their stocks and bonds, except bonds of the safest class. Confidence in railway investments can be restored only by furnishing to investors some irrevocable governmental promise or assurance of a definite and certain return on their investments.

Although such a promise or assurance of the Government commonly is called a "guaranty," it must be understood that it is not a guaranty in any strict sense. The word "guaranty" implies an assumption of responsibility for the acts of others; but in giving the promise or assurance under consideration the Government would assume no responsibility for any acts except its own. In substance and effect, the Government merely would undertake not to exercise its power to regulate railway rates in such manner as to deprive the owners of railroad securities of certain minimum returns on their investments, the sums thus assured to in-

[1] The concluding portion of the Morawetz Plan, the first part of which was printed in the March REVIEW, will be found on pages 514 to 520 of the present issue.—EDITOR.

vestors being less than the returns which they have a constitutional and moral right to claim. Such an undertaking would not really impose a new obligation on the Government. The so-called "guaranty" of the Government would be a guaranty against its own wrongful acts.

As pointed out in my article published in the March number of the REVIEW, legislation directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to apply new formulas in fixing rates or directing the Commission to fix rates that will yield some specified return on the capital of the companies would fail in the long run to restore the credit of the companies, *first,* because such legislation could be altered, amended or repealed at any time, and *secondly,* because of the difficulty of enforcing it. If such legislation could be depended upon as a permanent protection to investors, it would amount to a promise or guaranty by the Government that rates shall always be kept high enough to furnish the railway companies with certain prescribed incomes.

A sounder and better plan is to restore confidence in railway bonds and stocks by utilizing the high credit of the Government in the form of a definite and irrevocable promise or guaranty of interest on the bonds and of minimum dividends on the stocks. If the railway companies were enabled by means of such governmental promise or guaranty to raise needed capital upon favorable terms, the saving thus effected should accrue to the people through a lowering of transportation rates, or through participation of the Government in the earnings of the Companies.

In the plan submitted by me it is proposed, tentatively, that the aggregate amount guaranteed by the Government at the outset shall be approximately 65 per cent of the amount now payable by the Government under the Federal Control Act on account of the average operating income of the railways during the three test years specified in the Act, and that the Government shall guarantee the interest on the bonds and minimum dividends on the stock thereafter issued with the approval of the Government for additions and improvements. It is proposed that in determining the operating income upon which the guaranty is to be based all attending circumstances shall be taken into consideration and that all proper adjustments shall be made. Thus, if during any part of the test years a railway was in the hands of a receiver or made capital expenditures not reflected in

its earnings, these facts should be taken into consideration. Special allowances or arbitraries should be given to short lines contributing long-haul business to through lines and due allowance should also be made for the prospective increase of the business and earnings of lines located in undeveloped sections of the country.

It has been urged that the amount guaranteed by the Government under this plan would be too low and that rates probably would be kept down to a level that would not permit the companies to earn more than the amount guaranteed by the Government. The proposal of an initial guaranty amounting to 65 per cent of the operating income of the test years was made merely for purposes of illustration, and it is probable that a higher per cent—possibly 75 per cent—should be adopted. However, it is important that the stockholders of the railway companies shall retain a substantial contingent interest in the future results of the management of their companies. The higher the governmental guaranty, the less interest would the stockholders have in the management of their companies and the nearer would we come to governmental ownership. The most desirable course would be to have the guaranty of the Government large enough to make railway securities attractive to investors, but to leave a substantial part of the return to the stockholders dependent upon efficient management of their companies. The stockholders of the companies certainly cannot complain if the Government by its guaranty furnishes them with the credit needed for their future capital requirements, while leaving unimpaired their present constitutional right to earn a fair return on their property.

Consolidation of the Companies

No plan for the solution of the problem can be successful without providing for the consolidation of the railway companies into a comparatively small number of large, well-balanced railway systems, each built up around one of the existing great systems as a nucleus. A consolidation involves an exchange of the stocks of the several constituent companies, and in some cases an exchange of their bonds, for stock or bonds of the new company to be formed by the consolidation. It is necessary, therefore, in every plan or agreement of consolidation to fix (1) the aggregate amount of stock and bonds to be issued by the consolidated com-

pany for the properties vested in it through the consolidation, and (2) the portion of the stock and bonds of the consolidated company to be given to each class of bondholders and stockholders of the several constituent companies.

Such an exchange of stocks and bonds would, of necessity, require much labor and expense, even though many issues of safe bonds may be left undisturbed; but it is difficult to see how this can be avoided under any satisfactory plan. The aggregate interest charges of the companies should be reduced to an amount substantially less than the aggregate amount of the Government's guaranty, so that a portion of the guaranty may inure to the benefit of the stockholders. Moreover, companies which accept the plan and obtain the benefit of the governmental guaranty should be required to consolidate upon some prescribed terms with other companies that ought to be included in the same system. To extend the guaranty of the Government to each of the existing companies separately without a change of its capitalization and without providing some definite basis for the consolidation of the companies would not solve the problem.

The fairest and most practical plan appears to be to fix the capitalization of the companies, the apportionment of securities upon a consolidation and the amount of the governmental guaranty all on the basis of the average operating incomes of the companies during the test years, adjusted as above provided. As these operating incomes were the result of rates fixed by the Federal and State commissions during a period in which the companies did not enjoy more than average prosperity, it may fairly be assumed that these operating incomes were not unduly large.

It has been proposed that 40 per cent of this average annual operating income shall be capitalized on a 4 per cent basis by the issue of guaranteed 4 per cent bonds, and that the remaining 60 per cent shall be capitalized by the issue of shares of stock upon which this operating income would suffice to pay $6 per share in dividends, the Government guaranteeing $2.50 per share. The result would be an issue of 4 per cent bonds to an aggregate amount at par equal to ten times the average annual operating income and the issue of a like amount of stock assuming the shares to be a par value of $100 each. According to my proposal, the shares thus issued are to have no nominal or par value. If,

however, it should be found necessary to give the shares a nominal or par value, and if in the opinion of Congress a nominal or par value of $100 per share would make the aggregate par amount of the stock too large, the amount could be reduced to any desired sum by making the par amount of each share less than $100. It should be understood, however, that the number of shares should not be diminished and that the reduction of their par amount should not affect the guaranty of $2.50 in dividends on each share and the right of the Government to share with the stockholders in any distribution of earnings in excess of $4 per share.

A physical valuation of the railways may be of service in determining the amount of operating income of which the railway companies cannot constitutionally be deprived by governmental regulation, but there is no good reason for limiting the aggregate par amount of stock and bonds to be issued upon a consolidation to the original cost, or cost of reproduction, of the properties vested in the consolidated company. The rates which a company is allowed by law to charge, or which it is able to charge, are not affected by the nominal or par amount of the stock and bonds which the company has outstanding. Neither the rates chargeable by a company nor the substantial rights of the stockholders or of the public are affected by the nominal or par value of a company's stock, and it is not important whether the par value of shares be fixed at $100 or at $50, or at nothing, as is now common practice in forming industrial companies under the laws of some of the States.

Certainly, a physical valuation would furnish no just basis for the apportionment of the stock and bonds of a consolidated company among the stockholders and bondholders of its constituent companies. The value of the stock of a company does not depend upon the original cost of its property or the cost of reproducing it, but upon the amount of the operating income which the company can earn and apply to the payment of dividends on the stock. Upon a consolidation of companies the only fair course is to apportion the securities of the consolidated company among the security holders of the constituent companies according to the estimated operating income which these companies severally will contribute to the combined company.

A statutory valuation of the railways has been in progress since the year 1914 at enormous cost to the Government and to the railway companies, but the valuation of only a few of the smaller lines has been completed. Probably it will take more than five years more to complete the valuation of all the lines, and probably additional years will be consumed in controversies and litigation to correct errors in the official valuations. When completed, these valuations will be of little service as they will be based on the prices of previous years. It seems obvious, therefore, that no plan based upon an official valuation of the properties of the railway companies can be carried out within any reasonable time.

The official valuation of the railways should be completed—not for the purpose of providing a basis for the recapitalization of their companies, nor for the purpose of providing a basis for the consolidation—the companies—but for the purpose of assisting the governmental authorities and the courts in determining the amount of income which the companies thereafter will have a constitutional right to earn over and above the sums guaranteed by the Government.

Limitation of State Regulation

At the present time the corporate powers of the railway companies are governed by the varying laws of the different States, and each State exercises an independent power to regulate the railways within its territory and to fix intrastate rates, while the Federal Government undertakes to regulate the interstate transportation and interstate rates of all the companies. The resulting multiple and often conflicting regulation renders impossible the adoption of any wise or consistent policy of regulation or of rate-fixing and is injurious both to the railway companies and to the people of all the States. No satisfactory or permanent solution of the railway problem is practicable without providing for the incorporation of the railway companies under Federal laws, or without centralizing supreme control over their regulation in some agency of the Federal Government.

Adequate provision should, however, be made for the protection of local interests. The power of each State to tax the railways within its borders should be preserved

and the police powers of the States should not be interfered with to a greater extent than is necessary. In these respects the railways should be placed substantially upon the same footing as the National banks.

While supreme control over intrastate as well as interstate rates must be vested in some commission or board established by the Federal Government, provision should be made for the protection of the interests of the several States and localities by the appointment of regional boards with jurisdiction over matters of local interest. A majority of the members of each of these regional boards should be residents of the State or States in which it has jurisdiction. Each State commission should continue to exercise its power to investigate the practices of the railway companies within the State and should have the right to represent the interests of the State in all matters before the Federal commissions or boards.

Methods of Federal Control

Whatever plan may be adopted, it is certain that the control over the railways exercised by the Federal Government prior to the war will be largely extended by Congress upon the termination of Federal control. The duties and functions of the Interstate Commerce Commission have grown to be so complex and burdensome that no single commission possibly could perform them in a satisfactory manner. With a further extension of Federal control over the railways the need of relieving the Interstate Commerce Commission of some of its duties and functions will become imperative.

A satisfactory plan for the solution of the problem, therefore, must provide new and improved machinery for exercising the regulatory powers vested in the Federal Government. The power to regulate the rates and practices of the companies and to deal with matters of an administrative character should be vested in a central board with numerous branches or regional boards subject to its supervision and control. Supreme control over the whole system of regulation, including the power to hear appeals from the decisions of the central board having immediate control over the rates and practices of the companies should be vested in a Federal Railway Board similar in its constitution to the Federal Reserve Board. The duty of in-

vestigating and prosecuting violations of law or of regulations should be in charge of the legal department of the Government.

The Federal Railway Board should be appointed by the President with the advice or approval of the Senate; but, in order that the whole system of regulation may, so far as is possible, be kept free from politics, it is desirable that the members of the central board and of the regional boards of regulation shall be appointed by the Federal Railway Board.

No plan can succeed unless its execution is placed in the hands of men of proven ability and character. In view of the vital importance of the subject, it is not unreasonable to expect that in the appointment of the Board or Commission which will exercise supreme control over the railways of the country, the President and Senate will brush aside arguments of political expediency and will consider only the welfare of the country.

VICTOR MORAWETZ.

THE MORAWETZ PLAN

(*Continued from the March issue of the* REVIEW.)

It is further suggested tentatively that for each railway property vested in a Federal corporation there be issued

(a) 4 per cent debentures of the Federal corporation, guaranteed by the Government, to an aggregate amount that would impose an interest charge equal to forty per cent of the estimated operating income of the property, and

(b) shares of stock to an amount upon which the remaining sixty per cent of the operating income would suffice to pay $6 per share, the Government to guarantee payment of $2.50 per share; any distribution of income in excess of $4 per share to be divided between the Government and the shareholders and the Government to have an option to purchase the stock at any time at $85 per share.

On this basis the Government would guarantee in the aggregate only 65 per cent. of the operating income which the railways would be entitled to earn under a fair and constitutional exercise of the Governmental power to regulate their rates. In consideration of this guarantee it is proposed to give to the Government (1) a share in any distribution of income in excess of four per cent. on the stock of the Federal corporation, (2) ample power to control the management of the railways free from interference by the courts, and (3) an option to acquire the railways at a fair cost without condemnation proceedings, if hereafter it should be found desirable to establish direct Governmental ownership and operation.

The distribution among the stockholders and bondholders of each existing railway company of the aggregate amounts of debentures and stock of the Federal corporation to be issued in exchange for the company's property would have to be adjusted by agreement of the parties as in ordinary reorganizations. It is, therefore, suggested that the Federal Railway Board to be established under the plan should have full power to negotiate with the directors of each company and with committees of security holders.

It is believed that the great bulk of the stockholders and bondholders of the companies would soon agree to any fair terms offered them. Unanimous agreement of the bondholders and stockholders would not be necessary. A majority of the stockholders of some of the companies have now the power to sell the property of their company subject to its indebtedness, and in other cases legislation probably could be obtained giving such power to the majority. But, if in any case the stockholders are unwilling to agree to reasonable terms their equity could be acquired through a condemnation proceeding.

In most cases it would be safe to proceed upon obtaining the assent of the holders of a majority of the junior issues of bonds of a company. The outstanding bonds would not be assumed by the Federal corporation, and the bonds received from assenting bondholders would be kept alive in the treasury of the Federal corporation, so that the security of the non-assenting bondholders would not be improved. Separate accounts should be kept of a railway thus acquired subject to outstanding bonded indebtedness,

and if the property should not earn the interest on all outstanding bonds, including those in the treasury of the Federal corporation, the latter could foreclose the mortgage securing the bonds held in its treasury, in which event the property could be bought in by the Federal corporation by paying to the non-assenting bondholders only their proportional share of the net proceeds of the foreclosure sale.

It is proposed that the management of the Federal corporations owning and operating the railways shall be shared by the Government and by the stockholders of the corporations, as in case of the Federal reserve banks, and that the consummation of the plan as well as the future management of the Federal corporations be placed under the control and supervision of a Federal Railway Board similar in its constitution to the Federal Reserve Board.

An Act of Congress to be passed conferring all powers required to carry out the following plan.

1. A Federal Railway Board to be created with supreme power of regulation and control over the Federal railway companies to be formed as herein provided. This Federal Railway Board should be a body of the highest dignity. A member of the President's cabinet should be a member, and its other members should be selected with the greatest care by the President with the advice and approval of the Senate.

2. The Federal Railway Board to organize ten to fifteen Federal railway companies under the Act of Congress. Each of these companies to have the usual powers of railway companies and also power, with the approval of the Federal Railway Board, to acquire all or any existing lines of railway. In carrying out the plan the existing lines to be consolidated in the Federal corporations as directed by the Federal Railway Board in such manner as to make ten to fifteen well balanced railway systems.

Provision to be made for the issue by each Federal corporation of debentures and stock in amounts sufficient to take up as hereinafter provided the bonds and stocks of the existing companies whose properties are to be vested in such Federal corporations and also to provide for future capital requirements. The stocks of the Federal corporations to have no nominal or par value. Payment of the principal and interest of the debentures issued by the Federal corporations and payment of fixed minimum dividends

(say $2.50 per share) on their stocks to be guaranteed by the United States.

Upon any distribution of net income of a Federal corporation in excess of a minimum dividend on its stock (say $4 per share per annum, non-cumulative) the excess to be divided between the Government and the stockholders of the corporation in prescribed proportions.

3. A specified number of the directors of each Federal corporation to be appointed by the Federal Railway Board and the remainder to be elected by the stockholders of the corporation. The president and executive officers of each Federal corporation to be chosen by its board of directors, but all directors and officers to be subject to removal by the Federal Railway Board. Salaries of officers to be subject to approval by the Federal Railway Board, but the board of directors of each company to have power to pay additional compensation to executive officers out of moneys which otherwise would be payable to the stockholders as dividends. The directors to be paid salaries approved by the Federal Railway Board, subject to a deduction for every meeting which they fail to attend.

4. The Federal Railway Board to have plenary and exclusive power of regulation of the Federal corporations, including power to require them to make any operating arrangements deemed desirable in the interests of the whole country.

The Federal Railway Board to appoint *regional* boards of regulation and one *central* board of regulation. A majority of the members of each regional board to be appointed from persons resident in the region in which the board sits. Each regional board to have power to take up any regional matters, including rate questions, at its own initiative, or when directed by the central board of regulation; but no regulation by a regional board to take effect until approved by the central board of regulation. (The latter requirement is deemed necessary to secure harmony and is essential to the proper regulation of rates.)

The *central* board of regulation to deal primarily with all through rates and matters affecting all regions of the country. Questions relating to local rates and strictly regional matters to be referred to the regional boards, subject, however, to the supervision of the central board.

All acts and decisions of the central board as well as of the regional boards of regulation to be subject to the supreme authority of the Federal Railway Board.

Power to be vested in the Federal Railway Board, through the central and regional boards of regulation, (subject to the necessary constitutional limitations) to regulate *all* rates of existing railway companies as well as those of the Federal corporations and to execute all the powers now vested in the Interstate Commerce Commission; but, except as to rates and as to other matters of which the Interstate Commerce Commission now has exclusive jurisdiction, the existing companies to remain subject to regulation by the several States.

5. The Act of Congress to provide that each Federal corporation shall pay in each State taxes on the proportion of its property located within the State. The basis for fixing the aggregate value of the taxable property of each corporation and for the apportionment thereof among the States to be prescribed by the Act of Congress and all questions of taxation to be decided in the first instance by the Federal Railway Board subject to an appeal to the Supreme Court.

The police powers of the several States in relation to the Federal corporations, their officials and their property to be left unabridged, except when in conflict with the Act of Congress or with regulations of the Federal Railway Board.

6. Issues of debentures and stock of the Federal corporations to be made only as authorized by the Federal Railway Board and for purposes approved by it. Debentures and stock to be issued as hereinafter provided to take over existing lines when authorized by the Federal Railway Board. Additional debentures and stock for new construction, betterments and additions to be issued only up to aggregate amounts authorized from time to time by Act of Congress and each sale to be approved by the Secretary of the Treasury.

7. The accounts of each Federal corporation to be kept according to the best methods of accounting as prescribed by the Federal Railway Board and detailed annual reports to be published.

8. The Federal Railway Board to have power to negotiate with the representatives of each railway company

and with committees of its bondholders and stockholders for a transfer of the property of their company to a designated Federal corporation and for an exchange of their bonds and stocks for debentures and stock of the Federal corporation.

The aggregate amount of debentures and stock of a Federal corporation to be issued for each property not to exceed an amount fixed as provided in paragraph 14 introductory to this plan on the basis of the estimated prospective true operating income of the property, so that the amount of interest and dividends guaranteed by the Government shall in no case exceed sixty-five per cent. of the estimated operating income of the property and that the interest on the debentures shall not exceed forty per cent. of this operating income. It is suggested tentatively that the debentures of the Federal corporation be made payable in sixty years and redeemable after forty years.

For example, if the true operating income of a railway company is $6,000,000 per annum, the aggregate amount of debentures and stock of the Federal corporation to be issued for the company's property would be as follows:

(a) $60,000,000 of guaranteed 4 per cent. debentures, upon which the annual interest charge would be.....	$2,400,000
(b) 600,000 shares of stock (without par value) upon which $6 per share would be earned and the Government would guarantee $2.50 or.....	1,500,000
Total Government guaranty.....	$3,900,000

The Government to have an optional right to purchase the stock at any time at $85 per share.

As expenditures for unprofitable improvements, etc., would be deducted from the operating income shown under the rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission in determining the true operating income for the purposes of this plan, the whole amount thereof could properly be distributed. Assuming that the operating income in excess of dividends of $4 per share on the stock is to be divided between the stockholders and the Government, the $6,000,000 of operating income would be applied as follows:

Interest on $60,000,000 debentures.....	$2,400,000
Dividend on 600,000 shares at $4 per share	2,400,000
Balance to be divided between the Government and the stockholders.....	1,200,000
Total	$6,000,000

A railway to be acquired only if an amount of outstanding bonds satisfactory to the Federal Railway Board shall be deposited for exchange into the debentures and stock of the Federal corporation. Until bonds held by non-assenting bondholders are exchanged or paid off, an amount of debentures creating the same aggregate interest charge as the outstanding bonds to be reserved by the Federal corporation out of the aggregate amount to be issued by it for the property. Bonds of existing companies received by a Federal corporation upon such exchange to be kept alive in its treasury and a separate account to be kept (unless otherwise ordered by the Federal Railway Board) of the earnings of each railway upon which there is a mortgage securing unexchanged bonds, with a view to a foreclosure of the mortgage in case the property should fail to earn the interest on all bonds secured by the mortgage, including those in the treasury of the Federal corporation.

Each Federal corporation to have power to condemn existing lines of railway (subject to existing mortgages) when authorized by the Federal Railway Board, the condemnation proceedings to be carried on through special tribunals established for that purpose.

It is not intended that all bondholders of a company whose property is acquired shall receive the par amount of their bonds in 4 per cent. guaranteed debentures and that all stockholders shall receive share for share guaranteed stock of the Federal corporation. The intention is that the aggregate amount of debentures and stock to be issued in each case shall be equitably apportioned by agreement among the stockholders and bondholders. Under such arrangement some stockholders and bondholders may receive more and some less than the par amount of their present holdings.

THE ABIDING QUESTIONS

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

If we vaunt of war's fame
  Till throned curse it become,
And fetter'd Peace await shame
  At the Triumph of Doom;
Will through deed Joy again have expression,
  or alone in the dust-cover'd tome?

Should Wealth toil for increase
  That the poor poorer grow,
And quicken'd without cease
  Be ill seeds which men sow;
Shall such reproach be exalted, or living waters
  these dead wastes overflow?

Should old wrongs prevail still
  In contention with Right
And the Law and Good-will
  Yield their standards to Might;
Is the issue to be with the Christ, the Fates,
  or hope-dower'd, vanquishing knight?

If creeds fail at the end,
  And the priest be no more,

And prayers never ascend
To a God as of yore;
Will Faith die in the dark, or rear for the morn,
new shrines at which Truth to adore?

Are there thoughts to cherish
Of life in yon void,
Or shall we but perish,
Be enrich'd or destroy'd?
And where shall the Soul find a grave for its death,
or whither set free be convoy'd?

ABODE OF JUSTICE

Portray not purposed Justice to be blind,
Where but freed eye may know if with constraint
Truth's cause is plead, or mere dissembling plaint
Be advocate to hold in thrall the mind;
Wildered let her not grope through dark to find
The virtue, sorely overcome and faint
And mute with pallid woe, that dures attaint
Of calumny though to shame's death consign'd.

Have Justice sojourn in a temple fair,
With guerdoned sight; yet be frequented ways
Her dwelling-place, life's wastage to repair
And wrong arraign by sentence of her gaze,
To make prone worth with loveliness co-heir
Of favor, and it to joy's dawn upraise.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

THE COMMUNITY OF LANGUAGE[1]

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

WE are celebrating the memory of a great man of Letters. What strikes me most about that golrious group of New England writers—Emerson and Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Thoreau, Motley, Holmes and Lowell—is a certain measure and magnanimity. They were rare men and fine writers, of a temper simple and unafraid.

I confess to thinking more of James Russell Lowell as a critic and master of prose than as a poet. His single-hearted enthusiasm for Letters had a glowing quality which made it a guiding star for the frail barque of culture. His humor, breadth of view, sagacity, and the all-round character of his activities has hardly been equalled in your country. Not so great a thinker or poet as Emerson, not so creative as Hawthorne, so original in philosophy and life as Thoreau, so racy and quaint as Holmes, he ran the gamut of those qualities as none of the others did; and as critic and analyst of literature surpassed them all.

But I cannot hope to add anything of value to your estimate and praise of Lowell—critic, humorist, poet, editor, reformer, man of Letters, man of State affairs. I may, perhaps, be permitted however to remind you of two sayings of his: "I am never lifted up to any peak of vision—but that when I look down in hope to see some valley of the Beautiful Mountains I behold nothing but blackened ruins, and the moans of the down-trodden the world over. . . . Then it seems as if my heart would break in pouring out one glorious song that should be the Gospel of Reform, full of consolation and strength to the oppressed—that way my madness lies." That was one side of the youthful Lowell, the generous righter of wrongs, the man. And this

[1] An address delivered before the Academy of Arts and Letters in celebration of the Lowell Centenary, February 22, 1919.

other saying: "The English-speaking nations should build a monument to the misguided enthusiasts of the plains of Shinar, for as the mixture of many bloods seems to have made them the most vigorous of modern races, so has the mingling of divers speeches given them a language which is perhaps the noblest vehicle of poetic thought that ever existed." That was the other side of Lowell, the enthusiast for Letters; and that the feeling he had about our language.

I am wondering, indeed, what those men who in the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth centuries were welding the English language would think if they could visit this hall tonight, if suddenly we saw them sitting here among us in their monkish dress, their homespun, or their bright armor, having come from a greater Land even than America—the Land of the Far Shades. What expression should we see on the dim faces of them, as they took in the marvellous fact that the instrument of speech they forged in the cottages, courts, cloisters, and castles of their little misty island had become the living speech of half the world, and the second tongue for all the nations of the other half! For even so it is now—this English language, which they made, and Shakespeare crowned, which you speak and we speak, and men speak under the Southern Cross, and unto the Arctic Seas!

I do not think that you Americans and we English are any longer strikingly alike in physical type or general characteristics, no more than I think there is much resemblance between yourselves and the Australians. Our link is now but community of language—*and the infinity which this connotes.*

Perfected language—and ours and yours had come to flower before white men began to seek these shores—is so much more than a medium through which to exchange material commodities; it is cement of the spirit, mortar linking the bricks of our thoughts into a single structure of ideals and laws, painted and carved with the rareties of our fancy, the manifold forms of Beauty and Truth. We who speak American and you who speak English are conscious of a community which no differences can take from us. Perhaps the very greatest result of the grim years we have just been passing through is the promotion of our common tongue to the position of the universal language. The importance of the English-speaking peoples is now such that

the educated man in every country will perforce, as it were, acquire a knowledge of our speech. The second-language problem, in my judgment, has been solved. Numbers, and geographical and political accident have decided a question which I think will never seriously be reopened, unless madness descends on us and we speakers of English fight among ourselves. That fate I, at least, cannot see haunting the future.

Lowell says in one of his earlier writings: "We are the furthest from wishing to see what many are so ardently praying for, namely, a National Literature; for the same mighty lyre of the human heart answers the touch of the master in all ages and in every clime, and any literature in so far as it is national is diseased in so much as it appeals to some climatic peculiarity rather than to universal nature." That is very true, but good fortune has now made of our English speech a medium of *internationality*.

Henceforth you and we are the inhabitants and guardians of a great Spirit-City, to which the whole world will make pilgrimage. They will make that pilgrimage primarily because our City is a market-place. It will be for us to see that they who come to trade remain to worship.

What is it we seek in this motley of our lives, to what end do we ply the multifarious traffic of civilization? Is it that we may become rich and satisfy a material caprice ever growing with the opportunity of satisfaction? Is it that we may, of set and conscious purpose, always be getting the better of one another? Is it even, that of no sort of conscious purpose we may pound the roads of life at top speed, and blindly use up our little energies? I cannot think so. Surely in dim sort we are trying to realize human happiness, trying to reach a far-off goal of health and kindliness and beauty; trying to live so that those qualities which make us human beings—the sense of proportion, the feeling for beauty, pity, and the sense of humor—should be ever more exalted above the habits and passions that we share with the tiger, the ostrich, and the ape.

And so I would ask what will become of all our reconstruction in these days if it be informed and guided solely by the spirit of the market-place? Do trade, material prosperity, and the abundance of creature comforts guarantee that we advance towards our real goal? Material comfort in abundance is no bad thing; I confess to a considerable

regard for it. But for true progress it is but a flighty consort. I can well see the wreckage from the world-storm completely cleared away, the fields of life ploughed and manured, and yet no wheat grown there which can feed the spirit of man, and help its stature.

Lest we suffer such a disillusion as that, what powers and influence can we exert? There is one at least: The proper and exalted use of this great and splendid instrument, our common language. In a sophisticated world speech is action, words are deeds; we cannot watch our winged words too closely. Let us at least make our language the instrument of Truth; prune it of lies and extravagance, of perversions and all the calculated battery of partisanship; train ourselves to such sobriety of speech, and penmanship, that we come to be trusted at home and abroad; so making our language the medium of honesty and fair-play, that meanness, violence, sentimentality, and self-seeking become strangers in our lands. Great and evil is the power of the lie, of the violent saying, and the calculated appeal to base or dangerous motive; let us, then, make them fugitives among us, outcast from our speech!

I have often thought during these past years what an ironical eye Providence must have been turning on National Propaganda—on all the disingenuous breath which has been issued to order, and all those miles of patriotic writings dutifully produced in each country, to prove to other countries that they are its inferiors! A very little wind will blow those ephemeral sheets into the limbo of thin air. Already they are decomposing, soon they will be dust. To my thinking there are only two forms of National Propaganda, two sorts of evidence of a country's worth, which defy the cross-examination of Time: The first and most important is the rectitude and magnanimity of a Country's conduct; its determination not to take advantage of the weakness of other countries, nor to tolerate tyranny within its own borders. And the other lasting form of Propaganda is the work of the thinker and the artist, of men whose unbidden, unfettered hearts are set on the expression of Truth and Beauty as best they can perceive them. Such Propaganda the old Greeks left behind them, to the imperishable glory of their land. By such Propaganda Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch; Dante, St. Francis; Cervantes, Spinoza; Montaigne, Racine; Chaucer, Shakespeare; Goethe, Kant;

Turgenev, Tolstoi; Emerson, Lowell—a thousand and one more, have exalted their countries in the sight of all and advanced the stature of mankind.

You may have noticed in life that when we assure others of our virtue and the extreme rectitude of our conduct, we make on them but a sorry impression. If on the other hand we chance to perform some just act or kindness, of which they hear, or to produce a beautiful work which they can see, we become exalted in their estimation though we did not seek to be. And so it is with Countries. They may proclaim their powers from the housetops—they will but convince the wind; but let their acts be just, their temper humane, the speech and writings of their peoples sober, the work of their thinkers and their artists true and beautiful—and those Countries shall be sought after and esteemed.

We, who possess in common the English language—"best result of the confusion of tongues" Lowell called it—that most superb instrument for the making of word-music, for the telling of the truth, and the expression of the imagination, may well remember this: That, in the use we make of it, in the breadth, justice, and humanity of our thoughts, the vigor, restraint, clarity, and beauty of the setting we give to them, we have our greatest chance to make our Countries lovely and beloved, to further the happiness of mankind, and to keep immortal the priceless comradeship between us.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

AN ITALIAN POETESS—ADA NEGRI

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

It has almost ceased to be the rule for women to demand that their works of art be judged as if they were men's. That they be judged with equal severity, this indeed they do require, and are coming nearer perhaps than heretofore to getting, but fewer women now than fifty years ago would choose that their work should be mistaken for that of a man, or care to adopt a masculine pseudonym like George Eliot or George Sand, in the hope that it might be. It is well, perhaps, that women are thus developing a kind of class consciousness, which enables them to face with more equanimity the charge that this or that is "just like a woman," for it is difficult to see why it should be intrinsically more fortunate that a woman's book should be mistaken for a man's, than an Englishman's for a Russian's. Point of view contributes elements of its own to a work of art, and a woman's must necessarily be different in some respects from a man's. If she never expresses it honestly for herself, how is the one-half of the world to learn how the other half lives?

The Italian poetess who is best known today outside of her own country did not, however, begin by expressing woman as distinct from man. Her earliest book was not the voice of a woman, but the cry of a class. Such poetry was new to Italian literature, although there has seldom been a period of its history when some poetry has not been political. Most Italian poets from Dante to Carducci have diverted a part of their lyric passion from love to politics. The poets of the nineteenth century fought for the independence of Italy with both the pen and the sword, and some of the best Italian poetry must always fail to make its way across the Alps or across the Atlantic, because it

requires such a minute knowledge of Italian history for its better understanding. But the oppression that poets had lamented in beautiful verse heretofore had been the weight of the foreigner's heel; the bitter cry of the poor had not been heard. Ada Negri's early poems, on the other hand, while they seemed to speak in the well-remembered voice of the old Lombard spirit of revolt, which Frederick II had heard lifted against him, and which spoke against the Austrian in the bloody Five Days of Milan, were railing at no political oppressor, but at the more impersonal cruelties of the social order. It was in the early nineties that they began to be heard, when readers of the well-known evening paper of Milan, *Il Corriere della sera,* experienced a gathering curiosity as to the authorship of certain fiery little poems that appeared in it from time to time. They bore the short and non-committal signature of Ada Negri, and uttered the complaint of oppressed industry, which had never made itself heard in Italian verse before. They sang, in rather rough, stirring verses, the wretchedness of the helpless and the poor, of the old, and the beaten; they described the long miseries of unemployment, mutilated hands of factory women, the workman broken by his work, the vagabond who never knew a home and who lies at last beneath the stranger's dissecting knife, the bewildered family of evicted tenants, their humble goods confessing their paucity and pitiful domestic shifts too frankly to the daylight.

Nothing was known of the writer, save what could be pieced together out of the scanty bits of information scattered through these poems. It was a woman, so much was certain. The habit of the Romance tongues, with their gracious feminine adjectives (which describe the feminine moiety of the animate and inanimate world), left no doubt of it, although she did not insist on the point as yet, nor seem to draw any material from it. And she was young:

> Mine is youth, and all of life is mine! . . .
> In the mortal struggle,
> None, none shall ever see me once repine.
> High above ruin, above cares and tears,
> Shine out my twenty years!

It could be believed that she lived at Motta-Visconti, a little village of the Lombard plain, on that river Ticino which Charles Albert crossed at the outset of his ill-fated

campaign of 1848, because her poems were dated from there; and it was easy to see that she worshipped her mother, who had supported her childhood with the work of her hands.

> While I, a happy child, would softly cower
> Into the pillows, sinking into sleep,
> Bent to her needle evenings, hour by hour,
> My mother watch did keep.

And again, in a poem called "The Factory Mother," we may safely substitute a daughter for the son in the poem, and find another portrait of the poetess's valiant mother.

> Her son is at his books.—She at the loom
> Pours her heart's blood out without rest or ruth.
> And of her worn old age
> She makes glad sacrifice, as once of youth.

And Ada Negri was brave:

> Who's knocking at my door?
> . . . Good day, Misfortune, thou'lt not frighten me!

But there was the acerbity of youth in her courage. Even friendship drew back from her girlish austerity that disdained laughter, while love she strove to chill and terrify with her pride.

> You, who are generous, fair, and strong,
> Ask love of me? . . . Nay, cease!
> If fate reserves you hope and song,
> Cast yourself not in my dark path.
> Go, earth is rich in love and peace,
> But I, oh youth, am wrath!

And Ada Negri was ambitious.

Conscious of her genius, and of a mission, the only lover she sought was fame, and in the "Factory Mother's" hopes for her son, it is not hard to discern her own ambitions.

> Her son, her only son,
> Her mighty pride through poverty, who now
> On his broad serious brow
> Shows to her hope the flash of genius' sun, . . .
>
> Her son shall study.—In her visions bold
> She sees him great and envied, free from dread,
> And fame for his dark head
> Shall weave a wreath of laurel and of gold.

On her own dark head, no doubt, she and her mother

looked to see the future lay a crown, and the present indifference of the world moves her impatience.

For all my struggles, though I curse and weep,
The world goes by and laughs, and hears me not.

These poems, and many more like them, revealing a young, rather crude, intense and honest personality, were gathered at last into a volume called "Fate" (*Fatalità*), and a preface, written for it by Signora Sofia Albisi, satisfied in part the growing curiosity of her readers. They learned that the vehement young poetess was a schoolmistress, who had to harness her genius to the humble and fatiguing task of teaching a hundred little children of Motta-Visconti their *a b c;* that she lived alone with the mother she loved, trudging to and fro to the schoolroom each day in wooden shoes; that she had never seen the sea, nor a mountain, nor a city, but had nourished all her fires of imagination on books and dreams alone. For books, it appeared, were not lacking. An anonymous admirer of her verses sent her great parcels of them from Milan by every post, with all the reviews and latest published literary gossip. With her voracity and sure instinct, she happily appropriated what she needed, and based many correct literary judgments on a hint or clue in a book review. We may not be wrong, indeed, in concluding that she read more book-reviews than books, since there are no traces of reading in her poetry, and its form does not suggest any previous study of a literature in which excellence of form has been supreme. Hers is a poetry of sincerity, of experience, and owes little to poetic tradition.

Cold, I am cold near you, old books severe!

To read *Fatalità* when it was new, was something like reading the first installment of an autobiographic novel. What would life do to this ardent, candid, young maiden spirit, endowed, it would seem, with great emotional power and sensibility, and the "experiencing nature" which heightens and interprets all personal experience? At any rate, she was not long to remain the inexperienced schoolmistress of Motta-Visconti, though she was later to realize that in the four years she spent there "had been enclosed, as in a magic ring, the best part of her life, the most ingenuous, the richest in energy and freshness." It was, as a Florentine poet was to tell her in after years, her "heroic period."

Earlier still, in her childhood, she had lived at Lodi, lived a life, as she writes long after from the safe shelter of wealth and fame, "almost cloistral, almost aristocratic, in its austere poverty. I dwelt with my mother in two small rooms on the third floor of a beautiful house in Corso Roma, overlooking the garden. The little rooms were gleaming with whitewash and cleanliness; from our tiny balconies we could see the vast garden, walled-in like a convent's, all green and silent. . . . My mother used to leave for her workroom at five o'clock in the morning, and would not return till evening. After school hours I used to stay alone with my books, almost always seated on one of the little balconies, facing that green conventual peace. I dreamed and studied much; without friends, without desires, melancholy by temperament, I would pass hours upon hours in absorbed contemplation of the slow course of the sunlight as it crept over the old garden's high ivied walls, which were overspread with climbing roses."

When she had first left her studious life of balconied meditation for the noisy roomful of children at Motta-Visconti, who submitted themselves against their will to their alphabet and ciphering, she was appalled by the shock of the contrast. Yet it was among these rough children, and in sight of the meager and difficult life their families led, that her human sympathies developed, and she came to understand poverty. "When at the age of twenty I wrote 'The Failures,' (*I Vinti*), feeling myself fairly encircled, imprisoned and oppressed by the anguish of the suffering many, I wrote in red, with the heart's blood of those who had suffered with my mother and me, the most powerful and the most characteristic of my wild rustic verses."

Fame found Ada Negri quickly after *Fatalità* opened the road, and the "Milli Prize" from Florence, which assured her for the next ten years an annuity of a few hundred dollars, was accompanied by the offer of a teaching post in the Normal School at Milan. Here she could revisit the Brera galleries, and enjoy the many wonders of city life which had so excited her during a three-day visit arranged a year or two before by her good friend Signora Albisi. Now she could share that life to the full. It was fairly certain that a part of her new experience would be that the harsh young virgin would fall in love, since she was now living for the first time among her equals, in a

circle where intellectual and emotional cultivation might be taken for granted. And in fact the second volume of poems, *Tempeste,* bears witness to such an experience, brief but disturbing. There is suspense, absence, final desertion and disappointment; but her splendid strength reasserts itself, and the proud poem *Ego sum* declares her enfranchisement from love's sorrows, and her repossession of herself. A poem some pages farther on, entitled *Amor Novo,* suggests final recovery.

In spite of a few such autobiographical hints as these, this second volume is chiefly concerned with such subjects as filled the first. Some of the most striking pictures of poverty and industrial miseries, such as "Eviction," "The Strike," "After the Strike," are in *Tempeste,* as well as the noble and sympathetic poem, *I Grandi* (which might be rendered "The Truly Great"). These are, she says:

The Hungry, the Oppressed, who drag life's chain,
Whom Nature dealt harsh lot,
Who never knew reprieve or truce from pain,
(And yet have hated not!)
Who saw for others ripening the grain,
(And yet have pillaged not!)

Who've but a bed of straw whereon to lie,
Ailing and slow to mend;
Who've but a hospital cot whereon to die,
Yet love unto the end.

The allusion in the next but last line receives added poignancy from our knowledge that it was on a hospital bed that Ada Negri's own father had died. A poem in this same volume, *L'Ospedale Maggiore,* commemorates a visit she paid to the spot where he drew his last breath.

St. Joseph's Alley, far down to the right,
At Number Twenty. No one's in that bed,
Where years ago, this pillow at his head,
My father lay one night.

He died. And I,—frail baby in my cot,
For whom he shed his sacred dying tears,
Whom he adored,—of him, across the years,
Remember naught.

In the same year with the publication of *Tempeste,* when Ada Negri was twenty-six, came the announcement of her marriage, and readers remembered *Amor Novo.* The next volume was eight years in coming to light, and

was entitled *Maternità*. Long before, in the days of her armored maidenhood when she repelled the thought of love, the maternal instinct was already articulate in her, and she invoked maternity in a poem beginning "Never a child of my own!" With her ardor of nature, and her literary habit of self-revealment, we look for and find full expression of the experience which had absorbed those eight years of silence. The emotion of the mother who is waiting for her child to come into the world,—"terrible little strange voice, which cries to the infinite tenderness of motherhood: 'Life, here am I!'"—the ecstasy of some moment when she hears her child cry out to her in a sunny April garden, the terror of the shadow that hangs over all parents, the fear that their child may die,—all these intense moments of motherhood are caught, live and palpitating, and imprisoned in words. Very striking is her "Dialogue" with her unborn child:

'Tis he—from being's depths unknown
He stirs, in dreams I hear him cry:
"In this pale, vast content am I,
Why wilt thou claim me for thine own?

"Too sad thy world; I know its gloom;
The unreturning dead have told.
I ask not life. Oh, overbold
Mother, to shape me in thy womb!" . . .

"Nay, to one solemn call above
No soul is silent, rebel none.
Child, if love light for thee the sun,
Live thou, burn thou, love back my love!"[1]

Yet with all her passion, her intelligence is not submerged; it tells her that she could endure it better than her husband if the shadow should envelop them and they should lose their child. For she would have the consolation of her art, and the relief of expression.

I? Yes, I still could bear to live,
Among her scattered, silent toys,
Her lettered blocks, her blonde-haired dolls,
That shut their china eyes—her joys!

White-haired and broken, still I'd live,
And proudly fight to my last breath
To master sorrow, and constrain,
In verses that should challenge death. . . .

[1] Dora Greenwell McChesney, in the *Thrush*, 1910.

But you, without the tiny bed
That held your blossom, your white elf,
You would not then have anything.
I know that you would kill yourself.

The marriage of Ada Negri made a great difference to her literary career, not so much in the fertility and quality of her poetry as in the way it was received. The cry of social injustice being new in Italian poetry, her poems had seemed to identify her with a movement. Arturo Giovanitti had claimed her for internationalism in "The International," calling her "the sister-of-charity of the class war," and she had become something almost legendary, a kind of Joan of Arc of the poor. The legend received a rude shock when her marriage to a wealthy manufacturer of Biella, "the Manchester of Italy," lifted her into the very class that class warfare is directed against. Reviewers of a hasty turn of mind, who were fond of catchwords, began to talk of Ada Negri's apostasy; and however unjust it may have been, some harm was assuredly done her literary reputation, in so far as that rested on the legend of the wooden shoes.

That it was unjust, any fair-minded critic cannot but feel. Her marriage did not at all destroy her sympathy for the humble and the oppressed; indeed in the poem *Amor Novo,* which we may fairly connect chronologically with her marriage, she warns her lover that he must espouse with her the cause of her poor. The poor and the suffering claimed her, she says, before he did; as long as she lives their path is hers.

It is for that you love me? Oh then, come,
Come with me, in the very name of grief. . . .

Come, come with me! Our chosen home shall be
Wherever a defeated man needs aid,
Wherever lonely childhood is afraid,
Wherever seethe the ills of poverty.

This does not sound like betrayal. In any case, she had betrayed nothing, for she had promised nothing. She had merely made the instant response of a very ardent nature to such suffering as she had seen and understood. Later she was to see and understand other kinds. Her early life had thrown her among the impoverished slaves of industry, and she interpreted them with sympathy; marriage made her a

mother, and her sympathy then went out to mothers. Many of the poems of *Maternità* sing their sorrows; a pathetic young mother, dead with her dead child in her arms; one demented with sorrow, who, unwilling to stay behind, has followed hers into the grave; the desperate one, who is driven by hunger or shame to abandon hers in the streets; the factory worker who can spare but three days in which to bring a dead child into the world—these are all brought before us in unforgettable little vignettes. It was not that Ada Negri's capacity for suffering in the sufferings of others had failed in prosperity, it was only that her sympathy had always been more personal and less sociological than it appeared.

She reversed the usual development, which is from the narrower to the wider, from the personal to the general. So far is this true that she was not to know until her thirties that kind of causeless melancholy which is oftener the indulgence of youth. Between her first three volumes of poetry and her last two, "Exile" and "Out of the Depths," there seems to have opened a gulf across her life. The fire, the struggle, the triumph of the earlier time, have given way to a dull depression, a kind of anaemia of the spirit, which seem the mark of a different personality. There are, to be sure, some objective reasons hinted at. A second baby girl has been born to her, only to die at the end of a month; she feels the first chill of middle age, "the melancholy of the first gray hairs"; her remaining daughter will soon be out of childhood, less dependent and less near; she has had a long sickness which threatened to prove mortal; society has claimed and tamed her, and left her half cynical and disillusioned.

> You do not know me? I may seem
> More fair to-day, more flexible
> In my smooth sheath of tawny velvet
> Which likens me unto a panther.
> I know now how to do my hair in waves,
> As well as ladies who go past in carriages;
> I now can feign a smile,
> Even while my heart breaks; I can break a promise,
> Give, with a cup of tea, my hand
> To those who turn their backs upon my door
> To tear my name to tatters, and my heart.

Her heart aches, "as if they had trampled me underfoot," she has lost faith and thinks of suicide. Where now the valor of her strenuous girlhood, which defied misfortune

to frighten her, and bade misery good day? There is nothing left of it but the restlessness and rebellion. Her courage had perhaps exhausted itself against the external obstacles of poverty and oblivion; against the inward foes of the spirit there was no fight left in her. Then, too, for her it was so evidently true that

> That age is best which is the first.

for by the time she was thirty the factory woman's daughter had left her wooden shoes outside the door of a palace, and gone to live inside it, and had received the two guerdons she had most desired from life, motherhood and fame. The end of the serial came too soon. "Man's aim is to culminate," remarked Meredith; "but it is the saddest thing in the world to feel that we have accomplished it." Ada Negri had now to seek new occasions for living, or do without. She had not books to fall back upon, for hers is not a learned muse; and the writing impulse, while it did not fail her, just as she had prophesied it would not, did not suffice to keep alive her wish to live beyond the *quarantaine*. Perhaps, she says to the woman in the glass,

> Perhaps, poor soul,
> To perish in thy Spring were wise,
> Ere time, more fearful far than death,
> Make thee a stranger to thine eyes.
> Perhaps, poor soul,
> To close thyself the door were sweet—
> The door of dark and silence—while
> Thine eyes still glow with youth's last smile.

It is not possible to imagine the grave intellectualism of Alice Meynell or the high spirituality of Emily Dickinson permitting either to address herself thus; and Christina Rossetti, faced with this crisis in a woman's life, "answered 'Yea!'" But a woman of Latin race would feel more sharply the failure of her *vie de femme*. Even a poetess does not know how to survive her *roman*. For strangely enough, since it was never love that she asked of the gods, save once or twice in mere lip-service to rhetoric, it is precisely her *roman* that Ada Negri in her later verse bewails and invokes. It is as if outraged Aphrodite were avenging herself on the proud virgin of *Fatalità*, when Ada Negri owns to herself, in "Confession," and "To the One Who

Never Came," that the spring of her life is broken because no one has ever moved her to the love of which she was capable.

> I was none other's, yet was never thine.
> I am my own,

she writes—to whom? To the stranger she writes:

> I waited for you long after that day
> When first I knew that I had come to flower,
> A March primrose. One came, with true heart's dower.
> But " 'Tis not he! " my heart did softly say.
>
> Sunshine and rain, thorns, roses, chaff and wheat,
> The years brought to me. Love they brought me too.
> But brought not you! Yet one resembled you,
> Who knew to take my heart with magic sweet.
>
> I lost myself, my pride aside I threw.
> . . . It was not you!

In a group of affectionate domestic poems in *Maternità* entitled *Dolcezze,* and dedicated " To Giovanni," there occurs this stanza:

> To tell the tender love
> Which binds my heart to thy true heart alone—
> That love thou doubtest of!—
> See at thy feet, what flowers on flowers I've thrown!

But it is evident that the instinct of her lover was sure. " Tender love," though sincere and wishful to be satisfying, was not all that her nature could have been moved to, and in " Confession " she admits it.

> Now when the night weighs heavy on the pain
> Of them that watch, and you are face to face
> With your sole self, alone and cold in space,
> Wrapped in your shift, as penitents have lain. . . .
>
> Conress that your rebellious disaccord
> Is nothing but a wail of sick distress
> From a weak soul who missed her happiness
> Because she failed to find her heart's true lord. . . .
>
> And—though to say it be like a whip-stroke
> Upon your pride—that if tomorrow he
> Should come to you with arms outstretched, you'd be
> The very slave of love, and love your yoke!

If Ada Negri's poems succeed, in her own proud phrase, in " challenging death," it will be more for their human

than for their literary value. Hers is a poetry without art and largely without form; it has little melodic beauty, and she comes cheaply off for her rhymes in a language where nearly all participles and infinitives can be made to chime. It is a poetry which is not poetic. But it is the direct, unforced expression of a deep sincerity, that has carrying power in all departments of life. She has broken through the literary woman's frequent reticence, a reticence that masks itself below a flood of misleading words, and has been frank where she might have dressed her emotions prettily in plumes borrowed from man's view of her. It has not been, it would seem, a difficult frankness. Ada Negri gives to a singular degree the impression of having written in the only way it was possible to her to write, her verse having been forced from her by the power of her feeling and of her impulse to self-expression.

But while she has thus given us some authentic documents of feminine psychology, a field in which most published knowledge has come at second hand, (through observation), it is safe to prophesy that she will be remembered as the author of *I Vinti* and *I Grandi* rather than of *Confessione*. That is partly, of course, because of the legend, because of the personal appeal of the poor and proud young schoolmistress of Motta-Visconti. Her own eyes and heart evidently turn back with regretful longing to her "heroic period," and we may leave her with a quotation from the most finished of her poems, "The Return to Motta-Visconti," whither she makes a sad pilgrimage, her baby girl tugging at her skirts, to look for her lost youth, and "that past of struggle and of hope, her rebellious, splendid past."

She saw again the twenty-year-old girl,
Her forehead marked with destiny's bright ray,
Trip down the steep roadway,
A proud young eaglet, winged and strong.
Her room, full of bright ghosts, she saw again,
The bed, where sleepless nights were full of song;
She seemed to see from her own veins the blood
Pour forth into her rhymes its flood,
Rhymes that went through the world upborne by pain,
That seemed a tocsin bell,
Of bare homes without bread or fire to tell,
And the dull grief of earth's defeated ones.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS.

LEAVES OF JAPANESE POETRY

BY GERTRUDE EMERSON

I

I CHANCED to be idling along the main street of the little village of Nikko looking into shop windows one autumn morning, when the wind was whistling down the mountains through his teeth. Many of the shops were already boarded up, the transient trade of summer tourists gone with the butterflies, but there was one whose windows still presented a tempting display of old blue and white porcelain, bronze bells, incense burners, carved and lacquered bowls, and all that assortment of small, fashioned things which speak so eloquently the language of a different age than ours. Out in front was the shop-keeper, rubbing his hands with the cold, and bowing and smiling an invitation to enter. A threshold always signifies possible adventure. As soon as I had passed into the shop my eyes fell upon a small crêpe paper book, called *Sword and Blossom Poems,* lying on the edge of a table. Blue waves were chasing one another across its covers, half hidden by scalloped clouds of orange and purple, and scattered grey cherry blossoms. I do not remember now which poem I read first, but it may have been this one:

> I have so long been sick, I cannot tell
> What path the spring has taken, yet I fear
> That long ago the cherry blossom fell
> For which mine eyes had waited all the year.

There is a picture by Koho illustrating it—a temple pagoda rising from among green tree-tops, and on the opposite page, under a cherry tree from which all the blossoms are gone, an old man in a blue coat and a yellow kimono leaning pensively on his staff. A brief introduction to the

volume stated that the score of verses contained within its covers were translations of classic Japanese poems written over a thousand years ago.

When I returned to Tokyo a few days later, I wrote to a young friend of mine and asked him if he would not come and teach me a little about the spirit of poetry in his country. He had a very strange and intense feeling for English, this Japanese boy: feelings strange and intense on many subjects. I do not think he ever quite understood why I bothered so much about the question of poetry. It was all so very natural and simple, and there were other questions infinitely more important. For instance, when a young man graduates from a government Middle School, what attitude is he going to adopt toward compulsory military service? Loyalty to the Emperor and to one's country constitute the first principles of living, but it is hard to give up three years of one's life to learn how to become an excellent machine, if one has a passion for books and study, and a shrinking from the brutality of war.

"But sometimes I think the purpose of life is that you should do all things you do not want to do!" he said once with an almost ascetic fervor. It was as though the circles of his questioning had broken with a faint metallic clang on the far shore of some impregnable ground.

I found it curiously difficult to get him to say anything concrete, to set any formula, to establish any landmark, whereby one might recognize the tidal ebb and flow, or the little lanes and currents, of Japanese poetic expression, and in the end I was forced to fall back on a system of mechanical questions. Then, in his soft voice, hesitating now and then for the right word, he would answer to the best of his ability. Always with a puzzled air, as if he did not quite grasp the why and wherefore of this alien questing after his country's gods. He was very gentle, almost shy; with a laugh that rustled like a paper fan.

Outside the snow fell in flurries, and great crows, calling raucously to one another, came and perched on the cedar tree in the garden or ate the little scarlet, lace-like leaves that still clung desperately to the bare branches of the maple trees; or maybe there was fine, misty grey rain, or real sunshine sliding up the steep slopes of the tiled roofs. The afternoons were always short, for he came after school hours, and very soon the blue shadows would sweep down Valley

Street and the lantern fireflies come out here and there: and in the temple compound at the foot of the hill, the paper *shoji* gleamed through the gathering dusk. Sometimes, if the day had been clear, Fuji hung like a purple veil at the end of the tilted street. It was then that the Japanese maid brought the tea, and we put away the disconnected notes for another day, without sorting them.

II

One forgets, and remembers with increasing astonishment, how long ago a great part of this Japanese poetry was written down. Before King Alfred was born in England a significant collection of 4496 poems of old Japan, in twenty volumes, called the *Manyoshiu,* or Myriad Leaves, had already been made. In 905 a second collection, the *Kokinshiu*, a Record of Ancient Things, was compiled, and in 1235 the *Hyakuninishiu,* or Hundred Poems of a Hundred Poets, gained a popularity which they have not forfeited to this day. Still other important collections followed, made always by Imperial order, known under the general name of the Anthologies of the One-and-Twenty Reigns.

We are told of strange "poem parties" in those earlier days of Japanese history—of the River Winding Festivals, when lords and ladies and the throng of the Nara Court, even unto the Emperor himself, descended to the banks of a stream to launch little cups of rice-wine and tilt in the making of such verses as this one:

> No man so callous but he heaves a sigh
> When o'er his head the withered cherry flowers
> Come floating down. Who knows? The spring's soft showers
> May be but tears shed by the sorrowing sky.[1]

If spring and love were not the theme, then surely it was the sorrow of autumn, for the stops are few and often played upon in this ancient poetry of the Nara epoch.

There were even more fantastic gatherings when the Court was holding holiday for three centuries in Kyoto. The *uta-awase* assumed the proportions of the most elaborate of state ceremonies. Rare flowering trees and plants decorated the Imperial halls, where the assemblage, glittering and stiff in gorgeous brocade, solemnly concocted poetry

[1] B. H. Chamberlain, *Japanese Classical Poetry.* London, 1880.

according to rules as formal as court etiquette. It must have been on such occasions as these that Tadahira, younger brother of the leader of the great Fujiwara family and himself a proven warrior, won lasting fame by his inspiration of uttering the cry of a cuckoo every time he opened the fan upon which he had painted an image of that noble bird. The making of many an official of state hung on a thread slender as the ability to turn an effective conceit in verse.

It was in the Kyoto or Heian era (A. D., 798-1192) that the poetic mania of Japan reached its height. When the flood of Chinese influence swept over the country through the Korean gate, ear-marking for all time the religion, the art, the learning, all the complicated ceremonial of life, it scarcely touched the poetry. This was, and remained, one of the few original productions of the Japanese genius. Perhaps there was something alien in Chinese literature, something too philosophic, over-passionate, which was unacceptable to Japanese taste. But although Chinese influence did not directly mold the poetry of Japan, the Chinese culture which was superimposed on the country was responsible for much that was significant in its subsequent development. A material and artistic civilization was the first result of Chinese domination, a civilization in which religious concepts exercised little or no restraining influence, as in the T'ang and Sung periods in China. The history of the Heian epoch is the succession of stages by which a culture based on principles of aristocracy alone precipitated its own ruin —refinement of idle pastimes, sensuousness, unparalleled extravagance, excesses of every kind.

Art has always reserved unto itself the high privilege of selection. Poetry but lifts the hem of its garment above the general contamination: the contrast between dreams and reality is only the more poignant. Tsurayuki, a nobleman of the first half of the tenth century, writes from the center of the licentious court life delicate verses about gathering simples on the hills, fantasies as illusive as dragon flies:

> As on the mountains, when the clouds above
> Fall to the earth in mist—a man may see
> The dim white blossom of some cherry tree,
> So only have I seen the one I love.[1]

[1] *Sword and Blossom Poems,* done in English verse by Shotaro Kimura and Charlotte M. A. Peake.

The usual explanation is that the large number of women writers influenced for the better the literature of the period. There were indeed some of signal distinction: the pathetic figure of Ono no Komachi, and Murasaki Shikibu, author of the most famous of Japanese classical romances. A typical bit of fleeting verse has come down from the brush of Murasaki Shikibu:

> I wandered out this moonlight night,
> I think that someone hurried by,
> But ah, the clouds obscured the light. . . .
> I only heard a wind-blown sigh!

However true it may be that women influenced the character of the poetry—in its lack of robustness, its flower-like grace, a certain indefinable exquisiteness—the particular point of propriety does not rest with them. They did not possess it. It belongs rather to the rigid code of etiquette which prescribed that even the most profligate courtesan should go abroad with her face modestly covered, and converse with her lover through a paper door or from behind a screen; to that formalism which has grown around the heart of life in Japan and stifled natural expression.

The Imperial suzerainty was finally thrust aside by the rising military class. In 1189 the seat of power was shifted from Kyoto to Kamakura, the stronghold of the military Shogun, although Kyoto continued as the official capital of Japan for several centuries later. The spirit of Buddhism at last burst into full flower and the general tone of life changes. . . . A stream of men on every side hurrying to cast off worldly garments and flee to the mountains to live as hermits among the rocks! Grown weary of idle amusements, they turn in increasing numbers to the religion which tells them that existence is as fleeting as a drop of dew. A subtle change creeps over the poetry. It becomes as philosophic as the narrow compass of form permits, and it is permeated with the poet-priest's love of nature, the vibrant background to all his solitary contemplations. He writes:

> Alas! unworthy, I . . . and yet I dare
> To spread my ample black-dyed sleeve and bless
> This people whose sad burdens I must share,
> Dwelling apart in mountain wilderness.

Something of the struggle of trying to reconcile life with

the mystic operation of the universe begins to appear in the little verses:

> Ye who are sad, if it should chance that when
> Ye thought to leave the fretful world and go
> Far up among the silent hills of snow
> That there ye found no peace at last—what then?

What then indeed! Will the echoing hills, or the pitiless sky, or the passing wind, or the wild geese with wings intercrossed in the white clouds, give any answer to satisfy the aching human breast?

One other great movement was to occur as the result of long centuries of military suppression, a bloodless revolution fraught with vast potentialities: the upward struggle of the lower classes, or, if you will, the widening downward of aristocratic privileges. It was the Tokugawa Shogunate (1603-1867) that threw wide the gates of progress with an end to the long period of feudal quarrels and the establishment of peace throughout the country. The abolition of the *samurai,* education for the masses, the growth of intellectual commerce with other nations, the rise of business enterprise and full-fledged industrialism and, finally, the voluntary grant of a constitutional charter by the restored Emperor, descendant of the gods—and old Japan passed away forever!

> At night I sit and looking o'er the fields
> Think of the myriad poor and of their years
> Of patient toil that scanty comfort yields,
> And as I think, my sleeves are wet with tears.

The tender solicitude of Her Imperial Majesty, consort of Mutsuhito, Emperor of the Meiji era, expresses no modern note of sympathy for the lot of the common people, as one might at first think, corresponding to the romantic awakening after the classical period in English poetry. Sovereignty by Divine Right was always identical in Japan with benevolent despotism (made possible by the docility and good will of the Japanese people). Chinese culture had long since faded like a rain-washed camelia flower, ceasing to be any inspiration in the living thought of the day. If Western mechanism offered an all too seductive substitute, and furnished the military technique presently responsible for Japan's bold claim to leadership in the Far East, it was scarcely conducive to the production of good

poetry. Such as there was merely reflected the windless flame of thought out of other days and clung tenaciously to forms not new a thousand years ago. It is too soon to tell what springtide of blossoms grafted stocks may bring forth. Japan is alert to all trends of modern expression in art, and significant departures have been made, but so far as actual output of distinctive genius is concerned, both the quality and quantity are disappointingly small.

III

It is true that Japanese poetry "knows nothing of rhyme, assonance, alliteration, accented stress, quantity, or parallelism," but it is nevertheless governed by very definite principles of composition. The most obvious of these, and the simplest, is a syllabic cadence following from alternating lines of five and seven syllables. In the form called *naga-uta,* literally long-poem, the lines alternate indefinitely. These poems partake of the nature of epics, usually narrating historic feats of valor or dwelling on the glories of battle. From the eighth century downward the tendency was toward a shorter verse form, and the *tanka,* composed of five lines of 5-7-5-7-7 syllables respectively, became the standard form for all poetry. For a mind steeped in the unlimited variety of complicated Western forms of versification it is difficult to conceive how a simple stanza of only thirty-one syllables, corresponding most nearly to our quatrain, was able to satisfy every need of poetic expression among a people as rich in artistic tradition as the Japanese. The spirit of uniform adherence to an established code or standard, the formal repression of the East resulting from long centuries of ingrowing culture, so puzzling to the West accustomed to a spontaneous yielding to individual impulse, must offer what explanation there is. At any rate, a sense of selection which is carried to the highest point of elimination directs the poet as it guides the brush of the artist and maker of *ukioye* prints. Even the *tanka* proved too long for popular taste, and gave forth in the seventeenth century an offshoot known as *haikai* or *hokku.* The *hokku* came into vogue through the literary pastime of capping the verses of *tanka,* the object being to propose a situation of some complexity that would require ingenuity of conclusion, or contrariwise. Presently the second part of

the poem was dropped off, and the initial hemistich of seventeen syllables came to stand as a definite verse form. *Haikai* won immediate popular favor, and came to be invested with a spirit of wit, of play on words, sometimes even of buffoonery, quite far removed from the classical *tanka.* Poetry in seventeen syllables! Can any other nation boast as much?

The Japanese themselves consider only their *tanka* as the perfect expression of their poetic emotions. It is in the form of *tanka* that today several thousand verses are presented to the Imperial Poetry Bureau at New Year's, upon some subject designated by the Empress—" Bamboos in the Snow," " The Stork on the Pine Tree," " The Cedar by the Shrine "—contending for no prize except selection to be read aloud before the Emperor and Empress and members of the Court. The subject thereafter flaunts itself for the year as one of the commonest motifs of ornamentation, wherever the quick fancy and nimble fingers of the Japanese can devise ornamentation.

The most important principle of construction, syllabic arrangement, thus defines the few distinct forms of Japanese poetry. It is the rhythm of verse corresponding to our measured feet. The stanzaic system, beyond the alternating 5 and 7-syllabled lines of the *naga-uta,* has never existed, and there is no rhyme, since all the words of the Japanese language end in one of the five vowels or in *n,* and rhyme could mean only a monotonous repetition of similar sounds. Toward the close of the sixteenth century the language underwent decided changes and new canons of poetry began to be formulated. Many technical words and words denoting abstractions, with finer shades of meaning, were taken over from the Chinese, colloquialisms multiplied. The grammar itself was simplified through the influence of the uninflectional form of Chinese. Poets resented these " barbarisms," and established a mold of expression in which a purely native vocabulary and archaic construction were maintained.

Among the few points of technical construction that can be analyzed, the *makura-kotoba,* translated as pillow-words, are the most curious. They were originally not unlike the stock epithets of Greek poetry, but in course of time came to be applied to words of remote analogy, or were subject to certain letter changes, so that they lost all significance.

A second characteristic in construction is the extensive use of the so-called pivot-word, in which two words are abbreviated and their syllables combined, or in which a word with a double meaning is used when both meanings are necessary to the sense. The vast number of homonyms in the language facilitates this mode of expression, and the restriction of space encourages it. It is not an attempt at punning in our usual understanding of that word, but is rather an intensive use of Japanese. A third distinctive ear-mark is the use of expletives frequently untranslatable beyond an exclamation point, introduced at the beginning, the middle, or the end of the poem to mark a stop somewhat like a caesural pause. The most common ones are *ya, kana, keri, taru.*

There have been times in the history of Japanese poetic literature when the most minute details were under regulation, such as the proper sequence of colors in a poem or the exact number of adjectives to be employed: when the dictates of a meretricious form entirely destroyed any quality of poetry. Even today the manner of writing down a poem, the size and shape of the paper, are immutably established.

Chomei, a twelfth century recluse, in attempting to define the proper limitations for the subject matter of poetry, writes:

> If a flower is the subject, the poem must be wrought with deep feeling: wishes of infinite joy and constant love should be expressed. . . . One must always take care not to err in the subject matter described by the poem, but to hold a subject too firmly is also bad. For example the cuckoo being the subject, the poet's mind may search the heights in mountain and field, and describe the song as if he really heard it; but he must never say he wanted the nightingale to sing. The poet may search for cherry blossoms but never for the willow; he may expectantly look for the first snow but never for autumn rains or hailstorm. He may offer his life for the fading flowers, but never for maple leaves.

Chomei seems to have meant simply that the poet must identify his mood with that of the bird, the flower, the falling leaf, in accordance with a very definite symbolic interpretation of nature.

> Was it the moon herself that just now uttered
> the cry of the cuckoo?

"The bird flies very swiftly. When the poet turns his head, the moon alone is shining, so he doubts if the moon

did not sing its cry," explained my Japanese student with patient elaboration.

> Under the mosquito net: moonlight flooding in,
> and the lone cry of the cuckoo!

"Its meaning is very peaceful night," was the laconic interpretation.

The cuckoo is the friend of the poet in his solitary hours —it is moonshine, the voice of the fields and wooded hills calling to him their companionship. But the song of the *hototogisu,* the Japanese nightingale, has another message:

> Passionate music of the Nightingale,
> Not joy you bring me, but a strange regret,
> A memory of nothingness, the pale
> Face of a lover I have never met.

A delicate oriental conception, full of bitter pain. It is for this reason that the poet may not ask to hear its song. And the flowers, too, have each a special significance. The lotos, rising fresh and pure from the stagnant river-bed, is the mystic symbol of Buddhism, of the transitoriness of life. The plum-blossom, coming when the snow is often still upon the ground and everything is cold and barren, represents the beauty of constancy. A hundred times does the poet go forth to lose his way in the snow of cherry blossoms that have drifted across the mountain paths. He sleeps at a little inn and dreams of the dear delight of the spring days:

> Sometimes before my casement bars I place
> A lighted lamp, and in the gloom outside
> I watch the cherry petals softly glide
> Like snow, lighting awhile the black earth's face.

The Japanese find a perfect symbol for the transient character of life's loveliness in the cherry blossom. It opens to the first warm sun of April and is gone with the first wind.

Even love itself dare not be free in its self-revelation.

> Thou wilt return to me. Why should I grieve
> For such short parting? Yea, thy words are true,
> I will not weep. See these are drops of dew,
> Not tears—not tears, that glitter on my sleeve.

Since the imagination cannot be adequately stimulated in a brief space except by a very specific image, nature is

never described generally, but in some minute phase or arrested detail of her every-day existence. The close observation that we point out as a great gift among certain of our poets exists everywhere as a commonplace in Japan. The dragon fly trying in vain to alight on a blade of grass, the noisy cicada shrilling from the garden, the sound of the pounding of rice in the moonlight at the mountain temple, an old decaying shrine from which the paint is peeling, butterflies lingering in the wet grass after the light of morning has broken, the fishing-stakes of the river coming out one by one through the mists of the early dawn—these are the pictures of Japanese poems. Realism exists, but not for its own sake. Everything speaks in terms of something else. Dragon flies are the horses ridden by the spirits of the dead; the cicada casts off its shell, which becomes a symbol of the emptiness of life; tears are not tears, but dew.

"Up and down of peaks, come and go of clouds, do not give definite feeling, but flowers blooming, leaves falling—we know everything else. In spring plum-blossoms and cherries are out, butterflies wander, larks sing, rice puts out green shoots in the field, and warm breeze blows about in the valley. In summer mosquitoes come, bats fly, leaves grow thick and remember the cool fountains in the rocks. In autumn rice-plants ripen, dragon-flies ride, the moon shines brightly. In winter leaves fall down, snows and hails come, people sit around *hibachi* warming their hands day long and night short. The train of our thought is very complicated. We think of many things." So spoke my friend, his eyes staring vaguely into a world of Japanese realities.

GERTRUDE EMERSON.

ROOSEVELT[1]

BY WHITNEY WARREN

L'HOMME qui vient de mourir est le premier qui, non seulement aux Etats-Unis, mais dans le monde entier, se soit ouvertement, publiquement déclaré pour la France et pour les Alliés. Je ne sais si on a fait suffisamment ressortir, dans les articles qu'on lui a consacrés ces derniers temps, son rôle de précurseur. C'est quelque chose, cependant, d'avoir montré la voie à des millions d'êtres, d'avoir été le guide et la lumière de l'Humanité. Mais bornons nous à l'Amérique. Sa destinée pendant la guerre, c'est Roosevelt qui l'a forgée, et nous n'avons rien accompli sans qu'il l'ait prédit et voulu.

Les premières paroles qui soient tombées de ses lèvres, en août 1914, furent celles-ci: " Je suis avec la France parce que le droit est de son côte; si le droit était du côté de l'Allemagne, c'est avec elle que je serais." Phrases directes et claires, telles qu'il avait l'habitude d'en prononcer et qui, aujourd'hui, semblent toutes naturelles. Mais qu'on fasse un retour en arrière, qu'on se replace à l'époque du doute où elles furent dites, quand les Etats-Unis, gangrénés par les mensonges allemands, submergés par la propagande allemande, hésitaient *à* désigner et *à* reconnaître le camp de la justice! Roosevelt, qui n'ignorait rien de l'Allemagne, qui, au cours de ses voyages, l'avait étudiée et comprise, ne fut pas dupe, un seul moment, de la comédie d'innocence qu'elle jouait à la face des neutres. Il savait qu'elle avait prémédité son agression; il savait que toute son éducation, depuis quarante ans, la dirigeait vers le crime; aucun prétexte, aucune excuse ne purent le tromper, parce qu'il était, ce que nous appelons *" a man of the world,"* un citoyen du monde, aux yeux ouverts vers le dehors, sur l'étendue d'où nait la clarté.

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[1] From *La Renaissance*, February 1.

Il représentait un type d'homme bien particulier; il était exceptionnel en toute chose, et bien fait, par là même, pour être à la fois écouté et décrié. Les êtres que rien n'intimide, qui ont une forte personnalité et ne l'abdiquent jamais, exercent un grand ascendant, même s'ils sont seuls à lutter contre tous. S'ils sont isolés, c'est parce qu'ils dominent. Ce fut le cas de Roosevelt. Au début des hostilités, il rencontra des haines, de l'indifférence, à peine quelques approbations, mais, malgré tout, ce fut sa voix qui prévalut, et les plus ardents à le combattre, les moins zélés à l'écouter, finirent par agir exactement comme s'ils étaient ses disciples. C'est l'honneur et la prérogative des grands hommes d'imposer leur vues à leurs ennemis mêmes.

Si l'Histoire est vraiment ce qu'on nous assure qu'elle est, si elle tient les promesses qu'on attend d'elle, si elle est le juge impartial des siècles, des époques, des générations, des individus, elle proclamera qu'en dehors de Roosevelt personne ne peut revendiquer la gloire d'avoir arraché les Etats-Unis à la honte de la neutralité. Il sut, par ses discours, par ses conversations, par ses écrits, former autour de lui le premier noyau de ceux qui s'insurgèrent contre la méprisable passivité à laquelle les diplomates, les politiciens, les sceptiques, les endormeurs de tout rang prétendaient nous condamner. Il fut le premier soldat américain enrôlé dans les rangs de l'Entente, et, depuis l'instant où il eût pris parti, pas un jour ne s'écoula qui ne lui apportât un contingent de convertis. La cause de la France, pour nous, là-bas, c'était lui qui la personnifiait; il fut l'ambassadeur du Droit, l'avocat de la souffrance injuste, le grand esprit centralisateur qui groupa les énergies bienfaisantes de la nation, l'âme de la résistance à l'emprise germanique. Qu'on fut politiquement son ami ou son adversaire, on ne pouvait pas devenir clairvoyant sans le reconnaître pour un chef ni sans se dire: " J'ai fait ce que Roosevelt réclamait."

Ce qui lui manqua, ce fut l'autorité directe qui permet de prendre les décisions au nom de la masse. S'il en avait disposé, les Etats-Unis seraient bien certainement entrés en guerre longtemps avant 1917. Qu'on songe au nombre d'existences qui auraient été épargnées si nous avions moins hésité, moins tergiversé, moins retardé le moment du sacrifice. Il n'y a pas en France de mère, de femme, de sœur en deuil qui ne soit fondée à regretter son absence du pouvoir, au moment où, d'un geste, il aurait pu nous engager

et éviter au monde de longs et cruels mois de douleur. Il n'avait pas d'autre horizon, d'autre intérêt que ceux de l'humanité; il la voulait tout entière coalisée contre ses oppresseurs, à la fois pour augmenter son honneur et pour restreindre ses pertes. En sorte que, sous son aspect belliqueux, il était, plus que tout autre, soucieux de ménager le sang, mais il lui importait peu de savoir à quelle race, à quelle nation appartenait ce sang; au total, si même un plus grand nombre d'Américains avait dû périr, moins de sang humain aurait été versé. Voilà encore une manière d'aimer l'humanité. Il n'est pas dit que ce soit la moins bonne.

La disparition de Roosevelt est irréparable. Les Etats-Unis sont privés de leur plus belle énergie et d'un esprit doué, au suprême degré, pour comprendre la réalité. Son sens pratique va nous faire grandement défaut à une heure où, avant de s'abandonner aux utopies, il convient de liquider une situation de fait extrêmement grave et extremement embrouillée. S'il avait été là, ses idées sur la paix auraient fini par triompher, à l'exemple de ses idées sur la guerre. Il aurait apporté, par sa plume et par sa parole, à la solution des problèmes ardus de l'heure, sa grande clairvoyance, son bon sens, son goût inné de l'équité; il aurait préconisé et obtenu le châtiment complet des coupables et la récompense intégrale des justiciers. Je dis qu'il l'aurait obtenu, car il aurait eu derrière lui tout le peuple américain. Les dernières élections sont, à ce point de vue, très significatives. Qu'on n'en doute pas; elles marquent la victoire de Roosevelt et de ce qu'il représentait, de son esprit, de ses tendances. Du moins sa mémorie subsiste. Il n'a pas péri tout entier; il a laissé, à travers tout le pays et dans toutes les âmes, une empreinte ineffaçable. Ses doctrines, ses procédés sont conformes à notre tradition, et quand un Américain retombe sur son fonds, il revient aux idées de Roosevelt.

Il ne s'agit pas ici de politique intérieure. Les questions qui sont actuellement l'objet de la discussion des Alliés nous occupent seules. De l'aveu général, elles dépassent l'entendement des hommes les plus avertis et des intelligences les plus élevées. On fera pour le mieux, c'est entendu. Mais ce mieux, comment le déterminer, sinon en s'inspirant des exemples du passé et des grands morts dont la pensée demeure? Vouloir régler l'avenir, par divination, c'est risquer une expérience grosse peut-être de dangers plus

graves que ceux qu'on pense éviter. Les conceptions de Roosevelt—on sait d'ailleurs qu'elles ne manquaient pas de hardiesse—avaient, toutes, leur racine dans la connaissance des hommes et de l'histoire. Personne n'est plus digne que lui d'inspirer les résolutions qui seront prises autour du tapis vert. En ce qui concerne les Etats-Unis, leur action ne sera bienfaisante et équitable, j'en suis convaincu, que pour autant qu'elle sera d'accord avec les principes dont Roosevelt s'était fait le champion, et nos diplomates ne seront sûrs d'avoir bien défendu les intérêts de l'humanité que si le souvenir de ce grand citoyen commande leur décision, et s'ils peuvent se dire " Si Roosevelt vivait, il nous aurait approuvé."

WHITNEY WARREN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

LITERATURE UNVEILED[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE Comic Spirit is a tethered filly these days—or at most she is goaded into becoming an Irish bull and uttering a horse laugh of cynical derision at the international spectacle; yet we cannot but think (to change again the metaphorical gear) that one of her old-time silvery peals would result from her observation of that moment in Mr. Albert Mordell's psychoanalytical unveiling of the Literary Great wherein he seeks to give us the Freudian view of Browning. Reading Mr. Mordell's blithely Boccaccioistic diagnosis of *The Last Ride Together,* and remembering the generation of austerely puritan Browning Clubs that guilelessly exposed themselves to this apparently innocent poem of the master's, one cannot but join in concert with those relaxing peals of pure joy. Browning, Mr. Mordell remarks, "wrote rarely of sex"; but he warns us against "those innocent poems of the poet where we have no doubt there must be sex symbolism." Of course it is precisely in these seemingly "innocent" aesthetic expressions (as every good Freudian knows) that that ubiquitous Bolshevik, Suppressed Libido, is most divertingly concealed.

We shall not dull the edge of the classic Browningite's reaction to Mr. Mordell's interpretation of *The Last Ride Together* by attempting a conveyance of it. We should perhaps not be thanked. Certainly Mr. Mordell will not be. But then he is not writing primarily for the Elderly Virgins of culture, either male or female. "The critic who examines literary masterpieces to find sexual symbols will not be a popular one," he admits; "but that does not

[1] *The Erotic Motive in Literature,* by Albert Mordell. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1919.

alter the fact that the sexual meaning is there. The field will no doubt be taken up in the future by some critic who will not fear to brave public wrath." Who could say that Mr. Mordell is afraid? Yet, faithful Freudian that he is, he knows that insistence upon the sexual aspect of this matter of aesthetic psychomancy is about as soothing to the Elderly Virgins of culture as a red flag to a stock-broker. He remembers, no doubt, what Hitschmann says in the introduction to his *Freud's Theories of the Neuroses:* that "by far the greatest and most universal opposition raised against the Freudian doctrines has been because of the disclosure of an unfailing sexual agency in the causation of neurotic manifestations. Here the resistance, a normal one, lies in the nature of the thing itself, since both healthy and slightly neurotic individuals are inclined for intelligible reasons to deny the paramount importance of sexuality: the healthy, because it constitutes no problem for them; the others, because of their unconscious need to spread a veil over their own weaknesses. . . ." Such protestants "stand under the ban of that combination of prudery and lust which governs the attitude of most cultivated people in sexual matters." Those who recoil from this phase of Freud's theory of the strict determinism of all psychic processes are betrayed, as Hitschmann points out, by their narrow reading of the term "sexual." As Freud uses it, and as his literary disciple Mr. Mordell uses it, all but the ingenuous and the bigoted understand a denotement not only of the physical activities of the sexual life, but also of its "phantasies"—its phychic overtones.

Such elementary clarifications as these, which Mr. Mordell is at pains to make before he gets under way in his study, are, naturally, commonplaces to the student of modern explorations into the unconscious. No doubt Mr. Mordell had to establish certain comforting premises. It would have been heartless not to reassure those who will be horrified by his cheerful juggling with such terrifying verbal spheroids as "sadism," "narcissism," "masochist," "homosexualist"; yet we cannot help wishing that, after observing that "the ideas advanced here will displease the puritanical opponents of scientific research," he had refrained from adding this unctuous sop: "The 'unconscious,' besides containing the seeds of crime and immorality, also is the soil of all those finer emotions that the church and the state

cherish." The survivors of a million Browning Clubs will need much more detailed and emphatic reassurance than is to be found in that pious gesture before they can forgive Mr. Mordell for his unveiling of *The Last Ride Together*.

Mr. Mordell's book provides rare sport. Mainly, because of the joyous enthusiasm with which he seeks to demonstrate his thesis that " many writers who were deemed respectable and pure because they never dealt with sexual problems are full of sex symbolism. They consciously strove to conceal their sex interest, but their unconscious use of sex symbolism shows that they were not as indifferent to the problems as they would lead us to imagine." Obviously, his book would have been comparatively unrewarding if he had confined himself to such easy game as Burns, Byron, Rousseau, D'Annunzio, Heine, De Musset, Whitman, Verlaine, and the rest of the passional declaratives. Mr. Mordell deals with this familiar type, as a matter of course, but his principal quarry lies in other fields. Packing his complete set of Freud in a not too cumbersome grip, stuffing in his pocket a capacious note-book already crammed with voluminous observations on the Technique of Psychoanalysis, the Compulsion Neurosis, the Œdipus Complex as an Explanation of Hamlet's Mystery, the Nature and Mechanism of the Obsessional Neurosis, Unconscious Consolatory Mechanisms, the Reaction Impulse and Infantile Regression, etc., etc., and emitting the glad cry of the pursuing Freudian following a scent, he sets forth hot-foot after such unsuspecting victims as Dickens and Wordsworth, Cowper and Keats, Tennyson, Longfellow, Charles Lamb.

The chase is delectable indeed. Let us see, for example, how Mr. Mordell goes after the author of that earliest of Prohibition lyrics, *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes*. " The repression of the libido," preambles Mr. Mordell, " includes the damming and clogging up of all the emotional concomitants that go with sexual attraction and make up the feeling called love. Whenever, then, sex or libido is referred to in psychoanalysis the word has the widest meaning. The man who loves a woman with the greatest affection and passion, without gratifying these, suffers a repression of the libido, as well as the man who satisfies certain proclivities without feeling any tenderness or love for the woman. In the attraction for the other sex called love, in which admiration, respect, self-sacrifice, tenderness and

other finer feelings play a great part, there is consciously or unconsciously, however, the physical attraction. If this is totally absent the emotion cannot be called 'love.' What differentiates our feelings towards one of the opposite sex from those felt for one of the same sex (assuming there are no homosexual leanings) is the presence of this sexual interest. Love, then, must satisfy a man physically as well as psychically. It is a concentration of the libido upon a person of the opposite sex, accompanied by tender feelings. Hence when we read the most chaste love poem, we see what is the underlying motive in the poet's 'unconscious.' He may write with utter devotion to the loved one and express a wish to die for her, and though he says nothing about physical attraction, we all know that it is there in his 'unconscious.' It is taken for granted that a man who writes a real love poem to a girl wants to enjoy her love. And when the poet complains because he is rejected or deceived, or of something interfering with the course of his love, we are aware also that his 'unconscious' is grieved because his union is impeded or entirely precluded. The suffering is greater the more he loves, for his finer instincts, as well as his passion, are prevented from being fulfilled."

True, too true. And now we are ready for Ben Jonson and his disguised temperance propaganda. "Let us take at random," says Mr. Mordell with disarming candor, at the same time creeping up silently behind his victim, "a few innocent poems, and test the theory. There is Ben Jonson's well-known toast, *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.* He tells how he sent Celia a rose wreath, that she breathed on it and sent it back to him.

> Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
> Not of itself but thee.

"It is well known in science what a great part odour plays in sexual attraction. In this poem the poet, after having received the returned rose breathed upon by Celia, smells her perfume, which now submerges the natural fragrance of the rose. In other words, the poet's 'unconscious' says that he wishes to possess Celia physically. He is talking symbolically in the poem." That is as pretty a demonstration as one could desire, is it not?

Then again, take Tennyson. Recall the song in *The Miller's Daughter.* The poem begins innocuously:

It is the miller's daughter.

But Mr. Mordell is too shrewd a Freudian to be deceived by such Victorian window-dressing. There is more here than meets the eye. The poet says—naïvely enough, discreetly enough, you would think—that he would like to be the jewel in the ear of the miller's daughter in order to touch her cheek, the girdle about her waist—

I'd clasp it round so close and tight—

and the necklace upon her bosom to fall and rise—

I would lie so light, so light.

At this point Mr. Mordell engages his victim, wielding his scalpel with exquisite deftness. "The unconscious sexual feelings here are only too apparent," he says. "The symbols of the earring, girdle and necklace are unmistakable. The poet is saying in a symbolical manner that he would possess the miller's daughter."

And how fares the stainless muse of Longfellow? Surely there is no Obsessional Neurosis in that sweetly decorous breast? Surely a Suppressed Libido would perish of inanition in that placid inner chamber of the poet's soul? Be not deceived. Attend to the remorseless probing of Mr. Mordell: "One may see the sex motive in poems where it does not seem to appear. If certain facts in an author's life are known, we may discern the unconscious love sentiments in poems where no mention seems to be made of them. Let me illustrate with a fine poem by Longfellow, the familiar *The Bridge*. Take the lines:

How often, oh how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away in its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me, etc.

"To the student of Longfellow, this poem speaks of the time he found it difficult to win the love of his second wife. . . . He married her July 13, 1843. He finished the poem Oc-

tober 9, 1845. At the end of this year he wrote in his diary that now he had love fulfilled and his soul was enriched with affection. He is therefore thinking of the time when he had no love and longed for it, and now that he has it, he is thinking of the love troubles of others. In the olden days he wanted to be carried away by the river Charles, for his long courtship, seemingly hopeless, made his heart hot and restless and his life full of care. So we see that in this poem the poet was thinking of something definite, relating to love (and hence also sex); though there is no mention of either in the poem."

Sometimes, however, Mr. Mordell is too rashly assumptive. If we are Freudians, he says, we will conclude that Herbert Spencer does not tell us the whole truth when in his *Autobiography* he ascribes his nervous breakdown to hard work. "We know that most cases of breakdown have had a previous history, usually in some love or sex repression. We are aware that Spencer was a bachelor who never had his craving for love satisfied, and probably led a celibate life. This led to his nervous troubles. This is merely one instance where by the aid of psychoanalysis we can read more than the author reveals."

Well, *we* are Freudians, too, and we dissent. Would not Freud, a lover of scientific precision, read with a blush such loose and slipshod assertion on the part of a professed disciple? Spencer "probably" led a celibate life, and "This led to his nervous troubles"! Mr. Mordell should know that such blandly irresponsible writing discredits genuine scientific investigation.

And does not Mr. Mordell follow Max Graf too uncritically when he says that "psychoanalysis will show us . . . why Wagner dealt with themes like the woman between two men"? Bless your subtle heart, Mr. Mordell! Is that theme peculiar to Wagner? Is it not, probably, the commonest of all dramatic situations? Further, does he intend us to understand that psychoanalysis reveals Shelley's social and political radicalism as having resulted from his disappointment in love? "He hated intolerance, religion and monarchy," says Mr. Mordell, "because by his heterodoxy and the offence it gave to Harriet Grove's parents, he lost her." In the eleventh canto of *The Revolt of Islam,* Mr. Mordell points out, Shelley "describes the agonies of his lost love, with Harriet Grove in mind, no doubt. This

poem was written in the summer of 1817. Shelley then became an uncompromising reformer; he had suffered in love, on account of the hostility and sorrow he met because of his radical ideas, *hence he would make it his aim to spread the views which he held so that in the future other lovers should not lose their sweethearts because of liberal notions.*" We think that this is unduly naïve.

The trouble with such bald and ingenuous applications of the Freudian technique as Mr. Mordell too often perpetrates is that they are discouraging to those who are trying to promote a more intelligent public attitude toward the problems of what William James called "an entirely unsuspected peculiarity in the constitution of human nature." Mr. Mordell deserves well of all students of psychoanalytic experiment by reason of his honesty, his inexhaustible curiosity, his gusto, his complete conviction. He has produced an unexampled book, challenging and provocative. But we wish he had spent another ten years on it. And we wish he had omitted such uneasily deprecatory sentences as the last of these: "It is therefore true to say that in the tenderest and sweetest love lyrics, like those of Burns and Shelley for instance, one sees the play of unconscious sexual forces. *This fact does not make the poem any the less moral or the poet any the less pure.*" Is Mr. Mordell afflicted with the Presbyterian Complex?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE BRITISH NAVY IN BATTLE. By Arthur H. Pollen. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

That public opinion should be for the most part ill-instructed, if not quite uninstructed, about naval matters, is a condition more regrettable than surprising. What could have been more natural than for people to think, as they did think, before the war, that "battleships are everything"? And why should not one take it for granted to-day that submarines and destroyers are everything? Did not the British Admiralty attribute the escape of Von Hipper at the Dogger Bank to the unexpected presence of enemy submarines? And did not Scheer at Jutland succeed in preventing by a torpedo attack the close action he dreaded? If battleships are too precious to be risked against such tactics, the conclusion seems obvious.

It would make little difference, of course, whether the layman's reasoning on such points were right or wrong if all questions of naval policy were invariably decided by a well-organized and perfectly qualified body of experts. This desirable state of affairs did not begin to exist in England, however, until early in 1918. Meanwhile, blunders were committed, of which the attempt to force the Dardanelles was only one. Apart from that terrible mistake, there were two main causes hampering the usefulness of the British Navy. In the first place, naval authorities said, and the public believed, that an "invincible" navy was as good as a "victorious" navy. In the second place, there was no Higher Command to work out accurate answers to all those technical problems which must continually arise in naval operations, and which no one man is competent to solve.

These two ideas come out as clear as daylight in Arthur Pollen's surprisingly frank, minutely searching criticism, not of the British Navy, but of British naval policy. For that is what Mr. Pollen's book, *The British Navy in Battle,* really is—a far-reaching and accurate criticism, of a sort that few men at any time have had the knowledge and the courage to write. Seldom indeed, when a great crisis has been passed, is one found to point out unsparingly and at the same time without the least suspicion of special pleading, the errors of the winning side. Mr. Pollen, to be sure, seems sometimes to be aiming at mere instruction or even at popular interest. But his clear non-technical explanations of such matters as the control of gunfire and the superior accuracy of heavy cannon, his well-reasoned and thrilling narratives of

action, scarcely obscure for any but the most superficial reader, and certainly are not designed to *camouflage,* his actual purpose. In reality, throughout his whole treatise, Mr. Pollen strikes with the power and precision of a well directed naval bombardment at certain well-fortified *wrong ideas.*

Like all impersonal, vigorous, well-informed thinking, Mr. Pollen's strictures have a lasting value. Take the hard-gained naval experience of Great Britain in the late war, place all the facts on the table, analyze the technical matter as you would a chess-problem, but include the human elements, too, and treat them, if you can, with equal coolness. Then, so far as your insight will allow, let the facts lead you to certain simple (but not obvious) general conclusions. The result ought to be a degree of enlightenment such as many in the pre-war period desired to gain and could not gain.

England's naval experience is set forth by Mr. Pollen in very full detail and in very clear outline. Roughly, this experience may be summed up as follows:

In 1914, before the British ultimatum was despatched, the British fleet was at its war stations, and within a week transport and trade were going on without interruption. On August 28, in the action near Heligoland the Germans ran away from the English ships, thus apparently conceding the "invincibility" of the British Navy. But in September *Goeben* and *Breslau* were allowed to slip out of the Adriatic and to reach Constantinople, where their presence was a large factor in enabling the Germans to control Turkey. The commerce-destroyers, *Emden* and *Karlsrühe,* were at large, as was Von Spee with a formidable fleet. Several British cruisers were sunk by submarines, and as a final insult German battle-cruisers crossed the North Sea and ravaged a small town of the east coast.

These occurrences brought about the first naval crisis. Prince Louis of Battenberg retired, and Lord Fisher became First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. Then for a time there was vigorous action. The destruction of Craddock's fleet by Von Spee off Coronel in November, 1914, was amply avenged by Sturdee at the Falkland Islands in December. Meanwhile, *Emden* had been defeated and captured by *Sydney,* and *Karlsrühe* seemed to be in hiding. Finally the ignominious flight of the Germans in the action off the Dogger Bank, together with the destruction of one German war-vessel, the *Blücher,* was counted as a considerable British victory.

Although Von Tirpitz's threat of an underwater blockade was disquieting, it caused at first little anxiety, and the second crisis in naval affairs did not occur until the spring of 1915, as the result of the disastrous failure at the Dardanelles. Then there was another change of régime, Sir Henry Jackson succeeding Lord Fisher as First Sea Lord. In reality a much more drastic remedy was needed. "The lessons of the first crisis and the second crisis," says Mr. Pollen, "were the same. Things went wrong in October, 1914, for precisely the same reasons that they went wrong in February, March, and April, 1915. The German battle cruisers escaped at Heligoland for exactly the same reasons that the attempt to take the Dardanelles forts by naval artillery was futile. We had prepared for war and gone into war with no clear

doctrine as to what war meant, because we lacked the organism that could have produced the doctrine in peace time, prepared and trained the navy to a common understanding of it, and supplied it with plans and equipped it with means for their execution."

On May 31, 1916, was fought the indecisive battle of Jutland, in which the Grand Fleet failed to come to close quarters with the enemy because of the risk from torpedoes. Though it was obvious that the way to deal with the submarines was to mine them into their harbors, and that the only obstacle to this operation was the German fleet, the doctrine of the "Invincible Navy" still held sway. It was no immediate dissatisfaction with the results of Jutland, but rather the growth of the submarine peril, that led to the third naval crisis. By July, 1916, the world was losing shipping at the rate of three million tons a year. Although when Admiral Jellicoe went to Whitehall several colleagues accompanied him from the Grand Fleet, the change of direction and of personnel was not adequate to meet the needs of the occasion. Ruthless submarine warfare went on, and it was clear that unless this were checked England and her Allies could hold out only for a limited period.

In the summer of 1917 began a reorganization, which was completed in the following year. The lesson had now been learned, and the results were seen in the growing mastery of the submarine that marked the period from June, 1917, to January, 1918. A Higher Command was built up; the principle of convoy was adopted. In 1918 a mine barrage was stretched across the channel; minefields were placed in the North Sea, from Norway to Scotland, and in the Kattegat. On April 22 and 23 came the well-planned, daring, and effective operations against Zeebruge and Ostend. Something positive and definite had at last been accomplished.

All the actions mentioned in the foregoing summary, as well as some others, are described and analyzed by Mr. Pollen with such skill in narration and such easy mastery of complex detail as make his accounts highly interesting in themselves. But what strikes one most is the discernment which, without once losing its way or once failing to take account of a relevant circumstance, traces the pattern of the general truths that exist in the mass of miscellaneous facts. The destruction of the *Koenigsberg* at Rufigi was accomplished only after the hasty and approximate mastery of technical problems that had never before been properly studied. Again in the battle of Jutland, Sir David Beatty executed a manœuver which, "judged not as a self-contained evolution but as part of a large plan was one of the most brilliant and original in the history of the naval war." The object of this plan, carried out at great risk, was to bring the German fleet into touch with the British fleet in a position favorable to the latter. Yet by the relatively simple expedients of smoke screens and a torpedo attack—employed, it is true, under conditions of light and of weather favorable to their success—the German admiral was able to escape what looked like certain destruction. Since it cannot be supposed that the British commanders did not know their trade, the only inference from the facts would seem to be that a brilliant and probably successful stroke for victory was frustrated by the obsession of a defensive theory.

Thus, in all the acute analysis of intricate problems which makes

up a large part of Mr. Pollen's book, it will be seen that every fact has been made to give up its meaning, and that the meanings of all the facts gather into two general ideas of a sort not unfamiliar in appearance but seldom found, on examination, to be supported by reasoning anything like so rigorous and realistic as that which Mr. Pollen employs. When Mr. Pollen says that a Higher Command is necessary both to determine the root principles of strategy and to solve so far as possible in advance the technical problems that naval warfare involves, he is not simply urging, on general principles, what would seem on *a priori* grounds to be a good thing: he is giving us the logic of England's experience.

It is plain that a navy department may blunder. It is plain that a navy department needs as safeguards, first, an organization of expert knowledge such as will enable it to solve its particular problems adequately and consistently, and, second, such an education of public opinion as will subject the administration of the navy to the wholesome effect of intelligent criticism while preserving it from ill-judged interference. In a democratic country, like England or America, in which naval measures must inevitably be influenced to some extent by the popular judgment, there is danger when the people, disappointed with the results of naval policy, simply cry out against certain leaders and so bring to pass changes of a political rather than an administrative nature; and there is danger, at least as great, when the people are led by specious logic into false security. Surely these things are worth knowing and pondering.

THE ESSENTIALS OF AN ENDURING VICTORY. By André Chéradame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Although it was completed a little before the cessation of hostilities and so fails to take into account the armistice and the facts immediately connected with that event, M. Chéradame's latest book is important and timely. One can never be sure that the depths of German duplicity have been sounded; one can never be warned too often against the old fatal mistake of underrating the enemy. It is because M. Chéradame was one of the first—if not actually the first—of men outside the Central Empires to take the full measure of the Pan-German scheme, that he has been able all along to perceive the hidden motives and to appreciate the resources of the Germans. The map of Europe, as he has studied it, has furnished the key both to economic and psychological problems—in short to the whole problem of power.

M. Chéradame anticipated what David Jayne Hill has called "Germany's pose for peace," and he was quick to see the dangers that might grow out of an armistice.

It is surprising to learn the extent to which during the war Allied public opinion was misled as to real conditions in Germany. From the rumor that the Kaiser was dying of cancer to the seemingly authoritative statement that the German people had at last learned, despite their rulers, the magnitude of the disaster that had befallen their arms, all was deceit subtly designed to encourage a too hopeful feeling among the people in the Allied countries and thus

to cause a relaxation of effort. A majority of those despatches concerning German conditions that filtered through from neutral states are seen to have been inspired. On analysis it is clear that all this inspired news, so widely circulated and so eagerly read, fitted in exactly with German schemes, and that none of it failed to produce a certain effect.

During the war we were many times ready to believe that Germany was reduced to the verge of starvation, and that her man-power was nearly exhausted. Both opinions seem to have been quite wrong; for it was neither want of food nor want of men that finally brought Germany to her knees, but the collapse in the Balkans—a collapse that meant the failure of the whole Mittel-Europa system. So true is this that M. Chéradame is able to show by very precise arguments that "if the decisive importance of the Danube front and of political strategy had been understood in 1915, the war might have been ended long since by a decisive victory." Even so able a critic as Colonel Repington was wide of the truth in his estimate of the number of German reserves, and the rest of us, when we rejoiced over the presence in the German army of boys of seventeen, were mistaking for a sign of weakness what was really an indication of strength! But the whole argument concerning German reserves alone failed to take into account a factor that became of immense importance after the suppression of the Russian front. After that event Germany could have drawn men from a population of about 163 millions, including German subjects in Russia (to the number of 2,400,000), Finns and Ukrainians, always strongly pro-German, and many different groups of Moslems. Unless, therefore, the German armies were somewhere (preferably in the Balkans) promptly and decisively defeated, the Central Powers might hold out indefinitely so far as man-power was concerned. Similarly, whatever temporary privations (severe enough, no doubt) the German people had to endure, it was certain that in the long run, the resources of Mittel-Europa would prove abundant. The problem, in short, was not only military but also geographical and political to an extent that the people in the Entente nations could scarcely be expected to realize and that their leaders were slow to grasp. "It is only at the end of the fourth year of the struggle," writes M. Chéradame, "that we are beginning to understand the value of the Czecho-Slovak and Jugo-Slav populations, who with the Poles and Roumanians form a group of nearly sixty millions of anti-Germans inhabiting central Europe. . . . If the Germans were in the Allies' place, is it possible to believe that they would fail for four years to play the trump-card in their hand, represented by seven millions of anti-German populations?"

Just as Germany, during the war, sought to persuade us that she was starving and that her people were ripe for revolt, so now she will make it appear that she is too poor to pay indemnities, and that she has become republican at heart. The fact is, declares M. Chéradame, that Germany is running over with the plunder of the countries she has despoiled, while France has suffered economic losses not easily to be repaired. Easy peace terms, such as Germany now whines for, might leave Germany the victor and France the loser. "Only annuities paid by the Germans for damages inflicted, used to back French national loans, will enable France to save her people from taxes that would soon be fatal. . . . The French believe firmly that a just peace

will bring restitution, and that is why they have not lost faith in their paper currency, which in spite of its increase retains its full purchasing power." Moreover, past experience should have taught us to distrust not merely the German militarists, but also the German Socialists, many of whom are at bottom Pan-Germanists, and who have the military spirit in the very blood of their race. Into the war the whole German people flung themselves, body and soul; they must bear their responsibility, and, republican or not, they must be both severely dealt with and must continue to be distrusted by the rest of the world.

M. Chéradame's statement of the peace terms that ought to be imposed is clear, definite, and bold. As to territorial rearrangements, the author is in general accord with the ideas expressed by Colonel Roosevelt and by Senator Lodge, but he points out the difficulties, the danger spots, and the opportunities, with a clearness and definiteness possible only to a life-long student of the mid-European situation. As to reparations and indemnities, he voices the just claims of France, which Americans should be the last to question. As to the necessity of completely crushing German militarism M. Chéradame undoubtedly expresses the prevailing American temper of mind. In regard to this, "thorough" is the word! His warnings as to the real nature of German Bolshevism and as to the dangers of a league for peace give answers to questions just now arising in many minds. This book of M. Chéradame's should, therefore, do much to crystalize American sentiment on the points of real importance. The author's eminently practical and concrete way of thinking, coupled with his unmistakable enthusiasm for ideals that are realizable, ought to give his words easy entrance into American minds.

France Facing Germany. Speeches and Articles by Georges Clemenceau. Translated from the French by Ernest Hunter Wright. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

In order to understand the spirit of a people, the shortest way, and one of the best ways, is to study the minds of the men who lead that people and the nature of the eloquence that really moves them. And so without undervaluing the many excellent interpretations of French fighting spirit, of French unanimity, and of French loftiness of motive, that have been given to American readers, one may say that no work of more lasting significance as affording insight into the soul of the nation has appeared than the collected speeches and occasional articles of the Premier Georges Clemenceau.

What has impressed foreign observers in France is the *humanity* of the French army and people—a quality that appears to be at the root of their unconquerable resistance. This "humanity"—characteristic of an advanced civilization—seems, in the writings of Clemenceau, to be founded, curiously enough, in a deep disillusionment, which is, however, still more strangely (as it would seem to Americans) coupled with a devoted idealism.

Try to conceive of an American statesman addressing the people, or any considerable body of the people, in words like these:

"The absolute ideal is not given to man; we know that but too

well. The most ignorant among us has received assurances that what we call *truth* is but an elimination, more or less complete, of errors. In the hours of crisis, modesty is imposed upon our declarations. Do you not admire the way in which every one, at the first sign of the general peril tacitly took for his dominant principle the obligation to subordinate everything to duties so all-important that they pass even beyond the interest of the country, since the future of the race is involved in them?"

Translated into the terse and emotional Anglo-Saxon idiom, this does not seem so strange. It means simply: Truth is relative; but all Frenchmen fought for the truth as God gave them to see the truth, and in this there is absolute grandeur. But such translation does not altogether bridge the gap. The French mind certainly seems to perceive the relativity of things with extraordinary clearness, with a certain sadness, and yet with a singular exaltation.

Any approach to a true disillusion—sign of an advanced development of *humanity*—confers insight. Can any one fail to see in these pages of Clemenceau's that in a Frenchman skepticism, realism, may be consistent with a practical faith that leads to the utmost self-sacrifice—a faith all the purer because skepticism has purged it of material elements. Faith in itself is good—it is perhaps in a sense necessary; but when a man can say to himself, "I do not know; I see no certainties; but I will die for my country," has he not taken a step upward in the scale of being?

The point of view expressed by Clemenceau could lead to no errors because it does not bind men to disregard truths, or impose the labor of being at all times optimistic. It clears the eyes to see material facts and to perceive calmly and ironically those immaterial facts, the thoughts and motives of one's enemies. It is eminently a civilized point of view.

The eloquence dictated by this way of thinking has at once a curious pathos and a strange sternness. "And you," he said to the people early in 1913, "your France, your Paris, your village, your field, your high-road, your little rill, all of that tumult of history from which you emerge, since it is the work of your forefathers, is it then nothing to you, and will you without emotion hand over that soul, from which your soul is sprung, to the fury of a foreigner?" Than this passage nothing could be more concrete, more practical and yet more elevated. The plea is directed not so much to conscience as to the motives that underlie conscience. In order to understand the attitude of France in regard to the peace terms now under discussion it is necessary to grasp this peculiar blending of actual and immaterial values. The soldiers of France, said Clemenceau, as early as December, 1914, "have not exerted more than human virtues in order to serve as a theme for popular speech-making. They have determined to do something that counts. They are inspired by the idea that aroused their ancestors—the creation of a new Europe for the better uses of humanity, and a higher life. They will accept no German peace and leave behind them conditions pregnant with disaster. A French peace, a peace that will establish a lasting destiny for Europe by reducing to impotence the leaders of savagery, that is the peace desired by our soldiers."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ITALY'S GREAT SERVICE

SIR.—Allow me, as an old contributor, to express the grief and surprise by which I am overcome as I read your editorial, "The Old Year and the New," in the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which has only reached me this morning. By an incomprehensible oversight (I am almost sure that it is *not* by any deliberate ill will) you ignore Italy as if it did not exist, and as if, in these four years of war, we had not cheerfully sacrificed 500,000 of our best and noblest children, killed outright, twelve billion dollars out of the twenty which form our meagre national capital, and suffered famine and privations such as no other nation has had to sustain. We Italians, the descendants of a civilization two thousand years old, are naturally aware of the melancholy fact that gratitude is notoriously even rarer among nations than it is among individuals, and therefore demand only justice, nothing more, but nothing less. This justice you have denied us in your last Editorial.

Imagine for sake of argument that on that fatal August, 1914, Italy's attitude had been different, that the Italian Government, as Signor Salandra once more pointed out yesterday to the *Matin,* had not assured France that her southeastern frontier was absolutely safe, imagine that Italy had not fearlessly and disinterestedly proclaimed neutrality, no "Miracle of the Marne" could ever have been achieved, Paris would have been taken, France totally submerged under the Hunnish flood, and Great Britain, notwithstanding the Great Fleet, invaded and conquered. The war would thus have ended long before the United States dreamed of intervention, and then you would have had to face alone the overpowering might of a victorious and truculent Teutonic autocracy. Later, on May 25, 1915, when Italy entered the war, the fortunes of the Allies were at their lowest ebb, and by her attack, Italy saved Russia and prevented the whole of the Teutonic forces from falling upon the British and the French armies, then in the most critical of conditions. Italy, whom you ignore, had saved the world for a second time, at a moment when America took only a very languid interest in "the European squabble." And finally, on November 11, 1918, "the Day of Days in the World's modern History . . . Germany surrended," only because Italy, whom you ignore, had on October 27-28, 1918, utterly routed and broken all the Austrian army at the great battle of Vittorio Veneto, and by opening the road to Germany's undefended southern frontier, had convinced the Teutons of their irreparable defeat.

I repeat it once more: we Italians demand justice and nothing but justice, and it would be well that our friends in America, in Great Britain and especially in France, should not attempt to belittle or still less forget the paramount importance of Italy's generous actions and the value of Italy's selfless sacrifices.

Rome. LITTA VISCONTI ARESE.

[The Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese needs, as he himself gracefully intimates, no assurance that our omission of special mention of Italy in the article named was not due to ill will, which, we beg to say, it would be impossible for us to feel for his gallant nation and our chivalrous Ally. To that fact the pages of this REVIEW bear eloquent witness. To go back no further than July of last year, we then published an article relating largely to Italy, "Delenda est Austria," from the accomplished pen of our present correspondent himself. In August, "The Bersaglieri of the Sea," by Captain Vannutelli; in October, "To a Friend in Rome," by Anne C. E. Allinson; and in December, "Venice at War," by Gertrude Slaughter. In addition we have frequently expressed editorial appreciation of Italy's participation in the war and the keenest sympathy with her efforts, now happily attaining success, for the redemption of Italia Irredenta. If the exigencies of space forbade special mention of Italy, and of other worthy themes, in "The Old Year and the New," we may at least gladly testify that the record of Italy's achievements in the Old Year is secure, and that the promise of her reaping their full fruition in the New Year is assured.—EDITOR.]

THOUGHTS ON SOCIALISTIC ROTTENNESS

SIR,—You saw in the platform of the British Labor Party, among other things, "Free entrance of foodstuffs;" in the Peace Proposals of American Labor, "No export of goods not made in factories;" and lastly in the Wilson Peace Proposals, A Representative of Labor on the International Board. But you did not see anything about a Farmer's Representative, because it isn't there. And if it had not been for Mr. Hoover, there would not have been any show for "the men that raised the food to win the war" in the general scramble for everybody else's dollar now going on.

Labor, loud-mouthed, domineering, threatening, and irresponsible, does not contain the majority of American citizens; but it is well on the way to, and then—the Deluge. Once we had a fair working majority of agriculturists; now we have lost it, and with it the conservative balance of power. Let labor begin dictating the future of farmers, and there will not be any farmers. How is England going to revivify her agriculture if the price of everything she raises is controlled by Argentina, but every article of manufacture is raised to the nth price by arbitrary labor exactions? We can see the situation very well, looking across the Atlantic. It is precisely the same here. Labor may be down-trodden, but it is quite attractive enough to empty the farms adjacent to the great industries. The Indians tilled more of Rhode Island than Americans do. They tilled more of Connecticut and Massachusetts. Stop the importation of foreign agriculturists, and see where the milk and butter and eggs will come from. Can any sane man

think that the two thousand hands in a brass mill are as valuable to the state as they would be on the farms they have deserted? And is it conceivable that men will choose a fourteen-hour farm day and bare subsistence in preference to a forty-four hour week, pensions, profit-sharing, and inflated wages? I trow not. They won't and they don't.

When Adam Smith wrote in *The Wealth of Nations* that two antagonistic interests were at work in every community: manufactures and agriculture, and that in practice one was always built up at the expense of the other, he foretold what is the matter with England and America to-day. Unless we call a halt, and begin to rebuild our conservative rural classes, the world will not have to be safe for Democracy: there will be no Democracy. It is to the interest of the consuming class to depress the cost of food and with it the condition of the agriculturist to the lowest possible limit. Observe the New York milk strike. As serfdom has not yet come in, the too much depressed class melts away. It does not make much difference to the farmer's wife in Kansas whether there is a mob of anarchists at work in the Paterson silk-mills—she does not wear silk; but it matters a good deal to the inhabitants of Paterson whether the price of flour goes up or down.

The abolition of home industries in farming communities and the transferrance of them to factories is one prime cause of the gradual but certain destruction of agriculture as an attractive means of livelihood. When all the women and half the sons of the farm home are forced into the city to earn their living, the fate of that farm home is sealed. The forty-four hour day for them all.

Moral: If Wilson forces through that labor representative, there must be someone added to look out for the food people.

The advance of Socialism has been steady. At the top of society it has fascinated people with a benevolent turn. To them it combined two absolutely incompatible ideals: a level affluence for all and a total absence of social law. Twenty years ago well dressed people were saying, "Socialism will never get on till we abolish the fetish of a home"; but they had no idea of abolishing their *own* homes. We dined a Fabian Socialist couple last summer. They are morally the salt of the earth. The husband was attired in a fetching green smock, à la Tolstoi, and, as he stated, in deference to our prejudices, trowsers. His wife beside him, he beamed on us and asserted that "marriage is a mistake." We entertained another type earlier in the season, a more dangerous variety. The husband is a rich, pacifist, clergyman-socialist, whose occupation is tampering with the proletariat. "The Germans in Belgium have been frightfully misrepresented," said the wife. "Everything that happened was the fault of the Belgian women; they went mad over those blond German officers! Anyway, non-resistance is the principle." "Applied to yourself?" "Yes; I would cheerfully offer myself and my children as martyrs in the cause." Down further in the social stratum, I heard a carpenter and his friends talking as they built a dam in a brook. This was just after Wilson's New Freedom had brought business to a standstill. "We will never have better times till we go down to New York and kill a few millionaires," said the carpenter. "Millionaires are to blame for all this. Why, I would as soon shoot a millionaire as a muskrat." Everybody agreed.

It has been going on a long time. When Robert Louis Stevenson, before he went to Samoa, observed, "Socialism is said to be coming; it is here. When everybody is engaged in sawing off the bough his neighbor is standing on, that's Socialism" (I quote without book). Stevenson sensed it at the inception. But what of Mr. Creel's gleeful reply at a Socialist love-feast: "What will become of our millionaires? When we get through with them, they'll have very little left."

What have we with us in the very air we breathe? This rottenness that is creeping into our daily thought? No nationality! No common honesty! No home! No chastity! All seething in the imaginations of as yet perfectly law-abiding people (except Mr. Creel). Now look at the Congressional investigation of Bolshevism. Nothing appears there except these same vague imaginings put to their logical test. The microbe is here, next comes the black death.

There is one weapon at hand—a weapon most effective among the plain people. Now that women can vote more or less, let us take hold of the conservatism that lies in their habits of thought. It has been the instinct of womankind to build up the home, and around it the state, ever since the first woman tamed the first man. Make no mistake. Equal distribution of wealth may appeal; but equal distribution of women and babies hurried into asylums to die, and no conservation of property—these will not suit at all. Never has such a campaign document come to hand as that testimony. The Republican managers should see to it that a copy gets into every house in the agricultural sections and among the wage-earning class. The old slogan, "defense of the home," will have some force with such a commentary. Let the Republicans make it theirs.

New York City. An American.

THE UNIVERSE AND JOHN BURROUGHS

Sir,—

John Burroughs' article in your January number, "Shall We Accept the Universe?" is rationalistic in method and optimistic in tone, but it does not fully reflect the latest scientific views of the ultimate realities either on the materialistic or psychical side, and it does not fully account for some of the highest motives in human conduct.

Science has no evidence of the existence of one and only one universe, nor is there evidence of the existence of one and only one supreme personality or being. The earth is a unit; the sun and the planets and their satellites are a system; we know also that there are countless other solar systems scattered throughout infinite space. But astronomers have never ascertained that these countless systems constitute one ultimate system rather than a plurality of systems. The same chemical elements appear to compose all the stars, and very likely there are all-pervading laws of force and motion; but these common properties do not make the bodies one, any more than uniform color or habits make the sheep in a drove one sheep, or the birds in a flock one bird. Thus the ultimate physical totality may be an aggregate rather than a universe. Kapteyn and some other noted

astronomers hold that the visible stellar universe has resulted from the collision of two enormous gas clouds coming from opposite regions of boundless space—a theory which points to a pluralistic ultimate conception.

The truth regarding the psychical realities is largely similar. The individual person in the main is a unit; but the whole human race is not one personality. Many types and traits of character are opposite or mutually exclusive; such as, husband and wife, parent and child, soldier and nurse, artist and machinist; or blondness and swarthiness, seriousness and merriment, contemplation and activity, asceticism and luxuriousness. The sum of individuals and types, therefore, is not one personality, but an aggregate of individuals or races. Furthermore, since human life has its source and inspiration in still higher psychical realities, we must attribute to the latter in infinitely higher forms all the types and traits found in humanity and presumably many not found in humanity. In the final synthesis, then, we shall have, not one male supreme being, as Mr. Burroughs holds, but a society or perhaps hierarchy of beings. There will be the divine Mother, Father, Child, Friend, Architect, Artist, Laborer, Statesman, Soldier, Nurse, Teacher, and many others. This society, needless to say, would resemble the deities of the Greeks and Romans.

More correctly, the true view may be a compromise between the monistic and pluralistic ideas: in some degree the realities are one, but in some degree, on the other hand, the universe is many. A serious difficulty for the rationalists is that we must choose between employing old religious terms in new and misleading senses, and inventing new terms for the new conceptions. The latter is quite difficult, and we have as yet but partially accomplished it.

Mr. Burroughs presents a hopeful view of human evolution and welfare, but he does not clearly show why human beings should devote their lives to such an enduring system. It is easy to see why individuals should labor for the pleasures experienced in their own lives. But why should they labor for future generations? Are they to serve the universe for naught? The answer must be that, just as there are enduring objective physical processes, so also there are enduring subjective psychical processes. The individual life has its final realization, not in the present existence, but in the larger evolutionary processes that reach through the ages. In other words, the individuals in the highest sense live on and themselves share in the higher joys and achievements for which they labor and suffer.

Briefly, in conclusion, I would say that, while Mr. Burroughs' views are in many respects instructive and encouraging, there is need of recognition of other fundamental realities, and need of a statement of the inner motives that actuate humanity in the super-individual labors and achievements of civilization.

CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN.

LUDINGTON, MICH.

A SOLDIER ON WAR AND PEACE

SIR,—

The darkness of war which for four years has covered the face of the earth is clearing away. It rests with us whether the world

shall be cast back into another night as black as that which is past.

In many countries, men's minds are full of worthy pride for those of their blood who fought bravely, and gained victory with honor or met defeat without disgrace. Frenchmen and Germans, British and Americans have glorious memories which for a thousand years will inspire those who come after them with courage and discipline and devotion. But in each of the nations there are also men whose minds are filled with envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. These and their like, in whatever land they lived, did their unconscious but infernal part in bringing on us all the horrors of this war. These and their like will labor on, ignorant instruments, to bring the horror of another and another on us and on our children.

Must we suffer through their iniquity? War is a tonic, it is true; it reveals the noblest traits of men and of nations—traits buried so deep in the rubbish piled up in the easy times of peace that they were forgotten, or remembered only to be ridiculed. But war is evil, even though not wholly evil. Peace is worth almost—but not quite—any price.

It is a professional soldier that writes these words—one of those who, we have been told by so many advocates of peace, love war for its own sake, and gladly force it upon unwilling peoples. But those whose lives are spent, even in peace, in the daily contemplation of war, have learned to hate it with a living, burning hatred that few other men can ever feel until they see its cruelty before their very eyes.

Let us have none of it, so far as with us lies the power of choice.

But neither let us dream that wars are over for all time. The evil-minded man has helped, indeed, in causing every war. But it is the honest difference of opinion of honest men that makes most wars possible. The moral conviction, the belief in the justice of the cause, were equally sincere in North and South in 1861, in France and Germany in 1914. It is when the strong man armed keepeth his house that his goods are in peace. And it is as true now as in those long past days of which the writer wrote, when he said that armor is a proud burden, and a man stands straight in it. Within this year we have seen thousands of shifty eyes learn to look squarely, thousands of stooping shoulders straighten; and into the souls of thousands have entered two previously unknown things—respect for others and respect for self.

Have we learned our lesson? The next few months will show.

But while war may not altogether be prevented either by just treatment of our neighbors or by discipline of ourselves, it may be made sooner or later inevitable by the fostering of suspicion and hatred.

Then let us cleanse the stains of war from our hearts as well as from our hands, in order that there may be not only peace on earth but also good will among men.

S. M. T.

War Department,
Washington, D. C.

PAPER LEAGUES

SIR,—

It is unfortunate that current discussion regarding international relations has focused upon a League of Nations and has lost sight of the following underlying facts which demand recognition:—

1—An elastic and sufficient League of Nations composed of societies which adhere to the basic principles of International Law exists and has existed for generations.

2—International Law, approximating in its broad principles the Law of God, furnishes a better standard upon which nations can govern their relations, than can be provided by commitments of the Peace Conference.

3—The war, fiercely fought out on moral issues, has established the Law of Nations which whining publicists were ready to entomb. It has revealed an unsuspected power in law-abiding states which recognize their international obligations and are swift to act.

4—The surprises of an exigent period have shocked the race into recognition of national wickedness and righteousness, and made it suspicious of elaborate programmes which can be used to mask treacherous designs.

5—The fight against autocracy has discovered new and relentless foes. These are anarchy and socialism. The latter, although endorsed by many amiable persons, is a sworn enemy of freedom.

These facts contain in themselves matter which discredits any plan for a convention-made League which is less flexible than that which already binds nations having regard for righteousness or law in an offensive and defensive alliance. The same facts represent a world impatient of experiment, tolerant of universal laws which the human conscience endorses, and suspicious of mechanical efficiency. It is foolish to offer labored and shackling programmes of German-like ingenuity to states which have vindicated their right to freedom.

Before 1914, free peoples did not realize the danger that lurked in compacts with ambitious Governments. There was much regard for form. Pedantry flourished. Men saw in a glass darkly. Now they are seeing face to face. As a consequence, it will not be strange if nations that have suffered by the ambitious action of renegade states, prefer joining in coalitions for mutual defence or the safeguarding of defined principles (a necessary and desirable course), to elaborating vague plans for the perpetuation of peace. That there is danger in any other course is obvious from the experience of the past. Paper Leagues have always failed, notwithstanding the fact that they have frequently sought ends far more concrete than those that are now advocated.

BOSTON, MASS. DANIEL CHAUNCEY BREWER.

FROM A SOLDIER'S MOTHER

SIR,—I am just in receipt (Feb. 21) of a letter from my son, Sergt. Victor Marks, 41 Labor Co., A. S. C., American P. O. No. 915, American Expeditionary Forces, Nancy, France, under date of Jan. 25th, which reads in part as follows:

"Was certainly disappointed today not to have received a letter

as I have been expecting one for a long while. The delay certainly worries me as I know that you all write regularly. I hope to God that everything is okeh. Just think of it—almost two months since I have had a letter from home."

This is another striking example of the handling of mail to soldiers abroad, in spite of the fact that General Pershing recently announced through the War Department that all mail was being delivered promptly.

Your kindness in giving this the publicity it deserves will be appreciated.

MRS. H. P. MARKS.

MONROE, LA.

"PLAIN HORSE SENSE"

SIR,—I have just read in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March David Jayne Hill's "International Law and International Policy." If any reader has not read it yet he should read it at once. It has learning and wisdom, patriotism and statesmanship, and plain horse sense. Why think in the clouds and utter the east wind when it is so easy to take counsel with the ancients? Why drug our souls with sounding phrases when the realities stand bare before our eyes?

H. G. PROUT.

NUTLEY, N. J.

THE NATURE OF THE PUNISHMENT

SIR,—In the November issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in the article "Freedom of the Press," the statement occurs: "*The Christian Science Monitor* was denied circulation for three days as a punishment for its publication of and comment upon the aviation report." Please permit me to state that the restriction cited above related only to foreign circulation as there was no restriction whatsoever to the domestic circulation.

ALBERT F. GILMORE.

NEW YORK CITY.

(C) *Braun & Cie.*

GENERAL GOURAUD

COMMANDING THE FRENCH FOURTH ARMY

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MAY, 1919

PEACE WITH VICTORY

IT will be peace with victory. Be sure of that. Amid the multitude of wild and whirling words, which darken counsel, that fact stands regnant and supreme. There will be peace with victory.

We do not, it is true, know at this early writing what will be the details of the treaty which, after innumerable postponements, is promised to be made public before these pages meet their readers' eyes. The exigencies of "open covenants, openly arrived at," seem to require a cryptic secrecy. That treaty may, as it should, secure a peace

> Proud, to meet a people proud,
> With eyes that tell of triumph tasted.

Or it may—God forgive the abhorrent possibility!—provide for a negotiated peace, a patched-up peace, a peace in which the wrongs of the injured will not be righted and the crimes of the guilty will not be punished. It may be a peace so based on compromise with sin as to contain within itself the pregnant menaces of future wars. It may be a peace of pusillanimous surrender to Boches' bluster and Bolshevists' blackmail.

Yet, in what must after all ever be to Americans the supreme sense, it will be peace with victory; for it will be marked with the victory of American nationality and independence over the insidious and pernicious attempt which was made to subvert them to a mawkish and malign internationalism.

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We do not at this writing know, though it will probably be known to our readers before they scan these words, what will become of the Covenant of the League of Nations. It may be altogether committed to the discard. It may be modified, transmogrified—as indeed it has already been—and adopted. It may be embodied in the treaty of peace. It may be added as an appendix to that instrument. It may be left for after consideration. We do not know. We do not prophecy. We do not greatly care.

But this we do care, and this we do know, that the thing in the detestable form in which the President first arrogantly sought to foist it upon us and to force it to adoption letter perfect, will never again affront the American mind. It will not be presented to the Senate for ratification. It will not be "inextricably intertwined" with the treaty of peace so that, as the President boasted, the two would have to stand or fall together. It will not be adopted by the "Big Four," or by the Grand Council, or by the Plenary Council, or by any other body. The thing is dead and damned. And its successor, whatever its form, and in whatever way it is presented to us, will be a radically different thing; and whatever it may be, it will have to stand successfully the severest tests of American principles and American policy, of American nationality and American independence, or it too will be cast into the discard.

The destinies of the American Republic are not to be determined by any council at the Quai d'Orsay, however august and friendly, nor by any cabal at the Hotel Crillon, however secret and autocratic, but by the American people themselves.

This, then, is the supreme victory which we shall have with the impending peace, a victory which is already assured in advance of the making of peace. And for this victory we owe thanks to the brave and resolute men, in the Senate and out of it, who in the face of unprecedented obloquy from exalted sources took to themselves the words of the hero of Verdun, and said of the President's denationalizing monstrosity, "It shall not pass!"

We expect that we shall have peace. But whether we do or not, we shall have victory.

We shall have victory for nationality over denationality; for the Declaration of Independence over a confession of dependence. We shall have the victory which is implied

in this country's remaining a national integer among other integral States instead of its becoming a mere vulgar fraction of a heterogeneous mass of fractions.

We shall have victory for the Monroe Doctrine over a proposal to abrogate it and to throw American affairs into the *olla podrida* of Europe, Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea.

We shall have victory for our right to enact and to enforce our own immigration laws, and thus to determine for ourselves what aliens we shall receive into the fellowship of the State, and on what terms we shall receive them.

We shall have victory for our national right to regulate our foreign commerce, and to say what tariff, if any, shall be paid by alien producers for the privilege of competing with our own artisans in our own markets.

We shall have victory for the right to determine for ourselves how large an army and navy we need, and how they shall be organized and for what purposes they shall be used.

We shall have victory for the right to mind our own business, to be free from foreign meddling in our affairs and to be free from any obligation to meddle in the affairs of other nations.

We shall, in brief, have victory for America, as our fathers designed America to be, over the malefic attempt to make it merely the ninth part of a hybrid league.

This victory was assured for us when patriotism startled into aggressive life at the very menace of the Presidential Covenant; when loyal Senators pledged themselves that the thing should not pass; and when the sound judgment of the nation, without regard to partisan affiliations, asserted itself in self-defence and made it clear that not even a misguided President could seduce it from the way of righteousness and safety.

THE VICTORY LOAN

DECATUR'S toast is apt. There have been those who have dissented from it; good patriots, too. If we remember aright, John Quincy Adams's New England conscience protested against its spirit, though he would have fought for the substance of it to the bitter end. We all wish our country

always to be right. We all know that she is not always right. But allegiance must not fluctuate. When our country is not right we must set her right, and we must do so from within, as loyal citizens. Indeed, it may happen that at the very time when she is furthest from right she will most need our constant loyalty, and a loyalty that is not passive but aggressive. Also it is to be remembered that when our country seems not to be right, it is in fact merely some man or party that is in the wrong, while the great heart of the nation is as true as ever. Wicked indeed would it be to desert America by so much as the shadow of a shade at a time when she is misrepresented by arrogant self-representatives, and when she chiefly needs the hearty support of her loyal sons to vindicate her standing.

This reflection comes home with mighty emphasis at this time, in the midst of the campaign for the Victory Loan. It would be idle to deny that there is widespread dissatisfaction with the course of the Government. That fact blazons itself before our eyes and shouts itself into our ears. At home and abroad the country has erred, or has been made to seem to err. It would be insufferable to pretend that the real sentiment of the nation has been expressed at the Paris Conference, or that its real wishes in the matter of peacemaking have there been officially made known. In more than one or two respects America has been placed in a false light before the world. Nor have affairs at home been better. Detestable policies have been pursued which have impaired the efficiency of some of the most important public services and have laid unwarranted and odious burdens upon the people. Railroad transportation and telegraphic and telephonic communication, two of the chief necessities of business and society, have been made less efficient and far more expensive; in the presence of unexampled plenty of supplies the cost of food is maintained at exorbitant figures; and onerous taxes burden even the humblest and the richest households. In such circumstances, what answer is to be given to the Administration which in one breath refuses to give the elected representatives of the people opportunity to abate their evils, and in the next asks for the subscription of an enormous loan?

The answer is unhesitating and emphatic. We must

subscribe that loan as promptly and as fully as we should do if all these things to which we take exception had been ordered exactly to our liking. "Right or wrong, Our Country!" That is the only spirit worthy of an American citizen. It is the only course worthy of a practical and prudent business man. Three primary reasons, widely different in character, urgently demand it.

The first, of course, is that of simple patriotism. It has always been our boast that while we might have our differences among ourselves at home, toward the rest of the world we show a united front. There is no room for party politics in foreign relations. So in the war we knew no party. The names of Republican and Democrat did not pass the three-mile limit. Beyond that line we were merely Americans. But if we were thus united in the war, we must be the same in finishing up the issues of the war, in establishing the terms of peace, and in readjusting our own affairs at home. So just as we subscribed the Liberty Loans to carry on the war, no matter what we thought of certain policies, it is incumbent upon us to subscribe this Victory Loan to settle up the war and to reestablish peace in the land and in the world. "God Almighty hates a quitter!" sententiously declared a practical-minded statesman. The American nation must not incur that odium by showing itself a quitter now, at the very crown and climax of its victorious efforts.

From the more selfish, not to say sordid, point of view of personal interest, there is, of course, strong reason for subscribing to the loan. Every argument that was advanced in favor of the former loans as advantageous investments was quite true, and every one is just as applicable to this Victory Loan. It is an opportunity to save money by investing it in the best security in the world at a fair rate of interest. Nor is that all. Paradoxical as it may seem, the very fact that a burdensome income tax has been imposed upon us is itself a reason for buying bonds. That is for the reason that thus people acquire a non-taxable income. The man whose investment is in a savings-bank or a mortgage or other securities is taxed for the income which he receives from it. But if it is in Government bonds, the income from them is exempt from taxation. In that there is, of course, nothing unworthy. It is a system prescribed by the Government itself, and is economically

sound. When the Government pays interest on its bonds, it is simply returning to the people money which it has taken from them in some form of taxation, and there is no reason why it should tax that interest. To do so would simply be to reduce by so much the rate of interest paid. Pecuniary self-interest, both in spite of and because of the income tax will therefore impel everyone who can do so to invest as much as possible in the Victory Loan.

The third reason is suggested by the alternative. If the loan were not subscribed, the result would be most unpleasant, not only to the Government but also to the individual citizen. It would not merely cause a certain degree of humiliation in the eyes of the world. It would actually intensify those very circumstances and conditions of which citizens now complain, and of which as we have said they have a right to complain. There is a homely old adage about the folly of one's biting off his own nose to spite his face. Exactly comparable with that would it be to injure ourselves to spite our Government, since in the last analysis our Government is ourselves. Has it made a good job? It should be supported as a manifestation of approval. Has it made a bad job of some things? It is sound policy to make the best of a bad job, when it is one's own job that is in question.

From every rational point of view, then, the success of the loan is earnestly to be desired, and is to be promoted by every loyal citizen. It will be the last loan needed on account of the war; be sure of that. The subscription of it will therefore be the pecuniary winding up of the business of the war. "Let us," said Lincoln in his last and greatest utterance, "let us strive on to finish the work we are in." The triumphant over-subscription of the Victory Loan will finish, financially, the work we are in. Other matters may call for other settlements. The making of this loan will not dispose of them. To give the Government the funds needed for its work is not to approve every detail of the work. It is simply to assure that the faith of the nation will be kept and its necessary activities be continued without embarrassment. More than that the Administration could not ask. Less than that even the severest critics of the Administration could not afford to do.

THE DÉBÂCLE OF DOGMATISM

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

ALTHOUGH during four months of secret negotiation American public opinion on the League of Nations remained unsolicited, America has at last spoken. Whatever the outward form of words may be, her voice is clearly against supernational government and for an Entente of Free Nations. The unpledged press and the great hierophants of party opposition have condemned the Constitution of a League of Nations as it was incubated at Paris, and have demanded radical changes as a condition of American support. Every interpretation by its advocates and every amendment proposed by its critics has tended to abolish the "League" and restore the "Entente."

When it was first published it seemed that the "Constitution" was intended not to solicit the cooperation of the nations to be included under it, but by their agreement to command their future action. Assailed as a super-government, it was pleaded by its defenders that it was not a government at all, but a kind of international social club, whose Executive Council possessed no real authority, and whose sole function was to make "recommendations," which might be accepted or rejected. This defense reduced it to something less than an Entente, because it threw doubt upon its sincerity of purpose.

Instead of treating the "Constitution" as meaningless for a real community of action, the critics sought to endow it with real obligations, by pruning its pretences and making it effective for some at least of its alleged purposes. It remains for the world to judge who were the sincere friends of peace; and especially of a peace to end the war in such a way that the treaty of peace, when secured, would unquestionably be enforced.

Had some open process of this kind been adopted in the beginning, it would without doubt have saved much

precious time. If it were in the order of the day to continue it deliberately after an actual peace had been declared upon conditions that would render discussion wholly free and entirely amicable, the result would be better still. Nevertheless, the chances for the Entente of Free Nations are to some degree improved even by the tardy and reluctant concession that the document alleged to have been "agreed upon" and to be "unalterable" was not too perfect to be publicly discussed.

It may not, perhaps, be too late, now that public debate is not openly proscribed as a manifestation of hostility to peace, to consider, at least in an academic manner, some of the provisions which it would still be desirable to eliminate from this document and some of the methods which it would be profitable to abandon.

The Peace Conference at Paris has suffered from too much theory and too little regard to practical results. In the meantime, while the delegates have been preoccupied with devising defenses against the consequences of a remote future, events have occurred of which they have seemed unconscious, and the irrepressible stream of human activities still flows irresistibly onward. Occurrences have at last reached a point where action must take the place of meditation, or victory will be transformed into defeat.

The theory underlying the Conference has been that all possible future wars must be prevented now; and that, unless this could be done immediately, the present war could not be ended. In other words, the League of Nations, it was held, must of necessity be a part of any treaty of peace.

This theory dates from the attempt to prepare a compromise peace by creating a future situation with which all the belligerents would be satisfied. It rests upon the assumption that while governments are often bad, peoples are always perfectly good; and that, if the governments could be overthrown and the peoples could have their way, there would never be any more war in the world.

As a proposition in political philosophy this doctrine has never yet been proved to be true. In the belief of many it is not only incapable of such proof but is erroneous. If it were true, we should be able in a very short time to secure universal peace by a general plebiscite. The truth is that all nations want peace, but they want it in their own way; and, as their own ways differ, they are not

likely to consent to perpetual peace until there is created a common interest so great that, to secure it, they are willing to forego all less urgent aspirations. The realization of such a community of interest as this is undoubtedly an ideal to be aimed at; and, in time, it may be possible to attain it. It is, however, an obvious error to insist that such a community of interest must be made universal before an existing common interest in a narrower field can be utilized as a basis for a peace of victory, in which aggression against public right has been overborne and the aggressor is rendered powerless. For unless actual aggression is defeated, is made conscious of its defeat, and is caused to suffer the consequences of it, peace becomes a mockery. A distinction must be made between a compromise peace, in which the aggressor is treated as an equal, and a peace of victory, in which he must pay the penalty of his offense; or war would become a recognized innocent diversion and peace the mere plaything of participants in a rude and dangerous game of chance. To state the matter concretely, unless the Central Powers and their allies are so weakened and punished for their crimes against the peace of the world that they will not repeat the performance at a more favorable time, the war has been lost to the Entente, and the treaty of peace, no matter what it contains, will prove ineffectual.

The community of interest on which the present peace should be made is the defeat of a common enemy. When that peace is made there will be a long period of comparative repose during which the larger problem of universal and permanent peace might be considered. If, however, the Entente Allies cannot impose a just peace in the concrete, what hope is there that they can forever maintain it in the abstract?

The truth is that proposing peace in general has taken the place of imposing peace in the actual particular situation because it was easier to imagine the theoretical potency of a League of Nations than it was to deal with realities. As a result, the common interest which the Entente had when the armistice was signed in rendering Germany powerless for harm in the future, has been held in the background by the discussion of a theory, while the separate interests of the victors in the war have seemed to most of them the only realities with which the Conference

would deal or which its conclusions would affect. Thus Great Britain has thought of her maritime supremacy and her colonial conquests, France of her future territorial security, Italy of the control of the Adriatic, Japan of her Eastern interests, Belgium of her rehabilitation, and the new nationalities of their racial integration and safety from their neighbors old and new. The representatives of the United States, on the other hand, having nothing to ask for except the adoption of their theory of universal peace, have held a position of influence which enabled them to say, "The League of Nations first, and peace with Germany afterward."

The inevitable consequence of such a *mise en scène* of the Conference was delay, the exaggeration of separate interests, and an effort to make the League serve, as far as possible, these particular national aims, while the original community of interest in the suppression of German aggressiveness was gradually dissipated. In brief, attention to Germany, the new nationalities, the rise and spread of Bolshevism, the growing menace of Russia even in a military sense, was withdrawn, to be fixed on getting into the theory of the League something besides abstractions. This has been in part accomplished. Dogma has answered to dogma, interest to interest, and instead of a pacifically disposed general society of nations agreeing to accept, respect, and maintain International Law as its rule of conduct, we have an organized balance of power only, dominated by five Great Powers, whose interests have been in some manner incorporated in a Constitution for a League of Nations;—all except those of the United States, which seeks nothing but the realization of ideals! If we adopt the theory that a League is a necessary preliminary to a peace with Germany, say the Entente Allies, America must agree to defend us always and everywhere. That is Europe's answer to the President's insistence on a League as a preliminary condition of peace.

The President went to Europe with an ideal. Europe welcomed him and confronted him with the result of its experience. To this experience his ideal has had to adjust itself. The result is not the realization of his expectations. He sought to reconstruct the world. He has been obliged to engage his country in a permanent defensive alliance of a kind that a very short time ago he expressly repudiated,

not merely because it is contrary to the traditions of the United States, but as he emphatically declared because it is incompatible with our national purpose.

Only four years ago he voiced his conviction by saying: "Every man who stands in this presence should examine himself and see whether he has the full conception of what it means that America should live her own life." And, referring to our relations to the rest of the world, he added:

> It was not merely because of passing and transient circumstances that Washington said we must keep free from entangling alliances. It was because he saw that no country had yet set its face in the same direction in which America had set her face. We cannot form alliances with those who are not going our way; and in our might and majesty and in the confidence and definiteness of our own purpose we need not and we should not form alliances with any nation in the world.

At that time the President spoke in words which his countrymen understood. During the Great War he gradually saw that the United States could not remain isolated in a world of which it forms a part. We entered the war, as our honor compelled us to do. We became associated with Great Powers in Europe. We had a common cause, and we fought valiantly with them against a common enemy. We won a victory, and what was demanded was a peace of victory. But the President had set his mind on a peace of reconstruction. America's life was no longer to him the highest purpose. He wanted to be the creator of a new world.

From that moment the President no longer represented America. He was the victim of his obsession, the reconstructed world. He did not even care for America's consent. He did not seek it. He did not desire it. His mind was closed to it. He had a doctrine which he apparently felt he could not teach. He made no attempt to teach it. He was resolved to enforce it. Then it would be believed, because it would be no longer merely an idea, it would be a fact.

Such a determination, with all America apparently behind it—although America had not been asked to speak—could not fail to produce some result; but it was not the result intended. In the contest between the dogma that only a reconstructed world could make peace at all and the pressing necessity that peace should be promptly made, diplomacy wrung from idealism three concessions:

(1) Peace is to be guaranteed to the peacemakers by stereotyping the map of the world as they will make it;

(2) Imperialism may pass for democracy by becoming international; and

(3) Democratic leadership does not require democratic methods of procedure.

The President accepted these results, and they were embodied in the "Constitution" sent from Paris and pronounced unalterable. But American public opinion was yet to be learned; and American public opinion, even that most favorable to a League, was not satisfied with the form or the substance of this document.

A new map of Europe is undoubtedly necessary, in order to secure the safety of the countries inclined toward peace from a new outbreak of aggression; but the Constitution of a League of Nations is not satisfied with this, it demands that the boundaries of the States which are members of the League, together with all their widely scattered colonial possessions, shall for all time be protected by all the associated Powers. This is the first and most conspicuous victory of diplomacy over idealism.

To the uninitiated this Constitution is the outgrowth of new and original conceptions, arising out of the peculiar circumstances of recent international experience. It has been heralded as the application of the Christian religion to the problems of international relationship, and glorified as its consummate flower and perfect fruit.

How far this proposed League is from being either new or original will be apparent to those who will compare its provisions with those contained in "The Project of Perpetual Peace," written by the Abbé de St. Pierre, more than two hundred years ago, during the Congress of Utrecht, in 1713.

The good Abbé's purpose, like the alleged object of the League of Nations, was to make a permanent end of war, and his method was substantially that which is now proposed. His plan was as follows:

1. A contract of perpetual and irrevocable alliance between the principal sovereigns, with a diet composed of plenipotentiaries, in which all differences between the High Contracting Parties are to be settled by arbitration or judicial decision.

2. The number of Powers sending plenipotentiaries to

the congress to be specified, together with others to be invited to sign the treaty.

3. The Confederation thus formed to guarantee to each of its members the sovereignty of the territories it actually possesses.

4. The Congress to define the cases which would place offending States under the ban of Europe.

5. The Powers to agree to arm and take the offensive, in common and at the common expense, against any State thus banned, until it shall have submitted to the common will.

6. The plenipotentiaries in the congress shall have power to make such rules as they shall judge important, with a view to securing for the European Republic and each of its members all possible advantages.

The learned Abbé's plan sought to establish perpetual peace by mutual guarantees of possession. It was rejected as impracticable because it ignored two persistent tendencies of human nature,—the ambition of rulers on the one hand, and national aspiration for freedom and equality on the other. During the two hundred years that have elapsed since his project was published, it has encountered these two obstacles, and not being able to overcome them, could not be realized. There has never been a time during those centuries when the process of political evolution seemed complete. There were always nations that were not yet satisfied. There was always a longing among suppressed peoples for liberation, and among all nations, except the greatest, for an unattained equality. Is it possible to believe that these conditions have changed, or will change when the peace treaty is signed at Versailles? Alongside the "satisfied nations" there will remain the unsatisfied, and the dissatisfied, even among those who are beneficiaries of the peace.

It has been well said that, if the map of Europe could have been thus perpetuated in the time of the benevolent Marcus Aurelius, when it might have seemed desirable, Europe would still be living under the Roman Empire. There would be to-day, if this had happened in the time of St. Pierre, no French Republic, and no free governments in America. The project would have arrested the entire historic development of Europe. There have been moments when to many that would have seemed to be a happy

event. What a perfect world this would be to inhabit, if the professions of the Holy Alliance could have been permanently carried into effect, when Their Majesties, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, "having acquired the intimate conviction of the necessity of settling the steps to be observed by the Powers, in their reciprocal relations, upon the sublime truths which the Holy Religion of our Saviour teaches," solemnly declared "their fixed resolution, both in the administration of their respective States, and in their political relations with every other government, to take for their sole guide the precepts of that Holy Religion, namely, the precepts of Justice, Christian Charity, and Peace, which, far from being applicable only to private concerns must have an immediate influence upon the counsels of Princes, and guide all their steps, as being the only means of consolidating human institutions and remedying their imperfections."

Could any form of words be more inspiring to the believer, or more appealing to his confidence? The "*only* means of consolidating human institutions"! and it really seemed to be true. How rude it must have appeared to Their Majesties—and we always have those who assume that they alone know what is good for the world—when Castlereagh, the clear-headed realist, the soul of loyalty to the Grand Alliance against Napoleon, the apostle of national freedom, voiced the danger of placing all Europe under the control of this vague idealism which, it was soon discovered, served as a mask of the most pernicious despotism, and imperilled the national liberties of all the remainder of the world.

Thanks to the courage of Castlereagh and his determined opposition to the Holy Alliance, that imperial syndicate was broken up. Had it not been thwarted, and had not the influence inspired by Washington and sustained by Monroe and his advisers warned the King of Spain, supported by this conspiracy, not to attempt to reclaim his colonies in America, they would still, no doubt, be dependencies of the Spanish crown, and more than half of the Western Hemisphere would still be monarchial. But if the project of St. Pierre had gone into effect before the American Revolution, there would have been in 1823 no American Republic to hold aloft the standard of liberty and self-government. There would perhaps be even now

no democratic Britain; for the American Revolution was not merely a war for independence, it was a struggle in behalf of inherent human rights and representative government against reactionary absolutism imported into England, which had nearly undone through parliamentary corruption the whole work of the earlier English Revolution.

It is now proposed to base the League of Nations on the permanence of the map of the world as redrawn at Paris, at least so far as the members of the League are concerned. Its motto is, *Beati possidentes.* This is the meaning of Article X, which is the one substantial element in the proposed Constitution. This article binds the High Contracting Parties " to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and the political independence of all States members of the League," present and future. It is a solemn and absolutely binding engagement. Had it been in force before the Spanish-American War, Cuba would probably still be a subject colony of Spain, a scene of continuous revolution, badly governed, the subject of extortion and oppression, and a nuisance to its neighbors; and there is no provision in the Constitution of the League of Nations that would have furnished a remedy. The sinking of the *Maine* would not have been held to justify a war against Spain; for it would have been disavowed, and the sovereignty of Spain protected. There are countries that do not govern well; there are countries that will not govern well; and there are countries that cannot govern well; and the only remedy is revolution. Article X does not, it is true, require aid to a sovereign State in suppressing an unsuccessful revolution; but if any portion of it should attain its independence and the mother country continued at war with it, " external aggression " would be alleged; and the aid of all the High Contracting Parties, economic and even military, could then be invoked against the new claimant of independence.

The perpetual guarantee of territorial integrity, especially when applied to conquered colonies and dependencies, occupied by alien peoples desiring independence, was not one of the objects for which the Entente Allies became associated in the war. It was first suggested in the fourteenth rubric of the compromise peace plan proposed by the President of the United States, who foreshadowed

such a "mutual guarantee" as one of the bases of the "general association" in which the Central Powers were intended also to have a place. The League now to be constituted is far from being such a general association. It is, in effect, a new preponderance of power. The reason why it is acceptable to several of the Powers entering into it is that it affords them this guarantee as against all possible enemies in the future. Their interest is in the acquisition of the wealth, the natural resources, and the potential military efficiency of the United States in a defensive alliance. That was not the original purpose of the President; but that is the price he has had to pay for the realization of his idea of a League of Nations, as distinguished from a permanent Entente with regard to the specific purposes of the war. The European nations would not for a moment have considered the suggestion until the military value of this country had been demonstrated by the part it has taken in the Great War.

Irrespective of any League, the co-belligerents on the side of the Entente Allies are in honor bound to enforce upon the common enemy just terms of peace that will prevent further aggression; but this does not involve the necessity of a permanent engagement to prevent the future dismemberment of surviving empires. It is assumed in this Constitution, and it may be true, that the extensive populations ruled by the countries that now hold them in a relation of dependence are better governed than they would be if they enjoyed self-determination. I have no disposition to raise an issue on this point; but it is not certain that this condition, if it exists, will always remain the same, or that the preservation of territorial integrity, which now covers many conquered peoples, will prove to be the method of justice or conducive to peace. There is, however, in this Constitution, no provision for the "consent of the governed"; and it is not apparent that there could be without a frank abandonment of imperial claims which the High Contracting Parties have no intention to surrender.

Undeniably, by accepting Article X the United States would become an underwriter of imperial insurance in which it would not be, and ought not to ask to be, an equal partner. What the United States would gain by this engagement has never been even considered. On the contrary, all questions of "expediency" have been contemptu-

ously waved aside as unworthy of consideration. But it is more than a question of expediency,—it is a question of principle. The ideal of peace is noble, but it is not the only ideal. We are urged as a duty to sacrifice to it not only our interest but our ideal of freedom, the foundation of our conception of self-government. That we should cherish the ideal of peace, and endeavor in the right way to serve it, is a proposition which no true American will deny; but that we should in any way barter our freedom for it, or abandon our principle of the "consent of the governed," is a quite different proposal. One would be rendering a better service to his country, and in the end to humanity in general, if he should seek to establish peace in some other way. It is not doubtful that the present generation of Americans, and those that are to follow, can be more serviceable to the highest human interests as a strong, free, and independent people than by being bound to do that against which, when called upon to observe the bond, their consciences as lovers of liberty would revolt.

One of the alleged purposes of the war has been "to make the world safe for democracy." This Constitution does not carry out that purpose. It does not in any way refer to it. It is a union and an intended domination of Great Powers, and the small States are treated as of secondary importance. They have had thus far no collective voice. They have been permanently relegated to the rear. Far from being recognized as truly "self-determining," the new nationalities are treated as creations, the handiwork of the potters at Paris, who are moulding them out of the débris of the extinct autocracies, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Turkey, whose populations have been left in turmoil and turbulence by the fall of the only governments they ever knew.

During the protracted negotiations at Paris regarding the League of Nations, a new enemy has arisen,—a form of internationalism more dangerous than any single coalition. It aims at the life of nations and would destroy all national existence. It is, therefore, a time to think first of the national life, to maintain it in its strength, its purity, its freedom, and its established foundations. Nothing but a vigorous nationalism can overcome this insidious enemy, which would divide every house against itself. It is a time, therefore, for every free, self-governing nation to be a

master in its own house. Its association with other nations should look toward a peace based on justice with all of them, a willingness to help, but not to be bound. It is timely to face this new and all pervading menace of Bolshevism, to isolate it, to circumscribe it, and to exterminate it. The Constitution of the League of Nations ignores this problem. Some of its advocates even seem to dally with it.

Two obvious duties lie before the Entente Allies: first, to destroy, not Germany, but German militarism, by imposing a peace of victory over militarism through geographic limitation under conditions of disarmament; and, second, to reinforce that limitation through geographic circumscription, by the formation of new independent States, so as to create a barrier on the East and Southeast against the German appropriation of Russia. The order of the day should be, first peace, and then an affirmation of the restored existence of a Society of States based on their inherent rights under International Law, with a pledge to respect, improve, and apply it judicially.

If the conflict with Germany were ended, an understanding between the Powers now deliberating at Paris, and a united effort to respect and defend International Law if again violated, would go far toward securing the peace of the entire world for some years to come. Instead of allowing Bolshevism to spread, and permitting Germany to enter into alliance with it until she can appropriate its spoils, a new order of normal State existence should be aimed at, in which an assenting Germany can participate before she is destroyed.

When peace is once established, it is the Society of States, not a defensive League within it, likely to be counterpoised by another political combination of the same kind, that should be instituted. But this is not the work of war. It is essentially a work of peace, to be elaborated in a time of peace. The first condition of it is not a self-protective and dominant League; but an open forum, where the small States, unintimidated, may freely voice their necessities, not to a junta of Great Powers, but to the world at large; which will then quickly discover which nation is deserving of aid and sympathy. For this the Constitution of a League of Nations makes no provision. It demands that we shall walk by faith and not by sight; and that we shall place our faith not in open discussion, not in the disinterested judg-

ment of mankind, but in the wisdom, the virtue, and the unselfishness of an international *imperium,* constructed and designed primarily to secure its own immunity by maintaining a predominant collective force, and secondarily to convert the small States into virtual protectorates under its own laws.

Instead of a directory in Paris, working *in camera,* hedged about with secrecy, forming new nations out of the débris of these disintegrated empires, and setting up a separate and exclusive control by Great Powers, the appeal should be to the smaller States and to the newly liberated nationalities to express their desires and preferences, and together to unite in determining their own future destinies. They should be told: We shall now treat and help you as free peoples. We ask you to cease fighting and choose your own representatives. We shall aid you as far as we can in securing an adjustment of your differences and shall respect your self-determination, but we must do this impartially in response to your wishes. We shall open the ways of communication and commerce, but if you fight it will be at your own peril and the effect of your quarrels will be to close the avenues of trade.

This is not the manner in which the Conference at Paris is proceeding. It is a secret conclave, conducted by a Supreme Council composed of Great Powers, with a growing tendency to leave all decisions to the " Big Four." It is reconstructing Europe in its own way, and presumably in its own interest. It proposes a close corporation for the future, acting in secret, to secure its own peace and dictate the peace of the world upon the basis of a map of its own making. The Great Powers claim to be just, virtuous, and even benevolent, and perhaps they are, but the Holy Alliance a hundred years ago also claimed the noblest intentions.

It is interesting to note how democracy, in the end, has usually inadvertently played into the hands of autocracy, and confided its destinies to a single dominant will. When the Directory was formed at Paris, in the French Revolution, and the directors met to fortify their control, their first thought was of organization; but at their first meeting it was observed that it was unnecessary;—Bonaparte had already taken his seat at the head of the table! No one disputed his right to remain there. Was he not necessary

to the cause? Had he not fought successfully the battles of democracy? Democracy, it appeared, could not be imperilled by its most valiant apostle.

The small States—the truly democratic States—wait in the anteroom while the "Big Four" decide the fate of Europe. The Executive Council, when the League is adopted, is to take their place. Democracy will, of course, be safe; for our President is named in Article IV of the Constitution as the person to summon the first meeting of the Body of Delegates, and of the Executive Council. He, of course, represents democracy,—at least the type of democracy which he represents. We shall in time, perhaps, learn what it is.

There might, however, in the interest of democracy, be some additional assurance in the Constitution of the League of Nations itself; but, when we examine it, we find that it contains no declaration of principles which the members are pledged to respect and support. There is no Bill of Rights, defining the essential and immutable prerogatives of sovereign States,—not a word in the entire document to indicate that States possess any inherent and sovereign rights whatever. Nothing is said of the right of "self-determination," nothing of any rights as belonging to the "people" anywhere. The whole document is devoted to the interests of Governments. There is even no indication of any right in any people to be directly represented in this corporation of State interests. The only reference to the people in this Constitution, aside from the power and prerogatives of States and Governments, is in Article XX, which promises to establish a permanent Bureau of Labor, with implicit power to regulate the conditions of industry, "both in their own countries and in all countries to which their commercial and industrial relations extend"; that is, it would appear, to prescribe the conditions of labor in all the countries of the world, whether members of the League or not.

The most pernicious vice in the system of ideas upon which this League is founded is that peace can be secured, without the existence of immense armed forces, by artificial lines drawn on a map.

A great force of cartographers has been employed at Paris in dissecting out of the conglomeration of races the various nationalities, and circumscribing them by lines of

geographic demarcation. The secret of peace does not lie in geography, but in institutions, political and economic. The one great lesson that constitutional self-government has taught is that peace and contentment are not created by geographic boundaries, but by just laws and the economic opportunities afforded under a good government. The precise delimitation of races in the Near East,—the débris of the Turkish Empire, for example,—is a physical impossibility. There cannot be created a Czecho-Slovakia, a Jugo-Slavia, an Armenia, a Poland, or a Syria, where the population will be entirely homogeneous, without impracticable migrations. There will always be left enclaves or transfusions of distinct races. We should never dream of such an operation in the United States. We merge our population by our institutions. Given constitutional guarantees, representative government, and the abolition of hyphenism —that is, the total obliteration of race distinctions—and the problem of government is solved. If we undertook to set up in America the conception of race-nationality as a basis of government, we should plunge this nation into civil war. And the attempt to do this in Europe will have no other result.

The whole conception of race-nationality is fallacious and involves a new danger. Its logical outcome is a struggle for race domination, as Pan-Germanism well illustrated. Wider territorial expansion was demanded, in order that a prolific race might always remain under the same political régime. This is the basis of the present efforts at scientific race cartography. It will prove illusory. It is for the peoples by choice and agreement to make the map, and not the ethnographers.

In the United States, and in America generally, no map has ever been made by a Supreme Council. The existing map has been made by the peoples who inhabit this continent, or by negotiation with other peoples; not always without conflict, but always followed with consent. It may not be a perfect map, but it is more generally assented to than one which a Supreme Council could have imposed. We, in America, have protected our sister republics from foreign intervention, but we have never pretended to portion out the continent among them.

The principle followed in constituting the new nationalities and fixing their frontiers is of importance chiefly in

its relation to future peace. Unless they are satisfied there will be continued rivalries and possible conflict. If Article X is retained in the Constitution of the League of Nations, there can be no change in the map when once the Constitution is adopted. Self-determination, so far as national allegiance is concerned, will then be finally repressed. If it is to have any recognition, it must be respected now; if not, all the members of the League will be arrayed against freedom and compelled to defend by force mistakes that might have been avoided.

By whatever standard we judge it, it is evident that the League of Nations, in proportion as it is to be real, is not the ultimate international ideal. It is, and by its essential nature must be, a combination of Powers within the wider Society of States. So far as the President of the United States is concerned with it, it was appealed to as a compromise expedient in the midst of war, in order to provide a means of reconciliation between the Entente Allies and the Central Powers. That was the purpose of the fourteen rubrics, and the League of Nations is merely the vehicle for enforcing them.

But the problem now is not reconciliation, and it never was. The real problem was and is to show the Central Powers, and particularly Germany, that ruthless aggression and violation of the Law of Nations cannot be tolerated, and cannot escape a just punishment. The whole future of the Society of States depends absolutely on that. There must be a peace of victory and not a peace of compromise, or there will never be any sure peace in the world.

The President has never entertained this idea. He still holds to his fourteen points of compromise as the only ground of reconciliation with criminal nations. They must cease to be criminal and pay the penalty of their crimes. After that they can take their places, if they confess and abandon their faults, in the free and responsible Society of States.

The idea of the League has been to bring them into it upon a basis of equality in the treaty of peace itself. That is why the Constitution of the League and the treaty of peace were to be so interwoven and compacted that they could not be separated, and that no nation could make peace without accepting the League. If Germany signed that treaty, she also would accept the League; and, having

accepted it, with all its obligations, why should she then not become a member of it?

That, in brief, is the whole content of the dogma of the League. If Germany and other nations were really penitent, really virtuous, really minded to submit to International Law, to respect it, and to maintain it, the League would be a superfluity. But if Germany and other nations are not so minded, then they have no proper place in it; and such a place should not be prepared for them.

Finally, the President's dogma breaks on the determination of the Entente to remain an entente, no matter by what name it is called. The basis of that Entente was and remains that the aggressor must be defeated and punished for crime, not welcomed into a fraternity of equals. Unless the President accepts that conclusion, he and the Conference at Paris have nothing in common. If he does accept it, the League, as it must be amended before it can be adopted, is in its essence nothing but a written form of an understanding for mutual defense against an enemy not wholly overcome. If the enemy had been made to acknowledge defeat at the moment when he really was defeated, all this circumlocution would have been avoided. The Entente would have obtained *la victoire intégrale* and a chastened Germany would now be rehabilitating her national life, as it is her right and duty to do, in order to suppress Bolshevism instead of allying herself with it, and preparing to take a normal and useful part in the Society of States.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

ENGLAND AND DRINK

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

The proposal that the State should take over the liquor trade of the United Kingdom at a cost of over $2,000,000,000 is one of the most interesting developments of the war. Financially it ought to prove a good investment. Socially there could hardly be a more beneficent undertaking. Politically it would have the result of freeing British public life from an influence that has been always unpleasant and sometimes degrading. Administratively it seems the only just and the only effective solution of a problem that has baffled British statesmanship for centuries. A dozen years ago Lord Rosebery declared that if the State did not control the traffic in drink, the traffic in drink would control the State. His judgment was but too amply confirmed by what happened in 1908. The Licensing Bill of that year was the most powerful and earnest effort that this generation has witnessed to assert the supremacy of the State over the liquor trade. It had four main purposes: (1) To impose a time-limit of fourteen years on the expiration of which all saloon licenses were to revert to the State and such of them as were reissued were to be subjected to far higher duties than hitherto; (2) to reduce the excessive numbers of licensed premises; (3) to restore to the Justices their old unfettered discretion over licensed houses; and (4) to give to the people in each locality a right to say whether they would have a new license in their area.

It is exceedingly difficult to say what England as a whole thinks of any given measure. But my pretty clear impression at the time was that the best and most moderate opinion in the country approved the Licensing Bill, realized that unless its principal objects could be carried out it would no longer be possible to deny that in England beer ruled,

and looked upon the imposition of a time-limit as the only means by which the State could resume control over the monopoly it had created. I do not recall that the cry of robbery and confiscation with which the brewers deafened the public ear had much weight with reflecting people. On the masses it unquestionably had an effect and taken in conjunction with the "Socialistic" tendencies ascribed to the then Government—they seem humdrum enough now in retrospect—it no doubt led a good many middle-class people into the belief that "property" was actually "in danger." But on the whole, considering the intensity of the brewers' campaign against the bill, considering, too, the enormous intricacies of the problem and the passions it aroused, I think the measure was one with more solid and non-partisan support behind it than any Licensing Bill of my time. It was debated in the House of Commons for six weeks, and the Government showed by the concessions it made in committee and by its whole conduct of the measure that it had no wish whatever to press the extreme temperance point of view. The third reading was passed through the House of Commons by the immense majority of 237.

Here, then, was a measure the general scope and purpose of which were discussed on every platform during the General Election of 1906, a measure which the Government had a clear mandate to carry through, a measure dealing with a question of crucial moment to the well-being of the country and adopted by the representatives of the people after a discussion that extended over nine or ten months by an almost unprecedented majority. Yet everyone remembers its fate when it went up to the House of Lords. A really impartial Revising Chamber would, of course, have been glad to second the efforts of the Government in writing such a measure of reform on the statute book. As the professed guardian of the public interest it would have scorned to be moved by the brewers' agitation, and would have resisted the preposterous argument that the license issued by the State became the freehold property of the licensee and that any change in its conditions was equivalent to "spoliation." But the House of Lords took a very different line. Lord Lansdowne summoned a meeting of Conservative peers at his own house in Belgrave Square. It was there decided, after a debate of less than two hours, to reject the bill on its second reading. The programme was duly carried out.

When the bill came up for its second reading the bishops and several of the weightiest and most respected members of the House protested against its destruction. It was to no purpose. Lord Lansdowne had the bulk of his party behind him and the bill was thrown out by 276 to 96. The Lords acted as a purely Conservative caucus; they wrecked in two hours the labors of nine months; they threw over the interests of the community and upheld the interests of a trade that everywhere except in England is under the social ban; they demonstrated with the most striking emphasis that though the Liberals might be in office it was the Conservatives who were in power; and they furnished Lord Rosebery's prediction with a mournful justification. There have been few more discreditable episodes in relatively recent British politics.

Before the war our people were spending about $800,000,000 a year on drink. This was about six times as much as the Army cost us, nearly four times the amount of the Navy estimates, exceeded the total railway receipts by all but $250,000,000, was greater than the annual value of all the private dwellings in the kingdom, and furnished the State with about a quarter of its revenue. Nearly five-eighths of the national drink bill went in beer, about a third in spirits, and one-thirteenth in wine. The expenditure per head on the basis of the whole population worked out at just over $17, but as there were some 3,000,000 abstainers, and about 15,000,000 children under the age of fifteen, the actual consumers of alcohol must have been spending an average of over $30 apiece. In many a working-class family that can hardly have meant less than one-sixth of the family income was devoted to drink. About $1,500,000,000 has been invested in the trade in the British Isles; over 110,000 premises are licensed for the sale of alcohol; some eight thousand registered clubs are in existence, a great many of which are simply unlicensed drinking-shops, free from any effective supervision; and the number of people who hold shares in brewery and distilling companies must run into several hundreds of thousands. Moreover, most of the public houses in this country are what is called "tied" houses. That is to say, they are owned by the brewing or distilling companies, whose influence thus finds a local rallying point in every town and village in the land. No other interest is quite so closely or so pervasively organized. As

a general statement it is safe to say that in England corporations and politics either keep apart or that the connection between them is incidental and fairly wholesome. Great industries, of course, are represented, as they should be, in the House of Commons. The shipping industry and the railways are particularly strong. But on the whole the only business that is marshalled as a political force and that plays politics as a matter of course is the liquor business. There have been times when it seemed as though it had given up brewing and distilling for the sake of conducting vast electioneering campaigns.

Now it is clear that the attitude of the State towards a business so huge, so militant, so intimately related to the social life of the people, and so productive of revenue, must always be a matter of supreme importance. In Great Britain, as everywhere else, there is no free trade in the sale of intoxicants. Sale is only permitted by license, the number of licenses is limited, their duration is confined to twelve months, and at the end of the year they must all be renewed. No holder of a license possesses a legal right to have it renewed. Renewal may be refused at the discretion of the local licensing justices (subject to appeal to quarter-sessions) for various reasons—if the public house, for instance, has been improperly conducted, or if there are too many of them in the district. I think there is no question that Parliament intended licenses to be the property of the State, liable to termination at the end of any twelve months, and that in point of law the license-holder has no vested interest in his license beyond the period of one year. The point has, indeed, been definitely established more than once by judicial decisions. On the other hand, the license-holder has the reasonable expectation that his license will be renewed unless on grounds of gross misconduct. And this " reasonable expectation " has naturally developed a monetary value. The licensing justices have hesitated to cancel licenses. They have been inevitably reluctant to take away a man's livelihood. The result is that a well-run house has little or nothing to fear from the annual formality of renewing its license. Moreover, the State by levying death duties on licensed premises on the basis of the license being a continuing possession; the local authorities by proceeding on the same assumption in the matter of assessments; and the courts of law by protecting the rights of those interested in

the reversion or remainder of a license—have all shown that the expectation of renewal is all but a certainty.

And in this expectation, which is all but a certainty, many millions of pounds have been invested. The brewers, as I have said, have acquired control of the licensed premises, often at extravagant prices, and they figure of course among the assets of the brewing companies. Thus the situation has become immensely complicated by the fact that an army of shareholders has come to have a direct pecuniary interest in regarding licenses, not as annual and revocable privileges, which is their proper legal status, but as permanent grants. An immense amount of capital has been staked on what I have called the "reasonable expectation" that licenses would be renewed. It is easy enough to say that the money should never have been so invested, that the law was perfectly clear, and that those who insisted on treating a probability as an unqualified certainty were simply gambling and would have no right to complain if they were made to suffer the consequences of their rashness. But as a matter of hard fact no Government can ignore these thousands upon thousands of innocent investors who have put down their money, for the most part, in ignorance of the facts, without looking into the pros and cons of a very intricate question, and blindly following the financial fashion of the moment. Their presence has had two important results It has rallied a powerful body of opinion to the view that a license, instead of being an annual tenure, is virtually a freehold and has thus made any drastic remedy by the State, short of complete expropriation, politically impossible. Secondly, it has had the effect of popularizing the notion that compensation should be provided for every license that is extinguished.

As a consequence of these various factors it has come about that the State has practically parted with its control of the liquor traffic. It has issued annual licenses at a very low rate of duty. These annual licenses have acquired a high value principally because their prospect of renewal has been very good. They have changed hands and been bought and sold at prices which were the equivalent of a freehold and monopoly value. But from these increased prices the State, until quite recently, has derived nothing whatever. Issuing low-duty licenses for one year, it has had the mortification of seeing them treated by hard-headed

men of business as though they were licenses for all time. It has, in short, created a vast property, largely monopolistic in character, and has handed it over without receiving in return any adequate consideration. In 1904 the Unionist Government passed a Licensing Bill which in some ways perpetuated the improvidence of the State and added to the one-sidedness of its relations with the trade. The bill went on the principle that compensation ought to be paid in the event of a license being withdrawn for any other cause than that of misconduct; and it provided the necessary funds by imposing a graduated tax on all public houses in the district, a tax locally raised and administered. The effect of this was that the license-holder found a new security given to his property, its value immensely increased through the extinction of rivals, and compensation provided if his license were refused renewal—all this without the State being a penny the better. The bill was vigorously opposed by the Liberals, who made no attempt either at the time of its passage or during the General Election to conceal their determination to amend it when they again found themselves in power.

That was the task to which they addressed themselves at the beginning of 1908. It was made all the more formidable by reason of the very parlous state in which the brewery companies found themselves. During the previous ten years their shares had greatly depreciated. The value of the shares in twenty-three leading companies showed a decline that averaged over 60 per cent. This was not the fault of any Government, but simply of the company promoters and managers. They had bought up public houses at preposterous figures; they had overcapitalized their concerns; and they had made no adequate provision for writing down their inflated capital or the exorbitant amounts at which their precarious license values stood in their books. The brewery boom was dead; people were drinking far less than they did; and the condition of the stock market since the Boer War had depressed the value of all securities. The brewers in 1908 felt that if, on the top of all this, the State was now to begin harrassing them once more and was to resume its control over the licenses that figured among the most imposing assets in their balance sheets, then ruin and a widespread crash were inevitable. They prepared therefore to put up the fight of their lives. At the same time the

immensity of the interests involved and the undoubted certainty that too stern a policy would reduce a large number of shareholders to penury or something near it, made it necessary for the Government to deal as tenderly as possible with vested interests and to recognize the claims of equity on a liberal scale.

The Licensing Bill which they brought forward was an extremely intricate and technical measure, but its main objects were clear. First, the bill sought to provide for an immediate and compulsory reduction in the number of licenses. There was to be, roughly speaking, not more than one public house to 750 people in the towns and to 400 people in the country. Secondly, the bill provided for the gradual but complete recovery by the State of those rights in the monopoly of the drink traffic with which it should never have parted. It effected this by imposing a time-limit of fourteen years, after which compensation should cease to be payable for any extinction of old licenses, and all applications for renewals should be treated as though they were applications for new licenses and only issued on the basis of their full monopoly value. The bill had other aims as well. It established, for instance, with regard to new licenses, the right of localities to exercise a veto. It proposed a more effectual system of supervision over clubs in order that the extinction of the public houses might not be nullified by the growth of unlicensed and unregulated drinking dens. It empowered the licensing authorities to exclude children from public houses, to order their closing on Sundays and on election days, and to prohibit the employment of barmaids. It provided, too, that while the compensation fund was to continue during the next fourteen years to be drawn from the trade, the methods of assessments were to be changed so that its benefits might be distributed on a fairer and more uniform scale. But these provisions, while important, were of little significance by the side of the two main purposes of the bill: to reduce the number of licenses—Mr. Asquith hoped to wipe out thirty thousand—and to recover for the State after a period of fourteen years its full control over the drink traffic.

It was a keen challenge to the trade and there was not the least hesitation in taking it up. The brewers and the distillers denounced the bill as a wholesale piece of confiscatory fanaticism. They warned the public that, if it

passed, no property of whatever kind would be safe. They stigmatized the proposed time-limit, which, after all, merely required the trade to find an annual sinking fund of about five per cent on the total value of the beer and spirits sold in the public houses, as unblushing robbery. The means they employed to arouse hostility against the measure established a new record in electioneering impudence. To meetings and pamphlets and newspaper articles and every instrument of legitimate propaganda no objection could be taken. That the trade should have mustered in force at every by-election and should have done all they could by argument and appeal to defeat the Government candidates was natural and reasonable. But when it came to wealthy brewers trying to bully the Church into resisting the bill, threatening to cut off their subscriptions to charities if it passed, menacing tradesmen with the loss of custom and working men with the loss of employment, wailing their appeals on behalf of the widows and the orphans who were the misguided holders of brewery shares, and replying to every argument of national policy and of social justice or well-being with the conclusive shout: "Your beer will cost you more!"—when it came to this, and in England ten years ago it got beyond it, then I think the limits of political indecency had pretty well been reached.

There had never since the Liberals came into office been the smallest secret of how they intended to deal with the licensing problem. The brewers had foreseen the bill for two years and were prepared for it. They were splendidly organized; they had an enormous campaign fund at their disposal; with the exception of the *Morning Post,* all the Unionist papers were on their side; every bar and restaurant contained a flaming petition of protest which its patrons were pressed to sign; every public house in the country became a centre of electioneering proselytism; every shareholder was adjured in circular after circular to make his voice heard. The Church, it is pleasant to recall, stood by the Government and the bill unflinchingly, sinking for the time all other questions in order to forward what it felt to be a cause of national moment, and steadfastly disregarding both the importunities and the threats of the trade. But the Lords capitulated and the end was that meeting at a famous house in a famous square and the rejection of the bill. I do not think anyone who remembers those days will

feel other than drawn towards a scheme of State purchase which by its very finality must for ever put a stop to scenes and incidents so full of humiliation for the credit of our public life. Nor do I see how anyone who reflects on the hopeless legal and political entanglement in which the licensing problem had become involved can regret that there is at last a prospect of its being severed by the sword of the State.

The triumph of the brewers proved a short-lived one. The engine of taxation was brought heavily to bear upon them in the Budget of 1909. For the first time the State took something like a fair toll of the monopoly values it had itself created. But that the trade had still an immense power in the House of Commons was shown perhaps more clearly after the outbreak of the war than at any time before it. "Drink," said Mr. Lloyd George in February, 1915, "is doing us more damage in the war than all the German submarines put together." And a little later he declared: "We are fighting Germany, Austria and Drink; and as far as I can see the greatest of these three deadly foes is Drink." The Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he then was, spoke by the book. He knew better than any man how alarmingly the output of our shipyards and munitions factories was being curtailed by drink and how large a proportion of the increased wages of the workmen was being spent in the public houses. He would himself have favored complete prohibition for the duration of the war, but the Cabinet shrank from so daring a leap. He sought accordingly for an effective compromise only to find that in the matter of controlling the drink traffic everybody and every party had "previous convictions." He assured the House, as he well might, that "after the experience of weeks of trying to get a solution that will not provoke controversy, I feel at the end of it I am prepared to take, politically, a pledge never to touch drink again." The proposals he ultimately introduced in April, 1915, included powers to close or control public houses in munition, transport and training areas, the doubling of the duty on spirits, a stiffly graded surtax on beers, and the quadrupling of the duty on wines. Instantly the Unionists and the Nationalists, English beer and Irish stout and whiskey, were up in arms; the whiskey taxes were cancelled; the new duties on beer and wines were withdrawn; and all that Mr. Lloyd George saved from the

wreckage was a bill prohibiting the sale of spirits under three years of age, and the appointment of a Central Control Board to administer the powers taken in the Defence of the Realm Act for the control of licensed premises in munition-producing and similar areas. Here, again, it is obvious that, had State purchase been in operation before the war, the emergency that confronted and defeated the Government in 1915 could either never have arisen or would have been dealt with by a simple administrative order.

I do not suppose that anyone is particularly proud of our drink record during the war. There was a moment, in the first exaltations of the struggle, when I believe the country would have accepted prohibition or any other sacrifice at the bidding of the Government. But that moment, if it ever existed, was permitted to pass, and our policy since then in regard to drink has been characteristically unheroic. It was a clear case of allowing a national habit to continue, even at some loss of war efficiency, rather than face the tumult that would have been stirred up by an attempt to suppress it. But while we did nothing dramatic and have followed our natural bent by avoiding sudden extremes, none the less by one unsensational step after another we steadily abated the worst evils of alcoholism. By rigorously cutting down the hours within which drink might be sold, by forbidding treating, by closing many public houses altogether, by starting canteens at the munitions works, by limiting the amount of beer that might be brewed and of whiskey that might be distilled, by lowering at the same time their alcoholic content, by prohibiting off-sales and sales on credit, and in certain areas, as for instance, at Carlisle, by taking over the complete control of the business—by these and similar measures an immense change was wrought, not in our national habits but in their consequences.

The statistics tell the tale. In 1914 there were 176,000 convictions for drunkenness. In the following year the number was decreased by over 40,000; in 1916 it fell to 84,000; in 1917 it was somewhere in the neighborhood of 50,000. In other words, so far as the police court records are a fair gauge, there was over three times as much drunkenness in 1914 as in 1917; and no sociologist will regard it as a mere coincidence that the figures for infant mortality are today the lowest in our annals. Whether we are actu-

ally drinking less I am not sure, but it is quite clear that we are drinking less alcohol, about half as much, I should judge, as we were consuming in the year before the war, when no self-respecting working-man would have tolerated the light beers and attenuated spirits that he is now obliged to put up with. But at the same time we are spending more on drink than ever before. The drink bill for 1914 was $820,000,000; for 1917 it was all but $1,300,000,000. Nothing could be more eloquent of the national determination to keep up the good old national customs at any cost and under any circumstances. Reformers may rage, may point out that up to the end of the war we were still employing 150,000 men of all ages, directly or indirectly, in the sale and manufacture of intoxicants, may urge that the 600,000 tons of barley that were used in the breweries in one year might have made 268,000,000 four-pound loaves of bread, and may insist that it was sheer humbug to talk of putting our last ounce of strength and our last shilling into the war when we allowed this monstrous waste of money and energy to continue. But the only answer of the British workingman was to raise his glass with a hearty " 'Ere's 'ow."

Emphatically we are a drinking people, always have been, and always will be. I said at the beginning of this article that the drink problem had baffled British statesmanship for centuries. The statement was literally true. For the past seven or eight hundred years the problems to which it gives rise have been the constant preoccupation of the people, the clergy and the legislature. There was a distinct temperance movement in the sixth century, some early-closing enactments in the thirteenth, a regular licensing system in the fifteenth, and a whole series of penalties imposed on drunkards and innkeepers by legislation in 1603. The eighteenth century saw some of the hardest drinking and the wildest liquor laws in all human experience; and from the beginning to the end of the nineteenth century hardly five years went by without the drink question in some form or other coming up before Parliament. Those who inveigh against the present and talk of the England of today as though it were given to drink on a quite unparalleled scale can have little knowledge of the past. I was reading the other day in Macauley that in 1688 the people consumed 90 gallons of alcohol per head; they now drink only about 27. A century and a half ago there was one public house to

every six homes and every fifty people; there is now but one public house to every eighty homes and to every 350 or so people. Drunkenness, too, besides having virtually died out as a society accomplishment, has steadily diminished among all classes. Our people show not the least inclination to give up drink, but they take it in more decent fashion. There is less excessive indulgence, a growing preference for the lighter kinds of liquor, more moderate drinking but less drunkenness, more use but less abuse.

Indeed for the past ten years and more there have been loud complaints that England is growing sober. The complaints have come from hotels and public houses, the managers of restaurants, the directors and shareholders of brewery companies, the secretaries of the big London clubs, and finally and in greatest anguish from successive Chancellors of the Exchequer. All have found their receipts diminishing and all have ascribed it to a real and permanent alteration in the habits of the people, an alteration they welcomed as social reformers but deplored as financiers. The figures confirm their apprehensions. During the thirty years prior to 1873-76 there was a steady and very large increase in the consumption of intoxicants. Then a downward movement set in and reached its lowest point in 1888. It was succeeded by an upward wave which, after a slight check in 1893 and 1894, culminated in 1898-1902. Since then there has been a somewhat rapid falling-off, but the amount drunk, though it has never reached the record figures of 1873-76, is still greater than it was in 1888. If the statistics of the last fifty years can be held to demonstrate anything it is that poverty does not lead to nearly so much drinking as prosperity. Bad times and scarcity of employment mean that the wage-earner, who is the real mainstay of the brewer, has less to spend at the public house. In other words, it is not poverty that takes him there but affluence; poverty drives him out. To improve his condition, therefore, in the hope of thereby winning him over to temperance, seems a policy that is storing up for itself some bitter disappointments.

On the other hand, it does not necessarily follow that good wages and improved conditions always mean more drinking. If such were their invariable effect we should today be drinking more, instead of less, than we were drinking thirty years ago. We smoke well over a third more

than we did in the seventies, consume half as much sugar again and drink fifty per cent more tea, but we are less and not more indulgent in spirits, wine and beer. If we spent as much on alcoholic liquors today in proportion to the population as we spent thirty years ago, our drink bill just before the war would have been at least $125,000,000 more than it was, and if the increase in drink had kept pace since the seventies with the increase in tobacco, the drink bill for 1913 would have been probably $400,000,000 higher than it was. There has clearly been a shifting of tastes and I should judge a wholesome one.

The countries that drink most are not necessarily the most drunken. On paper the greatest drinkers in the world are the French. They consume about fifteen gallons more of alcohol per head than we do. Yet France is a notoriously temperate country. Before the phylloxera ravaged the vines and led to spirit-drinking, the French probably held the palm for sobriety among European peoples. Italy, Spain and Portugal, being wine-growing and wine-consuming countries, have large statistics of consumption, but are as a matter of fact exceedingly temperate. Northern Russia, Scandinavia and Scotland are the most drunken parts of Europe, though the consumption of alcohol per head is comparatively low. Climate and race have much to do in determining such matters. A warm country is naturally a sober and usually a gambling country. A raw, dull and damp climate predisposes to indulgence. Thus the northern counties of England are more drunken than the southern, Scotland is more drunken than England, and the west coast of Scotland more drunken than the east. The predominant, vigorous, fighting races of Europe, if not of the world, seem always to have been given to strong drink. Energy, enterprise and drink have hitherto been invariably associated in the sum total of national character; and the idea so popular in America just now that temperance makes for virility and that the way to develop strength of character is to run away from temptation instead of meeting and mastering it, is one that has never found favor with our people.

We in Great Britain have an ingrained hatred of all social bigots and fanatics, and the prohibition of drink is about the last cause that is ever likely to succeed in Great Britain. For myself I rejoice in that fact. There are moments, it is true, when one can forgive an English tem-

perance advocate everything. He may exaggerate, he may be unpractical, he may be defeating his own ends by his unmeasured violence, but the provocation he meets with in the spectacle of the crime, the wretchedness, and the physical and mental deterioration for which drink is largely responsible in Great Britain is undoubtedly prodigious. But a wider philosophy and a deeper experience of life convince one that it is better for a community to drink in moderation than to attempt the impossible task of imposing abstinence by force. There is a masculine calmness and common sense in the British attitude towards such questions that social reformers, instead of girding at, should seek to imitate and to profit by. I detest the political influence and the social position which the liquor trade has won for itself in my country. But I certainly do not want to "rob the British working-man of his beer." On the contrary, I want to educate or induce him to drink as much of it as is good for him and no more. And the most effective steps that can be taken to these ends are, first, to provide him with his favorite beverage in the most wholesome form—to stimulate, in other words, his growing preference for light beers—and secondly, to see that he has a chance of drinking it in clean and cheerful surroundings, in an establishment where he can buy things to eat as well as drink and can consume them sitting down at tables instead of standing up at a bar. Destroy the public house as a drinking den merely and convert it into a miniature restaurant and place of recreation, and temperance will have gained the most powerful ally it can ever hope or desire to secure. It is because the resources of the State can alone effect these reforms that State purchase of the liquor trade on terms that are financially equitable to all the interests embraced by it seems to me a project of the most hopeful significance.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

A TRIBUTE TO MY FRENCH GENERAL

BY COLONEL WILLIAM HAYWARD, 369th INFANTRY

I AM glad to have an opportunity to pay my tribute to the finest, most efficient organization I have ever seen operate, the French Army, and at the same time to the biggest, bravest man I ever came in contact with, a general of that army, Gouraud.

On the afternoon of March 14, 1918, I detrained my regiment, composed of New York City negroes, on the edge of the Argonne Forest. We had toiled in the mud at all sorts of manual labor for nine weeks at St. Nazaire when we had been turned over bodily to the French Army as an American combat unit by General Pershing. Organized hurriedly, when our entrance into the great world war seemed to be imminent, with no armory to house them, my boys had been taught close order drill on the sidewalks of New York, rifle fire, at State expense, for eighteen days at Peekskill, extended order during two weeks at Camp Whitman, and general discipline and orderliness in sixty days' pioneer duty at Camp Dix, and Camp Upton, and guard duty over six hundred miles of railroads, the German interned prisoners at Ellis Island, and seized German ships. It was the street urchin of New York National Guard regiments that now found itself the black orphan of the Army left on the door-steps of the French.

We were met at Givry-en-Argonne by a French general, and learned for the first time that, whereas we had been hurried to France as the 15th New York Infantry, our new name was to be the *369eme Regiment d'Infanterie, U. S.* We also learned that we were to become an integral part of the famous French 4th Army, commanded by a general whose brilliant fighting at the First Battle of the Marne had earned for him the title "Lion of the Argonne," and whose exploits in command of the French at

Gallipoli, where he had left an arm and part of his hip, had increased his reputation and given him command of the wonderful army which had stubbornly hung on to the difficult terrain stretching from Rheims to the west edge of the Argonne Forest. We were proud to know we were to serve under this man, Gouraud.

We did not have to wait long to see him. The second day after our arrival he came to my billet in a tidy room of a clean French house, the walls of which were covered with sacred pictures and family portraits. The mutilated hero sat down and in fifteen minutes found out from me all there was to know about my regiment. Instead of deprecating our ignorance of modern warfare, he propounded the startling intelligence that he would re-equip and re-organize us into a French regiment from top to bottom, teach us to fight in a couple of weeks and then place us between the German Army and Paris. The General said in a kindly way that while we did not seem to know much about war he was convinced our hearts were in the right place and that, after all, was the main thing with soldier men. I understood at the end of our interview why the French phrase, "The mere sight of him made men brave," had been so often applied to him. It was on this first visit that he became enamored of our band and many times afterward he would motor from Chalons to hear it play. His favorite piece was "Joan of Arc," sung by the Drum Major with the band accompaniment. After such a performance one day he unostentatiously slipped into my hand a considerable sum of money which he insisted I take and give to the families of the first of my soldiers who should be wounded or killed under heroic circumstances. He said, "It is only a little, but the Americans have done such wonderful things for our unfortunate people, I feel we French should at least do all we can, though with no possibility of even beginning to repay the debt."

The general kept his word, and on the 8th day of April my recruits had their baptism of fire "doubled" with a French battalion in the *"Main de Massiges."* Before we could realize it we were holding 5½ kilometres (about 4 miles) of front line trenches and were having daily and nightly encounters with the dreadful enemy who faced us. For nearly ninety days we held this one sector, two bat-

talions in line, twenty days at a time, and one battalion out ten days. During this time the French trained us and taught us and encouraged us. It was no unusual sight to see two French generals carefully instructing and drilling a battalion of my regiment, theoretically at rest for a ten day period, at 7 o'clock in the morning and again after dark. And there was no impatience, no needless criticism, no arrogance, no condescension from these wonderful comrades in arms who had accepted us, and who told us, "You now belong to our house."

By the first of July we could stand alone. Early in June the French High Command had concluded that the next great German offensive was to be directed against the Champagne, the part of France that the army of Gouraud held. Although the terrible assaults of the Boche on the English, March 21st, and upon the French, May 27th, had not been disastrous, nor decisive, it was clear that another such successful push would stretch the thin blue and khaki line to the breaking point and put the German Army into Paris. No means had been devised for stopping the terrible mass formation used by the Germans. And while the colossal losses suffered by them were gratifying to talk about and think about, a look at the map was disconcerting, even terrifying.

The probability of the great attack falling on us in the Champagne became a certainty before the end of June. Repeated French raids, carefully prepared and executed, brought back German prisoners, who told us all we wanted to know of the concentration of great forces, re-organized divisions, and reserves of infantry and artillery opposite us. In the March attack sturdy British "shoulder-to-shoulder" defense of the first lines had failed. In May the French checker-board defense of "Eschelons in Depth" had failed, so General Gouraud decided on a departure from former methods. It was very simple, once he had thought it out. We were to practically evacuate our first-line positions and very strongly build up, fortify, and man what were known as the "intermediate positions" from two to three kilometres in the rear. We were to leave only a handful of men in the front lines to retard and signal the advance of the enemy assault, hinder it with machine-gun fire, and on retiring leave the dugouts and trenches drenched with mustard gas.

It was on this unique plan that we toiled day and night all through June and the first days of July. Our thin line grew stronger. Infantry and artillery crawled in behind us night after night under cover of darkness, and on the 7th of July came the thrilling order of the day from Gouraud addressed to the French and American soldiers in his army. The American soldiers were the Rainbow Division, including the gallant 69th, New York, a little American heavy artillery, and my Regiment. It was translated and read to our men as follows:

"Order of the day addressed to the French and Americans of the 4th Army, July 7th, 1918.

"We are about to be attacked at any moment. You all realize that never was a defensive battle fought under more favorable conditions. We are prepared and are on our guard. We are powerfully reinforced in artillery and infantry. You will fight on terrain which you have transformed by your unceasing toil into a redoubtable fortress, an invincible fortress if all the passages are well guarded.

"The bombardment will be terrible; you will bear it without weakening. The assault will be brutal, in clouds of dust, smoke and gas. But your positions and armament are formidable. In your breasts beat the brave, true hearts of free men. No one will look backward. No one will yield one bit. Each one will have but one thought,—to kill, to kill much, until they have had enough of it.

"That is why your general says to you, 'You will crush this assault, and it will be a beautiful day.'

GOURAUD."

To show the extent of the withdrawal from the front line, it is only necessary to say that in the sector held by us, where there had been two battalions—approximately 1,600 men—there were left two patrols of eight men each. A successful raid by the French on the night of July 14th brought back prisoners who gave us the information that the German artillery preparation was to begin at midnight and that the great infantry mass would leave its trenches at 4:15 and, following a creeping barrage, would come across "No Man's Land," capture the first positions, and continue victoriously crushing its way to Chalons and down the valley of the Marne to Paris. But it did not happen that way. This information enabled General Gouraud

to start his counter artillery preparation in advance of the German. As our boys said when the furious French artillery fire began, "The old man has beaten them to it." Our guns were heard in Paris, and the terrible deluge of French steel, gas and explosives was felt in Berlin. It was too late for the Germans to change their plans, so they went ahead as best they could, but their great 4:15 assault, even following their artillery fire, was a thrust against empty trenches on which a deadly French fire fell as soon as the Germans occupied them. The French guns were firing into the back doors of their own gas-filled dugouts and it was an unhappy afternoon for the Boche. At no point did the enemy pierce General Gouraud's real line of resistance, the intermediate position. By noon the advance had stopped, but the Germans were still savagely attacking. By night, with broken lines of wire communications somewhat repaired, runner routes re-established and working, and the whole marvelous French system of liaison functioning, as it only can function, a thrill went through the army. There was good news from the right, and better news from the left. The French losses had been relatively small. Everywhere the enemy was stopped. "It could not be better," the French said. The Germans, terribly punished and demoralized, were in a suitable frame of mind to be easily driven from our front lines by counter attacks, and July 16th came the second Order of the Day from our great leader:

"Soldiers of the 4th Army, July 16th, 1918.

"On the 15th of July you have destroyed the effort of fifteen German divisions, supported by ten others. According to their orders they expected to reach the Marne by evening; you have stopped them in their tracks, at the spot where we chose to give and gain the battle.

"You have the right to be proud, heroic infantry and machine gunners of the advance posts, who signalled the attack and retarded it, aviators who flew over it, battalions and batteries which broke it, headquarters which had so minutely prepared the plan of battle. It is a hard blow for the enemy, it is a beautiful day for France. I count on you always to do the same thing each time that they will dare to attack, and from all my heart of a soldier, I thank you. GOURAUD."

The night of the 17th, as we were working our way back to the original front lines, from my dugout I wrote Governor Whitman: "The Boche is beaten. At his maximum strength, we have stopped him along a front of fifty miles, with fewer soldiers than we will ever have again on our side in this war. It may take two months or it may take two years to drive him across the Rhine, but each day will see him on his way." And it was true. Marshal Foch executed that most difficult operation, according to Napoleon, and passed from defensive to offensive warfare. The counter thrusts west of Rheims followed quickly, one after the other. He began to throw in the American divisions, the 1st, the 2nd, the 3rd, the 4th, the 26th, the 28th, the 32nd and finally the gallant Rainbows, who had been in our defensive fight as well. Whatever the outside world knew, our American soldiers away up there on the French battle front, the advance guard of the mighty American Army that was coming so slowly, knew that civilization and liberty were saved, and that it was the crafty strategy and sturdy leadership of Gouraud and the splendid heroism of the inspired French Army which had saved them. The French,—clean, brave, modest, gallant and scientific through and through!

We hope and pray France may never have to fight again for her very life; but if she does and she can use an American infantry officer, who knows and loves the French poilu as a brother, I will be there.

WILLIAM HAYWARD.

THE SOLDIER IN THE CLASSROOM

BY HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE

PERHAPS the Pen *is* mightier than the Sword. Frankly I am skeptical. Some day I may know. At present I am giving it the acid test in my class in journalism.

Before coming to the acid test should I not mention that I am a soldier and that my students are soldiers? Also that I am a private in the ranks sitting as one in judgment upon my superiors? For my students are three sergeants, four second lieutenants and one first lieutenant, and the uniform we wear is that of the Tank Corps, British Army. And should I not mention that our classroom is an artillery harness shed in an English camp; for is there not romance in journalism, and is there not great romance in teaching journalism in an artillery harness shed in Hardy's country?

Properly speaking, my acid test, my class and myself, come under the head of Reconstruction. We are a part of it, for my little experiment is a part of the Army's Education Training Scheme.

Let it suffice that the Education Training Scheme is a whole hearted effort to prepare the British soldier for civil life. It aims to reach the skilled and the unskilled and those who, after working in the heat of the day, find their whole outlook changed. To the skilled it offers supplementary training to make up for all that was lost in four years of war. To the unskilled it opens up an opportunity to learn a trade. To the legion whose outlook is changed it comes as a refreshing breeze at the close of a mid-summer day, bringing to the shop assistant the knowledge that he need not return to the counter and to the clerk a respite from his books.

The call to Reconstruct comes in the night. It is the week before Christmas. "Last Post" has sounded. The door of our hut opens and in walks the Orderly Sergeant.

This is unusual for in our hut are only men of the British Expeditionary Force. All others, those who have " dodged the column " and never have been overseas, together with the " rookies " are in huts apart and they bear the burden of the fatigues we are spared. So it is not usual for the Orderly Sergeant to visit us for the office of Orderly Sergeant is such that he may say to one " Come " and to another " Go "!

We turn from the stove and stare at the intruder. He walks in with a cheery " Hello, lads," but we are not to be taken in with that and remain silent. Then comes the call to Reconstruct for he reads to us the programme of the Education Training Scheme.

" Any of you boys," he says, " who want to go in for these things are to give in your names at the company office in the morning." He leaves us and we poke the fire and talk it over.

" Education be blowed; give me my ticket," says one.

" Ain't it just like the army," exclaims another. " When you've finished fightin' and shed your bloomin' blood for them they wants you to go to school! "

" Still," argues a third, " if they are going to do this I'd like to learn poultry farming."

All eyes turn upon the radical. " Say, old china, what do you know about hens? "

" Nothing! That's why I want to learn." The reasoning is not correct.

" Righto, mate, we'll learn it together," comes encouragement from across the room.

" I'll go in on that." . . . " And *me.*"

The critics resort to ridicule and the hut resounds with ironic cock-a-doodle-doos.

" Lights Out! " falls upon our ears. We hurry to turn in. Over in a corner someone is whistling " Roses in Picardy."

I unroll my puttees.

" Never a rose like you—— "

I kick off my iron-shod boots, fold my tunic for a pillow.

The lights snap off.

I wrap my blanket about me and stretch out on the floor. The sergeant said Spanish. Very well, I will learn Spanish and some day when I am demobilized I will

search for sunken galleons and for boxes bursting with Spanish gold. My boyhood ambition reaches attractively before me. My path is strewn with pieces of eight. I close my eyes and, because truth is stranger than fiction, dream of nothing!

In the morning the poultry farmers number six! Two of them are of the scoffers who crowed the loudest. They go to the company office and give in their names to a bored-looking clerk. Some duty prevents me from going so I write out an application to join the Spanish class—and at the bottom I offer to instruct in journalism. The urge comes at the last moment.

That afternoon I hear my name shouted along the lines and tumble out of the hut to be told to report at once to the education officer.

"What do you propose to teach?" asks the military headmaster.

"Practical journalism so far as the classroom permits."

"Sit down!" the Captain waves me into a chair and lights a cigarette.

Now imagine the scene: the cubicle in an army hut, the Centurion and the man-at-arms, rank for the moment put aside, intent alone upon Reconstruction!

"Go on!" the Centurion says.

"Practical journalism," I repeat. "How news is gathered and written and interpreted; how it is printed and spread abroad—in short newspaper publishing—" I break off to correct the phrase. "Newspaper making is better, sir."

"Ah!" The Centurion's cold eye brightens. "Newspaper making," he repeats. "I like that word; sounds practical." He makes a notation of it on a pad. "When could you begin?" he inquires.

"After returning from Christmas leave, sir."

The cold eye stares at the calendar behind me. "Very good; be ready to start up the first week in January." He nods pleasantly. I rise and salute and leave the room.

Christmas finds me in London. Each day I buy the newspapers and make clippings and prepare my syllabus. The days pass quickly. I find it will take months, perhaps years, to select typical news stories, but in the British Museum I find just what I want and when I return it is with Prof. W. G. Bleyer's *Newspaper Writing and*

Editing as an unbruised reed upon which to lean. True, the examples are American, but for the purposes of the classroom, Broadway can easily be converted into the Strand!

The Poet is the first to come. He taps timidly on the door and waits for the word within.

"Come"!

He enters only as far as the threshold.

"Can you tell me where the class in journalism is being held?"

"It is to be held here, sir."

"Oh! . . ." as if the answer was what he feared. But he steps inside and closes the door. For a moment he is evidently half-inclined to put his cane on one of the barrack tables, with which the harness room now is furnished, but something causes him to change his mind. Instead he stands and eyes me with an evident embarrassment that I do not share.

"Won't you sit down?" I wave him to one of the forms.

"Ah! . . . Er! . . . Ah! . . . Thanks." This time he does lay his stick on the table.

I explain that others are to come and we sit and talk—about the weather! Half an hour drags past. We have learned that we were in the same brigade and that in the March show we fought on either side of the same road. . . . Are the others *never* coming? Ah! the door opens—but it is the Centurion.

"Is this all?" The Centurion looks unfortunately at the Poet. I remain silent. Then fingering his wrist watch nervously: "I'll send a note round to the adjutants of Nos. 1 and 2 Battalions and the Officers Battalion asking what on earth has happened to the others." He disappears without further parley.

For a minute or two the atmosphere is charged with Failure. The Poet sits in silence, flicking the ash off his cigarette. I force the talk and soon he is confiding to me that he is a mechanical engineer.

"But I want to write," he admits. "I want to write Poetry. You know, I believe it's awfully well paid—two guineas for half a dozen lines—and I could so easily dash off a triolet or two in my spare time."

I shall not try to describe my feelings. What is one to say to persons who do not know what they are talking about? Evidently, I think, Reconstruction is not without its humors. I make no effort to explain that Poetry and newspaper work are things apart. In time I will refer him to Lanier's *Science of English Verse*. He will take it up because the title will attract him in view of his training along the lines of mechanical engineering! I simply suggest that we call it off until the morrow, and he leaves.

In the morning they come in ones and twos—the Short Story writer, the Iron Molder, the Sphinx, the Compositor, the Contractor, the Gold Coast Trader and the "Bookie." The Poet is the last to arrive. I suspect he has purposely delayed.

Now that we are all assembled we sit in a group together and chat aimlessly for a few minutes, after which I take down their names and inform them that attendance is considered a parade and there can be no unaccountable absences. This by force of written instructions to me.

I look up from my nominal roll with fears that my students are here to escape irksome regimental duties and with no burning desire to take up journalism as a career. I think it best to let them know my feelings and I put my cards face up on the table. They smile a little but in the eyes of two or three I think I detect seriousness of purpose and am encouraged to begin my first lecture.

Of course an artillery harness room cannot be expected to have all the contrivances of a modern classroom, but I note a great expanse of wall of some composition, dark in color, that will serve as a blackboard and as the ground is chalk I have only to stoop down for the wherewithal to write. So with a white sticky substance that is half stone and half clay I inscribe in a conspicuous place the skeleton of newspaper organization:

I. Business office.
II. Editorial staff.
III. Mechanical force.

As I talk I encourage questions and it is not long before I discover that one has served his apprenticeship and is now a not unknown writer of short stories. From him I exact a promise to talk on short story writing, and the Compositor I enlist to explain the mysteries of the linotype. They offer a strange contrast those two. The writer

proves himself to be a practical craftsman, the compositor an impractical mechanic, although probably competent by force of the habit to work.

Gradually I come to know them all intimately. The keenest is the Iron Molder. He is training himself under one of the "Improve Your Memory" courses and is enthusiastic about it. He is determined to raise himself out of his rut and he will succeed. If all the work showed the marked improvement of his we should do well. The contractor has been in business house building with his father. As an officer he mixed with men he would never otherwise have met and now he wishes not to fall back into the prewar groove. If necessary he will emigrate, and he tells me his wife is rather anxious to get away to a new country. The Gold Coast Trader I find to be anything but an adventurer. More glamor attaches to lectures in journalism than to instruction in arithmetic or language and so he joins. When I point out that he has a splendid reserve to go to in his experiences on the West African Coast he at once becomes a disciple and drinks in all I say. The "Bookie" is an Irishman of the type who has an Irish name. To look at him would be to guess his name. I never learned his civil occupation but I think of him as the "Bookie" because I'm sure that when he shall put aside his uniform he will wear loud clothes. The "Sphinx" I never fathom. He rarely speaks and yet is not serious for he always has that enigmatic Mona Lisa smile.

Before many days are over we are discussing ways and means toward publishing a newspaper of our own and interest is general for even those who were apathetic seem to have found something to stir them from their lethargy.

"Who will suggest a name for our paper?" I ask—there is a momentary pause—of nervousness more than anything else.

"*The Tanks Corps Chronicle.*" The Short Story Writer looks around for approval. No one speaks.

"That is rather long. The title should be short." For a moment I feel that he is offended at my words, for he remains silent and seeks solace in his pipe. Curiously the Contractor, from whom least of all I expected happy invention, comes to the rescue.

"What do you say to *The Whippet?*"

"Excellent!" Approval is general and each day we

spend an hour discussing how best to overcome such trifling difficulties as having neither paper nor ink nor printing materials. But we feel we can have our paper printed somewhere and blindly go on planning its scope.

Our lectures on newspaper making progress satisfactorily. I select examples from Bleyer or *The Times* and write the facts on the blackboard—for we have one now, complete with real chalk—and my students reconstruct the crime. They are quick to learn and each written story shows striking improvement.

At last I feel we are far enough advanced to gather materials for our newspaper. From the door the word JOURNALISM has been erased and in its place appears

Offices Of
THE WHIPPET

The announcement makes a mild sensation in camp and all who pass stop to read. We begin to gather our material together and I draw up an assignment sheet and send out my reporters—one to get an article on the educational scheme, one to report all the sports, a third to get a color story of the work of the Woman's Auxiliary Army Corps, which is represented in our camp, a fourth to write up the band and the Short Story Writer to do the editorials. Other articles quickly suggest themselves.

We are all working feverishly, the harness room looking like a veritable editorial office, with newspapers strewn upon the floor, when the Centurion ushers in a General! I look up and am about to call my class to Attention when the General waves all formality aside. He surveys the inscriptions that have not been rubbed off the walls and questions me briefly. He leaves at last, surprised and satisfied.

But I am not to see *The Whippet* published. Suddenly the order for my demobilization comes through. I appeal to the Short Story Writer and he agrees to carry on. So I bequeath Bleyer to the class, leave *The Whippet* in the hands of my students, and pass out of the class room a soldier no more.

HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE.

THE FRENCH PEACE COMMISSIONERS—II

BY MARCEL KNECHT

PRIME MINISTER GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

In 1865, William E. Marshall, famous for his picture of Lincoln, and the landscape painter, A. B. Durand, received a visit from a young French physician who brought letters of introduction to them and who had been obliged by his avowed republicanism to leave the France of Napoleon III. He was only twenty-four, with moderate resources besides his doctor's degree. His light blue eyes, deep sunk under bushy eyebrows, were bright with youth, fancy and wit, and a light moustache softened somewhat the irony of the mouth. Dr. Georges Clemenceau was simple; he made a good appearance without being a dandy, and his charming spontaneity and burning enthusiasm immediately won for him the friendship of artists, writers and congenial men of New York, on whom he made an indelible impression. In the quiet of a little apartment at 212 West 12th Street, Dr. Clemenceau spent many a feverish night preparing a translation of John Stuart Mill, whose philosophy he endorsed, with the cooperation of W. E. Marshall, who was a thinker as well as a painter.

It was the resort of poets, artists and dreamers: the cradle of the Washington Square writers and of the daring innovators of Greenwich Village. He loved this Latin Quarter of New York, where, in spite of the roar of industrial life, men still found time to inquire into the origin of the good and the beautiful. Clemenceau had about him a charming group of faithful friends, who greatly admired his brilliant intelligence and clear judgment, whole-souled disinterestedness and great heart.

I was listening the other day to a New Yorker of

seventy—also a noble heart—whose memories of our Great Young Man from 1865 to 1869 are still fresh, and this is what he said to me:

"I knew that our dear Georges would one day be a very great Frenchman and that he would unite his compatriots to ensure victory. No one knows better than myself the nobility of his sentiments, the delicacy of his soul and the loyalty of his friendship. And I cannot tell you how deeply moved I was when I saw, in our magazines, pictures of him sharing, in spite of his great age, the rough life of his soldiers, his 'poilus,' martyrs in the holiest of causes."

Between two pieces of literary work, and visits to studios or museums, the young man had decided to teach in an excellent school for girls, Miss Aitkins' Academy, at Stamford, the green and picturesque Connecticut town. Every week, Doctor Clemenceau would go several times to Stamford, but always returned with alacrity to 12th Street and his friends. His original, conscientious and remarkable method of teaching was most successful, and in Stamford I have come across several old people who still speak with admiration of the "wonderful French teacher" of 1868.

After having enjoyed to the full the liberty of free and idealistic America, Dr. Clemenceau instinctively realized what his next task was to be and left for France, where he took up the hard and thankless business of politics. Then the hurricane of 1870 blew over France, separating Alsace-Lorraine from us, in spite of the fiery protests of the Republican deputies, among whose signatures was that of the former Stamford teacher.

Next came the birth of the third Republic, and its growth amidst storms, gales, crises and deaths. Gambetta first, then Déroulède, Ferry, General Boulanger, Floquet; finally Méline, Waldeck-Rousseau and our present days. What problems! What stupendous struggles! Abroad the menace of Bismarck, still unsatisfied, and our colonial campaigns; at home, social, religious and economic questions bringing in their train violent movements. But Clemenceau, more and more master of his prodigious abilities, persistently fought, attacked, pursued and avenged, with the formidable weapons he wielded: his pen and his

eloquence, sometimes winged like poetry, sometimes as pitiless as Retribution.

The year 1903 dawned on France with the heavy oppression of the brewing tempest. So far she had frankly turned her activity to her great inner problems and had just avoided a conflict with England over Fashoda. The intelligence and tact of Admiral Fournier had also averted for the world, and especially for France, a clash between England and Russia, which might have resulted from the Hull incident.

It was on the coast of Morocco, in 1904, that the first shot of the world conflagration of 1914 was fired; the insolent and threatening arrival of the Kaiser, backed by his entire people and drunk with pride and hatred, was the premonitory sign of the catastrophe to come,—for those Europeans who could read it. A few French statesmen, realizing how serious the future looked, appealed to the living forces of the nation, so as to present before the brutal enemy as fortified a front as possible, and above all, a front morally invincible. Clemenceau left his favorite seat on the opposition benches, and became a member of the Cabinet, and Prime Minister.

With the inspired fire that had attracted to him so many American friendships, Clemenceau restored confidence, and strengthened the prestige of the glorious French army, which the shock of recent political passions had not exactly diminished, but disconcerted. He continued the successful policy of M. Th. Delcassé, and Great Britain will never forget the deep emotion of the people of London when, in Westminster Abbey, a strong man, full of energy, came with simplicity, in the name of the French Republic, to lay a wreath of flowers of France on the coffin of his friend, Campbell-Bannermann.

Ever imaginative, hiding under his moustache and the shafts of his humor an exquisite tenderness and youthful spirit, Georges Clemenceau has always made the right national gesture and found the words that eternal history engraves in the memory of men and nations. A true son of Vendée, he incarnates the knightly spirit of the noble population that gave so many heroes first to its kings, then to the immortal and victorious Republic.

The Christianity of the race has set its seal upon the most independent of philosophers, upon the thinker

free from any organized religion, who used to translate John Stuart Mill on the banks of the majestic Hudson and who wrote that strange Chinese story: *The Veil of Happiness.*

If M. Clemenceau pays no heed to dogmas and to the practices of religion, he nevertheless observes its spirit of sacrifice. He has transmuted his religious aspirations in the magnificent love, both spiritual and physical, that he bears his French fatherland, its provinces, its fruitful soil, its peasants and workers, laborious and sensible, and all its joyous children. Sister Théonesse, who, before the war, nursed her illustrious patient with such devotion, was well rewarded in November, 1918, for the Premier caused the news of the armistice to be telephoned to her before any one else.

Germany had already had him to deal with, a few years before the war, when, relying on the righteousness of our cause, on Russian friendship and British good feeling, M. Clemenceau won a victory over German diplomacy, whose heavy artillery was not yet completed. This new move of the "Tiger" gave fresh hope and legitimate pride to France, whom Bismarck had almost mortally wounded. During the years that preceded 1914, M. Clemenceau constantly and vigorously supported those who were preparing a strong army. It was his clear-sighted judgment that gave the management of our famous War School to Colonel F. Foch, a pupil of the Jesuits, and brother of Father Foch, S.J.

The mobilization of France inspired him with great words; then the polemist came uppermost.

A powerful figure in the Senatorial Commission of the Army, M. Clemenceau examined, verified, suppressed and organized, projecting into every corner his searching scrutiny. The Senate had both respect and affection for him, for his colleagues were well aware of his sincerity and devotion to the country.

The Chamber of Deputies admired his unconquerable youth, and those parries and thrusts of the practiced duelist. The Parisian, who dearly loved opposition, took a keen delight in his editorials in *L'Homme Libre,* later *L'Homme Enchaîné*—freer than ever.

As President of the Inter-parliamentary Committee, his old friend Stephen Pichon at his side, M. Clemenceau

rallied all the members of the allied Parliament: Lord Bryce, L. Luzzatti, Sir Charles Henry, etc.

When he thanked the British members of Parliament who officially came to place flowers on the Statue of Joan of Arc and on that of the City of Strasbourg, the former Stamford teacher availed himself of the opportunity to praise Lorraine's most noble daughter in an oration whose classicism was pure delight to his hearers.

Young in spite of his years, young with the youth of the America of 1868, the "Tiger" divined that the Allies were about to weaken, that they would lose the war if they did not make a mighty effort. So he donned a trench helmet, armed himself with a stout Vendée stick, and "le Père la Victoire" leaped to the front, where, hidden in a depression of the soil, sometimes at Verdun, sometimes at Ypres or Rheims, he listened less to the hiss of German shells than to the unconstrained conversation of the new saints of France, the poilus. He loved them with a grandfather's affection; he was ready to help them, as he helped, when a young man, his artist and writer friends of New York. And as these obscure heroes had suffered for months and were sometimes discouraged, the Great Old Man had talks with them, and gradually, in the mud of the trenches, through nights of hardship, the young soldiers of France would catch the glimpse of a new star. Confidence returned; Clemenceau had blown the bugle, and all responded to its clarion call. It was the birth of a new "Sacred Union."

M. Clemenceau gave us one more proof of the soundness of his judgment; in 1914 Colonel Foch became one of the victors of Nancy and of the Marne, then of Ypres. Proud of having Pétain at the head of the French armies, M. Clemenceau suggested his friend, General Foch, to the Allies as generalissimo, enabling the latter to make use of the admirable American reserve forces and to gain the most signal victory in History. General Mordacq and M. G. Mendel, his cabinet chief, surround him with almost filial devotion. Since 1918, M. Clémenceau has constantly held the flag of France, while Foch and Pétain have held the sword.

The matter of Franco-American cooperation in connection with war affairs, M. Clemenceau entrusted to his friend and colleague, M. André Tardieu, and it has had

no more enthusiastic worker than the Prime Minister. When the latter saw the superb soldiers of the United States march by, hundreds of thousands strong, he must have felt deep emotion upon reading on their young faces the same loyalty, the same alert intelligence, the same simplicity he had known long years before in the streets of Manhattan, as an exile doctor and teacher.

The last surviving member who signed the republican protest of 1871, the "Tiger," now 76 years old, a Bayard without fear and without reproach, has recently been the recipient of three supreme rewards, and he has given the world an example of the brotherly spirit of forgiveness.

France and her Parliament bestowed upon him the honor of announcing the armistice and liberation of Alsace-Lorraine to the world.

The Allied armies acclaimed him in reconquered Metz, in front of the statue of Marshal Ney, when, after he had given Marshal Pétain the insignia of his rank, in the presence of Joffre, Foch and Pershing, President Poincaré turned to the Premier and gave him the symbolic accolade of France and her army.

Finally, the respect and confidence of the Allied delegates and chiefs of the various nations gave him the chairmanship of the Peace Conference, at which he tries with every fibre of his extraordinary being to protect at the same time the higher interests of humanity and the sacred cause of his martyred country.

As all the world knows, a dastardly attempt was recently made on the life of this pioneer of democracy. With utter unselfishness, with the kindly wisdom of a very old man who has seen much, and in recognition of the deeper bond linking all humanity, M. Clemenceau has requested the President of the Republic to save the would-be assassin, Cottin, from the guillotine, and not to break the hearts of the unfortunate parents.

We are all of us proud, we Frenchmen of France and of Alsace-Lorraine, to have at the head of our Delegation Dr. Georges Clemenceau, one-time citizen of New York.

FOREIGN MINISTER STEPHEN PICHON

IT was in 1918 that Georges Clemenceau again chose as his immediate helper his faithful friend, M. Stephen Pichon, Senator from Jura, whose intelligence, judgment and experience he had already had occasion to appreciate during certain critical hours of the past. Side by side, united by their ardent love for France and devotion to the Republic, by years of work in the journalistic field and in the Senate, the two veterans organized the Victory Cabinet—not the least of their many achievements.

After receiving a thorough education at Besancon, M. Stephen Pichon was attracted by the intensive culture of Paris. There he learned something of the struggle for life, but he very soon found himself in the Republican circles which were later to bring him to the highest offices of the State.

The restless life of Paris, the contact with Republican committees, gave the budding journalist a large field for action, in which he could experiment with his vigorous pen, always tipped with reason.

Between 1890 and 1904, M. Stephen Pichon rapidly acquired the reputation of being a remarkable newspaper man, with a peculiar gift for foreign politics; he also proved of immense value to his country as Governor of Tunisia, and then as Minister to China, during the Boxer uprising.

A real orator, a diplomat by profession, he was certain of considerable success in politics, and as soon as he entered Parliament he enjoyed the absolute confidence of his colleagues of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Under President Loubet and Fallières, with M. Clemenceau and Th. Delcassé, first as Minister of Foreign Affairs, then as an independent orator and journalist, M. Stephen Pichon devoted his untiring energy to restoring France's prestige abroad and to consolidating her alliances and ententes. He was one of the rare statesmen who, as early as 1900, understood that for France, isolated as she is in the West, it was an imperious necessity to strengthen the bond of the "Entente Cordiale," to renew with Italy the former fraternal conferences, and to neglect nothing that would tend to make our country loved and respected throughout the world.

No one more than M. Pichon encouraged the efforts and valuable initiative of the France-Amérique Committee and of M. Gabriel Hanotaux, Minister and Academician, who, as early as 1906, smoothed the way for the great alliance with the United States and for our cordial relations with South America. It was natural enough, therefore, that when war broke out, the Senator for Jura should immediately become one of the most eminent leaders of the Senate Commission on Foreign affairs, whose intensive labors, added to those of the sister Commission of the Chamber of Deputies, were to bear such good fruit.

In conjunction with three other great journalists, M.M. Georges Clemenceau, André Tardieu and Henry Franklin Bouillon, M. Pichon organized the Inter-parliamentary Committee which, in 1915 and 1916, was to establish close friendly and business relations between the French, British, Italian, Serbian and Belgian parliaments. More intimate union between the various parliaments was the starting-point of greater cooperation between the Allied armies, navies and industries.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Clemenceau Cabinet is the second delegate of France at the Peace Conference. He is above all the representative of the diplomacy and people of France, and we are too well acquainted with the political career and sincere democratic aspirations of M. Stephen Pichon not to be convinced that he has never ceased to give the other Allied delegates the benefit of his invaluable common sense, and an experience and wisdom worthy of his great country.

MARCEL KNECHT.

OUR WELCOME TO THE SOLDIER

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

With welcoming Sun and Sky and the thrill and murmur of Pageantry in the expectant air, that long heralded day had dawned at last for the Metropolis of our land. Along the commanding Avenue, decked out in festival attire of flag and banner, streamer and emblem, through the Victory Arch proclaiming in its every part the creative genius of Architect and Sculptor, between a multitude such as no man might number, and to accompaniment of martial and joyous strains, of acclaiming plaudit and emotional tear, and yet alas behind the processional gun-caisson with solemn trappings and memorial laurel wreath, and the eloquent Service Flag with its many Golden Stars, symbolic both of a supreme sacrifice—the returning Soldier of the Republic marched on with rhythmic tread and face aglow with glad consciousness of a beloved City's pride and exultation in his faith, his valor and his fame.

In vain might Memory search her fairest tablets for such a tribute and a like home-coming.

In turn will each city and hamlet of the country, with appropriate fervor and ceremony, open arms and heart to its own Hero-Boys.

Shall this, however, be all there is to be told of the story as to the home-coming of the Soldier, and is his old life to be resumed as it was before? Are we content to see him take off with the khaki that something of the spirit, which we had persuaded ourselves and him he had put on with that khaki, never to take off again? Is our proffered handshake on that day to be the last? Is our applause of his deeds to be succeeded by no abiding interest in his future welfare? Are we only in charity or from motives of decency or prudence to give an artificial eye to make more presentable the disfigured face, or for his livelihood the artificial leg or arm in the place of that which was shot away, and give him next to nothing of ourselves in substitution for the comradeship that was his whilst under arms? Are we to leave solely to National and State Legislation and to Community Councils the bettering of his industrial condition and ignore all thought of his intellectual training which

would fit him not alone for a more comfortable but for a wiser, more influential and profitable life than ever before? Are we to fail to realize that at last we have a vast disciplined unit, ready under right guidance to serve the Republic in peace against the enemies of law and order as effectually as against the brutal forces of Junkerdom on the field of battle, and to make its contribution of reasonableness to the readjustment and compromise we know to be before us, as the old order is yielding to the new? Is our attitude toward the Soldier, of whom we have asked and received so much, to be but one more illustration of Henry Adams' cynicism, that America has always taken tragedy lightly?

Let every right-minded citizen with much searching of his conscience, or fears if need be, ponder well the possible sequel. For the tasks and problems which confront our Country will not be changed materially, even if the counsels of perfection prevail at the Paris Peace Conference; where, however, Contention and Procrastination seem to occupy not inconspicuous seats. And when we shall have ministered to the maimed, the halt and the blind and provided jobs for the jobless, have seen the benefit to them of such legislation as the Vocational Rehabilitation Act of Congress and have sought to relieve the misery of our crippled world whose tears are not yet dry, we shall scarcely have entered upon the discharge of our duty to the Soldier or through him to the State and to ourselves.

We have heretofore known altogether too little of the fine quality of our youth, even in communities where we reside. Again and again, as Chairman of a Board of Instruction in Nassau County of New York, I saw manifest a new spirit among them, though space suffices to recount but one or two of the quickening experiences which were of almost daily occurrence.

It so happened that a justifiable claim for exemption was made by the relative of a boy whose two brothers had gone to the War. As discussion of the matter proceeded, it transpired that the Boy, who was disposed not to go, had once been in the Elmira Reformatory. He was told how commitment to a reformatory as against confinement in prison suggested a view on the part of the Judge that there was something in the offender which entitled him to his *locus*

poenitentiae; that if he stayed at home he would always carry about with him the stain of his misdoing, but that it might be washed out forever by service to his Country. Without a moment's pause he put behind him his right of exemption, as with a new light on his countenance he declared "I'm going"; and he went.

A contingent of these Boys, as they were starting for Camp, were told of the momentous errand on which they were bound, and how—if they came back with a new conception of the dictates of citizenship—they might make a lasting contribution to the future well-being of themselves, their families, the community and the State. One of them—deputized to speak for all—said with very apparent emotion at the end of the address, "We want you to be sure that we have resolved to come back better men."

Another made a false answer in his Questionnaire so as to entitle himself to exemption. It was handed to the Chairman of the Local Board of Selection, who declined to receive it officially; and when a new Questionnaire was filled out, it contained only the facts, and the Boy thereupon went to Camp and subsequently to France. Again and again on the field of battle he was promoted for valor; and as a Commissioned Officer he wrote back to the Chairman letters filled throughout with such lofty spirit as in Barrés' *Faith of France* or in Lausanne's *Fighting France* we find to be a possession of the soldier of the French Republic.

Said this Boy:

> This experience over here has given me an entirely new outlook on life—a better, cleaner and purer one, I am sure. It must come to every man who is constantly facing sudden death. It makes one think seriously and solemnly where he has never thought before. I feel an entirely changed man—and for the better too! If God brings me out safely through this struggle I shall surely make much of my life where I couldn't have done so without this tremendous experience.
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> * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> I am about to advance even once more into a position of awful combat where we meet the enemy—man to man—and to a finish. I wish you would remember me kindly in your prayers and think of me as glad to be here.
>
> * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> I feel that in this army life of one year I have made my largest success—rising, alone, on merit only—from private to commissioned officer. I want my record to be clean and straight, either to bring it home as such—or to hand it down to my wife and child (if I be so blessed) in case fate decrees that my body remain here.

These Boys are types of hosts of others throughout our land, with their manhood tempered and refined now by the fires of devotion and sacrifice. Nor are we, except at our peril, merely to permit them—with this new faith in themselves and this new light in their eyes which reflects the visions they have seen—to go back to their old surroundings, to show their scars and tell over and over again the story of their deeds until they and their hearers weary of the recital; to take up again the unrelieved burdens of their former existence, and not teach them how they may better their own condition in life and yet make war now against evil declarations, evil tendencies, and evil practices of misguided classes, and against selfish aims and unwisdom in high or low places. For coming back disciplined physically and spiritually, but without much added intellectual training, they may learn through us, if we will, that to attain to true understanding, they must become able to bear witness of the faith we know is in them; and that so long as they are mute and have only within themselves the unuttered promptings of a finer nature, just so long will they not see opened wide the door of opportunity for them to pass through.

It is appropriate, and perhaps essential, that the movement to stimulate and direct this new energy, if it is to be nation-wide, should be initiated by members of the thousands of Local Boards and Boards of Instruction throughout the country. For they were not alone representative men in their respective communities but have been in close and sympathetic touch with the Soldier; and between the two is a very real tie of comradeship and devotion and affection. Until the new Club House is forthcoming, they can improvise for the place of assembly with the Soldier—with his family and with others of the community as well—the Public Hall or Library or Parish House of the neighborhood. They can take it upon themselves to arrange for the meetings and select the speakers; they can speak there themselves, and can invite and promote discussion. Preliminary debating classes might well be instituted where would be taught also the well-nigh lost art of reading aloud. Not alone controversial, but educational topics should be the subject for discussion. What is being done can be communicated to Churches, Colleges, Bar Associations and other agencies for their adoption or guid-

ance. Out of each successful effort can proceed an example to stimulate rivalry elsewhere; and the project should be so wisely ordered and fostered that no community would care to be without the benefit or honor of such an organization. There must, however, be no approach to a patronizing condescension or even forbidding pedagogy about the plan. The places of assembly must ostensibly and in reality have an immediate relation to wholesome entertainment and diversion. A responsive, fraternal spirit of fellowship must pervade the gatherings and the instruction and training, which is to fit the Soldier for a new preparedness in the world, be a by-product of them.

Generous co-operation with the movement, if well inaugurated, is all but certain.

The Press can be stirred to high endeavor by a feasible and an appealing plan of procedure. In another place, even when making it clear that at times the Press is responsible for the injustice of harsh and indiscreet rebuke of worthy men, I said:

> It is in the best sense independent; it has a stanch courage and is entitled to the outpost of responsibility it occupies, as the incorruptible sentinel to warn us of threatening peril; it takes vice by the throat with a rough hand and gives no quarter to wrongdoing; it is intolerant of sham, and does yeoman's service in exposing hypocrisy in the stocks to the contemptuous gaze; it is subservient to no interest and wears the yoke of no master; it seeks to hold open the door of industrial opportunity through which the deserving may pass. And more important than all, it is doing as much as is the pulpit to lift men up above the sordid things of life so that, on the extended horizon, there may be seen the vision, without which, in the language of the proverb of Scripture, the people perish.

Nor has time caused me to change this judgment; and the Press can be trusted to give its invaluable aid of currency to the idea if we, having furnished the text, shall exemplify its application.

The Church, too, can make its effective contribution, if under a courageous impulse it resolve that its teachings shall square with the facts of life and even of Scripture; and, if turning its back upon a discredited orthodoxy, it face the light with the enduring truth for its creed and faith. Allied to this cause, the Church may win back the regard of intellectual men and restore to itself some part of the leadership it has so ignobly abdicated. In the Chapel and Parish

House the Church has much of the machinery at hand to further the movement. How much wiser this course will be for the Church, than for it to persist in announced sympathy with so many new-fangled Socialistic notions, until the practice seems to the thoughtful observer to be some kind of ecclesiastical disease! Civic bodies, Chambers of Commerce, philanthropic organizations and Foundations may see here an inviting prospect for some part of their activities.

Nor can our Universities afford to sit with folded hands —never idle when the world was under arms—as the priceless opportunity of striving with and through the soldier for a better citizenship presents itself. Never can we fitly repay in lasting gratitude the vast debt we owe to our institutions of learning for their unselfish and tireless co-operation with the Government through those anxious days of peril. The Academy became the training camp, and out of cloistered precincts went forth to battle and victory and death a long procession of adventurous youth that our land might be saved and civilization not perish. It must not be found wanting now. What an accompanying benefit, too, it would be for the students—many of whom were beloved officers of these Boys and shared with them the same privations and faced the same death—to participate intimately and frequently in discussion at these gatherings. For it is a kind of indictment of those institutions that the undergraduate is often so poorly fitted for discourse, debate or argument and knows next to nothing of the inestimable value of writing and speaking with precision and power. With meagre, starved vocabulary, and rambling thought—manifesting itself in a scandalous admixture of jargon and slang—he, as a rule, cuts but a sorry figure in even colloquial consideration of vital topics of the day. The advantage to him would exceed in value that of the much vaunted Chair of English; and many a class-room would be better employed than today, if within its walls soldier and student were working together to the end that articulate right and reason might prevail.

To whom, also, in this matter may we look more surely for leadership than to the lawyer, with his intellectual equipment and splendid traditions and who is already organized for the work through many Bar Associations. *Noblesse oblige* is not a sentiment to be appropriated by the

aristocracy of worldly place or power, but is equally obligatory upon the aristocracy of intelligence. The statistics as to the lawyer-class in the winning of the war are very heartening. It is difficult to believe that the intricate machinery of the Selective Service Law could have been set in motion or continued, without aid of the Lawyer's ability and experience. Fifteen hundred Lawyers were members of Local Boards; approximately eleven thousand were permanent members of Legal Advisory Boards; more than one hundred thousand were Associate Members of them, and nearly five thousand served as Government Appeal Agents; thirty per cent. of lawyers between the ages of twenty one and thirty-one were inducted into the army. And it was a Lawyer who led the Lost Battalion!

Then, too, who shall be so foolish as to think he can visualize the multitude of that vast army of noble women enlisting again in this new, sacred cause; and who shall be so deaf as not to hear for himself the Call of the Colors?

We do not have to indulge in much conjecture concerning the urgent need to-day of such a disciplined unit as is represented by the home-coming Soldier. Let us in this even go so far as to feature to ourselves our personal interests, if nothing else will stir us to action. For it is only the professional altruist who mouths his protest against self-preservation, while the candid Statute makes attempt or connivance at suicide a crime. Round about us are not only professional altruists and advocates of visionary aims but apostles of revolutionary creeds and practices, and they have the stage very largely to themselves. Any longer to make light of the insidious spread of baneful doctrines of Bolshevism, of the I. W. W., and of all other conspiracies that want something for nothing and are not concerned about means to the end, is criminal optimism. Truculent labor struts and stalks abroad with vicious, weaponed threats; and that it was not drafted into service but paid with a lavish wage has not added to its gratitude or its loyalty. Yet the wise know that often the antidote to even such poison is not force but convincing reason, though the sword of defence must never be so eaten away with the rust of neglect, that it cannot be drawn against uncompromising violence.

If we walk into one of the present-day forums which are being spawned about us, under conditions of tolerance if not approbation from those who are ill-advised

in their outlook upon industry, upon capital and labor and upon life, we shall marvel at illustrations of the cunning and artifice whereby many of the men and women of the audience are skilled to present their reprehensible views. The young men of the office, even though they be college graduates, are often no match for these glib rhetoricians. In such forums or assemblies, however they be catalogued, we hear, as a rule, a preliminary lecture or address, and afterwards the colloquy, when permission is granted to catechise the speaker. Then follow impromptu speeches from members of the audience; and in many instances one will see the speaker, before the close of the exercises, discredited by insolence, and with no disciplined mind there sufficiently qualified or courageous to defend his wise utterances. Yet at times the speaker himself is the chief offender in blatant advocacy of unrest and even lawlessness. Not only from the street corner soap-box but from many a pulpit and legislative hall a like demagogy is declaiming.

We need entertain no doubt that the Soldier will be able to stand before all such audiences and before all men, if equipped with instruction and requisite experience. Over and over again, we have seen on the platform during the war Selected Men acquit themselves acceptably in formal and informal speech without much, if any, adequate preparation. They soon came to realize that if not well trained they would be ill-fitted for the trade of war. Thereupon, almost in a night, they became disciplined soldiers; and now it is possible to persuade them that they can be educated for as profitable a service. We shall err if we hold the view that we do not need such an asset as the returning Soldier, thus enabled to express his convictions as occasion offers itself. For often the man of distinction in the professions or in the world of affairs rests under disadvantages in the public presentation of even right views. Before many an audience he may not be the most persuasive exponent of the truth, which at times finds acceptation according to the source from which it proceeds. He may not be qualified by tact or temperament for the give-and-take of rough debate, in which reputation is frequently treated with scant courtesy.

But for the Soldier—who, like the English at Agincourt, showed at Cantigny the mettle of his pasture; who did not loiter long in the valley of the Vesle when there was the

commanding Rheims-Soissons highroad to be won; who tore his way through the impenetrable jungle of the Argonne Forest only to sweep with a rush that would not be denied into St. Juvin, and to storm the height beyond under a withering and destroying fire; who was of the Lost Battalion; who was stayed not by the mud of the Meuse; who was the heroic soul at St. Mihiel; who transfused into the jaded armies of the Allies a new and quickening spirit; who kept always that bent line in France from being broken and had no concern as to any enemy line except to reach and overwhelm it; and who, having turned back the battle when within the gates of civilization, was ever after on the heels of the fleeing braggarts—for such a man the flippant and the lawless will betray a prudential respect, and will accord to him a seemly if not generous hearing.

Never in our history has there been a more auspicious time for a saving awakening among us as a People. For with the gates of our foolish and undiscriminating hospitality shut and barred at last against illiterate and seditious immigration, the State has the security and composure wherewith to set in order its household, to which so many of the undeserving and the wicked are asserting a kind of exclusive proprietorship. And shall we not, when the hour has thus come, realize that in the Soldier the man too has come?

If courageous, disciplined men, such as fit representations of these million of Soldiers may become, had been able to express themselves effectively as advocates of the cause of reason, we cannot seriously believe that the Prohibition Amendment could have been forced into adoption by the lash of fanaticism, or that there would be in Statute and Court decision so many instances of the invasion of rights of property or even rules of conduct as the well-informed are conversant with. So long in this country have we been indifferent to a rightly ordered public opinion, that we have ceased to be startled at the threatening consequences of our slothfulness. The Press, our Legislatures and even our Courts have often been injuriously affected by it. Not merely astigmatism but at times almost blindness can be charged against us in our outlook upon social and national life. Under the persistent pressure of spurious but unrebuked public opinion sovereign States have in more than one aspect the appearance of subjugated boroughs, and

some of our vested rights seemed to be enjoyed only on sufferance. We have much to answer for in our *laissez faire* stupor, as to many a vital public controversy in which judgment has been taken against us by default. Or, to change the figure of speech, the prognosis of more than one kind of Sleeping Sickness is death.

We ought to realize that steadily appreciable limitations have been set to the right to gather and possess property; and one may not fairly say that all of these limitations find their warrant in good reason. Even as to our organic law it may be claimed that public opinion has affected conclusions to which the Supreme Court of the United States has come. Clearly it has influenced interpretations, found to be erroneous, of laws passed agreeably to the Constitution and has brought about a reformation of those interpretations; and we do not have to search far to find the illustration. Popular prejudice, often but a symptom of disordered public opinion, some years ago, ran high against large aggregations of corporate capital and coerced from Congress the Sherman Anti-Trust law, which was loosely drawn as no criminal statute ever should be. Pursuant to original decisions it was held by a majority of but one of the judges that any restraint of trade irrespective of its extent or character was an offense under the Statute. Serious consequences flower therefrom, and in conformity to an aroused public opinion, the Rule of Reason was substituted as the test of the violation; and even such a rule lends itself to a varying—though a lawyer would not wish to say a capricious—construction. Little wonder that a Justice of the Court should say its judgments at times, do not reflect so much convictions as they do reconciliations of opinion, or that so distinguished a lawyer as ex-Senator George Sutherland has recently stated in his illuminating lectures on *Constitutional Power and World Affairs*: "I have no doubt that a much larger proportion of the decisions of Courts are wrong than is generally suspected." Nor can our Supreme Court or some other Courts of last resort be said to be given over to idolatry of the time-honored principle of *Stare Decisis*.

Again, not long ago the Supreme Court decided by a unanimous Bench that there is little or no limit to the right of a Legislature through the so-called Police Power to en-

act into a Statute prevailing public opinion. There was a time when this Power could be invoked only for matters having to do with Public Health, Safety and Welfare in the popular sense. Thereafter, however, such Welfare came judicially to mean a kind of general " prosperity and progress " wholly disassociated from all question of Health or Safety. And in a case which was received with altogether too little general appreciation of its effect, whether or no we be in accord with it, the Court announced a view which was in some respects startling, and not couched in phraseology we are accustomed to look for in judicial utterances:

> It may be said in a general way that the police power extends to all the great public needs. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage, or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare. * * * If then the legislature of the State thinks that the public welfare requires the measure under consideration, analogy and principle are in favor of the power to enact it.

Recognizing that the authority thus conferred upon—perhaps it is not unjustifiable to say the invitation thus extended to—a State has never been the subject of definition and therefore of limitation; that the conclusion was come to by a unanimous Court and that it has never been qualified or questioned but, on the contrary, has been reinforced in later decisions which declare that the right must be sustained unless exercised in a manner " purely arbitrary," can we longer doubt the supreme importance to our future of creating among us a salutary public opinion?

This too should be added. If there be the suggested criminal neglect on our part to stand steadfastly by the returning Soldier in ministry to his needs and hopes, the alternative may not necessarily be that he will merely consent to go back to his old life with a cherished grievance; for he may then seek elsewhere for the comradeship he has lost, and not regained through us. He may not even have to do the seeking; he may be sought for. What more likely than that the crafty politician and the other enemies of the Republic will thereupon, with specious and perhaps justifiable harangue, invite him to make common cause with them? Can we not hear them declaim that the favored few with but unctuous phrase and plea urged upon the Soldier the privilege of serving his Country in the hour of her need, and

that the kinship we asserted to exist between us and him has been shamelessly disavowed in the hour of our safety? The Soldier would then hear only one appeal; would see no other prospect of stimulating, sympathetic comradeship, and but one path for his further journey pointed out to him as he arrives at the crossroads. Who of us would care to be so insane as to contemplate without ominous misgivings the dread consequences of such an alliance? For if through a misguided or even uninstructed public opinion we have seen accomplished the difficult feat of limiting the constitutional right to gather and enjoy property, what may we not reasonably look for through a like influence, as to a curtailment or even extinction of those rights which are purely statutory, such as the right to transmit property by last will and testament?

Yet we should be prompted to wisdom not by such solicitude, but out of an abounding gratitude unwilling to forget the wondrous ways, whereby we have been saved from so much of war's blood and horror. For however greatly to-day we glory in the doubt of our religious estate, we must nevertheless see with the eye of a sure faith how the issue of this criminal lust and quest for world dominion seems again and again to have proceeded from a hidden instrumentality and interposition we may not now interpret. We know of the "Miracle of the Marne"; of the surmised second and third trenches at the first Battle of Ypres where were no men but where theEnglish soldier believed the Christ to be; when in matter of numbers a really "contemptible" army held back a remorseless but uninformed horde in the drive upon the Channel Ports; of the marvelous rout at Chateau Thierry of an army flushed with victory and making ready for its leisurely advance to the subjugation of Paris and of the world. Shall we in the arrogance of disbelief assert that nothing was there present during those cruel hours beyond what we may calculate and measure and weigh; and do not the least imaginative hear about us strange voices vibrant with deity and prophetic of a new earth? And if without intellectual humiliation we may entertain these thoughts, shall we not seem, across the centuries, to hear—from the lips of him who is the chief glory of our English speaking world—this admonition as to the prodigal gift of ourselves to our neigh-

bor and the State, if we would know the high privilege of responsive citizenship?

> Thyself and thy belongings
> Are not thine own so proper as to waste
> Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
> Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
> But to fine issues.

Let us make effective the new faith of these Soldiers,—and that which is to be in the long procession of youth who, under some form of military training, shall serve themselves and their Country in the approaching years—by making it heard and heeded of all who would threaten the integrity of law and order. For the time may come when this splendid and ever supplemented body of disciplined men, knowing no more fear of evil debate or conduct than of brutal forces on the field of battle, shall, with a consecration vocal of the new spirit that has been born again among us, arise to save the Nation from its own folly.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

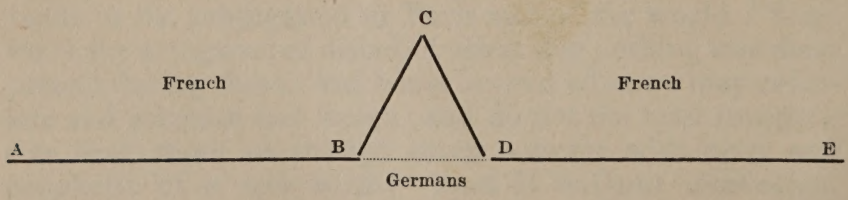
THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT—IV

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY, RETIRED

WE have seen how the Germans by massing overwhelming forces against weak sectors of the Allied front succeeded in forcing it back, in three cases, from ten to thirty-five miles, but in no one were they able to break completely through the line. And the reason for this was, that in each instance, as they moved forward through the enemy's entrenched lines, they created a situation which made their own lines more and more vulnerable and harder and harder to defend. In other words, they created a salient.

A salient is vulnerable; its weak points strategically are along its sides near its base, because an attack in force there, by threatening the communications of the occupying troops, would, if successful, force their retreat.

Then, too, any advantage of a central position—of interior lines—that may be possessed by troops occupying a salient is overbalanced by the advantage which the enemy has of interior lines within the angular fronts on each side of the salient. To illustrate: Let the line ABCDE represent the front between the two opposing armies. Now if,



on account of their central position, the troops occupying the salient BCD have an advantage of interior lines, it must be evident that such advantage is more than counter-

balanced by the advantage of interior lines possessed by the opposing troops occupying the angles or counter-salients ABC and CDE.

But as a matter of fact, where a salient is small, or is well filled with troops, there is no strategical advantage for troops occupying it; on the contrary, there is a great strategical disadvantage; first, because they have a too limited space in which to maneuver; and secondly, because they are subject to a converging fire from the enemy occupying the counter-salients. Troops within a salient are not infrequently so situated that long range guns from one or the other side of it can enfilade or take them in reverse.

Then, too, the numerous roads and railways within a salient, although absolutely necessary for the movement of men and supplies, are strategically a source of weakness to the occupying troops, principally because they can be fired upon from many angles and often be enfiladed throughout long stretches by the guns of the troops occupying the counter-salients or by the guns at the nose of the salient. And the nature of the terrain, and direction and position of the roads within a salient, of course, influence greatly the strategical situation of the occupying troops, but these are special cases which would call for a special analysis.

Then, again, a salient is *per se* not only weak, but it weakens the whole front by greatly lengthening it, making it necessary, of course, to use many more troops to defend it. Thus the sides BC and CD would require more than twice the number of troops to defend them than would the base BD, which was the line of the original front. And, naturally, when these salients are multiplied, the strength of the front becomes much weakened since its length becomes proportionately greatly increased. But, on the other hand, it should be borne in mind that the weakening is not confined to one side, since the front of the opposing army is correspondingly lengthened and likewise weakened.

Having pointed out the weakness of a salient to the side occupying it, attention is invited to the fact that, after the great German attack of March 21, 1918, upon Amiens had been checked, and prior to the German attack south of Ypres on April 9, 1918, there was offered a splendid opportunity for striking a telling blow at the base of the Amiens salient. Such a blow, could it have been made in sufficient force, would have threatened the communications of the

troops occupying it, and compelled them either to retire or to fight desperately to prevent the Allies from breaking through the salient at its base. And, in either case, the result would, no doubt, have put a stop to the attack south of Ypres, as well as to any further offensive by the Germans upon either side of the angular front.

But the failure of General Foch to take advantage of this opportunity to attack at the time, was no indication that he did not fully appreciate the vulnerability of the Amiens salient to an Allied attack. On the contrary, his subsequent masterly operations, beginning with his great counter-offensive against the Chateau Thierry salient on July 18, 1918, and continuing until every German salient, including that of St. Mihiel, had been ironed out and the Germans driven back to the Hindenburg line and even beyond, were indisputable proofs that he appreciated fully the weak points of the salients and knew where and how to attack them.

Up to and including the beginning of the great attack by the Germans in March, 1918, there was no supreme commander of the Allied armies. Each army was acting more or less independently; and as there was little or no co-ordination of their movements, serious consequences threatened. Especially was this true in the great German offensive in March. Then and there was seen the absolute necessity of a commander-in-chief of the Allied armies; as a result, on March 28, just one week after the beginning of this great offensive, General Ferdinand Foch, of the French Army, was appointed Commander-in-Chief.

But, prior to this time, there had been much opposition to such an appointment. As early as 1915, Lord Kitchener had suggested Allied co-ordination, but nothing was done in the matter. In July, 1917, at a conference of the chiefs of the Allied staffs of Great Britain, France, and Italy, a resolution was passed urging the necessity of unity of action, if success was to be achieved; but no commander in chief was appointed. Then in November, 1917, at a conference of the Premiers of Great Britain, France, and Italy and the chiefs of staff of the Allied armies, held at Rapallo, near Genoa, Italy, the appointment of a generalissimo, who should control all the Allied armies, was proposed; but Lloyd George, the British Premier, stated that he was utterly opposed to this plan. Accordingly, and

as a sort of compromise, an Inter-Allied strategic board, to be known as the Supreme War Council, was created. It was to consist of the Prime Minister and a member of the government of each of the great Powers whose armies were fighting on the Western fronts. Its first act was the creation of an Inter-Allied General Staff, consisting of General Foch of the French army, Wilson of the British army, and Cadorna of the Italian army.

There was strong opposition in Great Britain and in the British army to the creation of this Supreme War Council, principally on the ground that the proposals therein for obtaining unity of action would not only subordinate the military chiefs to political control, but were bound to be unworkable and militarily ineffective; and in the House of Commons on November 14, 1917, Lloyd George made this statement:

> The Council will have no executive power, and final decision in the matter of strategy and the distribution and movements of the various armies in the field will rest with the several governments of the Allies. There will therefore be no operations department.

On November 18, 1917, President Wilson made public a cablegram to Colonel Edward M. House, in which he stated emphatically that the United States Government considers "unity of plan and control between the Allies and the United States essential," and asked him, with General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. Army, as military adviser, to attend the first meeting of the Council at Versailles, France, on December 1, 1917. This action of the President was understood as removing any doubts as to this Government's attitude towards the Supreme War Council. Indeed, it was practically equivalent to giving it its unqualified endorsement.

On December 6, 1917, General Foch was relieved as French representative on the Inter-Allied General Staff of the Supreme War Council to become the military adviser of the French Premier, Clemenceau, and General Weygand was appointed in his place.

The third session of the Supreme War Council was held January 30 to February 2, 1918, at Versailles. From the official statement of the proceedings issued February 3, it appears that the decisions taken by the Council at this meeting "embrace not only a general military policy to be carried out by the Allies in all the principal theatres of

war; but more particularly a closer and more effective co-ordination, under the Council, of all the efforts of the Powers engaged in the struggle against the Central Powers."

In the House of Commons on February 5, Andrew Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to an inquiry, announced that no generalissimo had been appointed by the Council at this meeting; and on the same day it was announced from Washington that "for the present no assent to any policy or declaration involving considerations other than those purely military will be given by any American representative sitting with the Council until it has first been submitted to this Government and received its approval."

Thus it is seen that notwithstanding the statement of the British Premier, the Supreme War Council at this meeting proceeded to formulate the military policy which was to be carried out and that it was anxious for a clearer and more effective co-ordination, not through the appointment of a generalissimo, but "under the Council itself"; and that the United States Government by implication gave its consent to any policy or declaration of the Council involving purely military considerations; but withheld its assent as to other considerations until they had been submitted to and approved by it.

But the important point of the whole matter is that no generalissimo, no commander-in-chief, was appointed; and that the supreme control of the Allied armies continued to remain in the hands of this Council and would probably have so remained indefinitely had not the great attack of the Germans in March made absolutely necessary the immediate appointment of a commander-in-chief.

Major General Sir Frederick B. Maurice, of the British Army, says that at this session this Council "vested the supreme control of the Allied forces on the Western front in an executive board composed of the representatives of the American, French, Italian, and British armies under the presidency of General Foch"; and that "this was in effect putting the higher command of the Allied operations in the hands of a committee." [1]

But whether the higher command was to remain in the hands of the Supreme War Council itself or in the hands

[1] Maurice, in *Review of Reviews*, August, 1918, p. 158.

of the executive board appointed by it, matters not; for in either case failure was bound to result. History proves this; invariably when the supreme control of armies has been vested in a council, or committee, failure has resulted, and always will so result; for a decision by a council, or committee, means delay, discussion, compromise; and these are fatal in war. It must be evident that no party to a compromised decision could, if called upon to execute it, have full confidence in the result, since he would be bound to feel that his own proposal would be much better. In war there must be promptness of decision, singleness of purpose, boldness of action, confidence in one's own plan; to delay, to discuss, to compromise is to court defeat.

It was fortunate for the Allies that they were wise enough to appoint General Foch Commander-in-Chief at the time they did, and not to leave the conduct of the campaign to this Supreme War Council. And it was unfortunate that they had not been wise enough to appoint him commander-in-chief when the question of unity of command was first raised; or, at least, to have appointed him before March 21, 1918, and by so doing have given him a chance to formulate his plans and make ready to meet that great attack. "To the Aulic Council," said Jomini in 1804, "Austria owes all her reverses since the time of Prince Eugene of Savoy."

In this connection, Napoleon's views upon the supreme importance of unity of command may not be out of place. In one of his maxims he has said: "Nothing is so important in war as an undivided command." And in his first Italian campaign, when the Directory, which was jealous of his brilliant success in Italy, proposed to put a check on his career by sending General Kellerman to share with him the command of his victorious army, he submitted his resignation and wrote the Directory:

> It is the highest degree impolitic to divide the Army of Italy; and it is equally contrary to the interests of the Republic to put over it two generals. * * * If you weaken your means by dividing your forces; if you break in Italy the unity of military thought, I tell you with sorrow, you will lose the finest opportunity that ever occurred of imposing laws on Italy. * * * Every one has his method of carrying on war. Kellerman has had more experience and may do it better than I. Together we should do nothing but harm. Your decision in this matter is of more importance than the fifteen thousand men the Emperor of Austria has sent to Beaulieu.

And to Carnot he wrote:

To associate Kellerman with me is to desire to lose all. I can not serve willingly with a man who believes himself to be the best tactician of Europe; moreover, I believe one bad general to be preferable to two good ones. War is like government—a thing of tact.

Thus we see that Napoleon looked upon unity of command as the supreme essential in winning a war; that he regarded it of more importance than the reinforcements sent his adversary; and that so strong was his belief on this point that he even declared that one bad general in command of an army was better than two good ones.

In no campaign in history has unity of command played a more important part than in this great world war. The operations of the Central Powers were directed by Germany. The Supreme authority was the commander-in-chief of the German armies, who was advised and assisted by the German General Staff and his immediate staff officers. The Austrian, Turkish, and Bulgarian armies all obeyed this supreme authority. In consequence, there was among the Central Powers unity of command, resulting in unity of thought, unity of purpose, and unity of action. The effect was that whenever a plan of operations was decided upon, all the resources and available military strength of the Central Powers were brought to bear to make it a success. To this unity of command, was largely due the fact that Germany won such great victories in Russia, Italy and the Balkans and, despite her stupendous strategical blunders, came near, on at least three occasions, to winning the war on the Western front.

But on the side of the Allies there was for nearly four years neither a commander-in-chief nor any unity of action. Each of the Allied armies acted to a great extent independently of the others. There was little co-ordination between them, and such as there was, came about through mutual consent and not because it was in any way obligatory upon them. The result was that for four years the Allies were compelled to fight almost entirely on the defensive, and at the Marne, at Verdun, and on March 21, 1918, came desperately near to final defeat, although during a good part of that time they had a numerical superiority in fighting forces.

Of course the successes of the Central Powers cannot be attributed entirely to unity of command nor the reverses

of the Allies entirely to a lack of it, but unquestionably it had much to do in determining these results; so much, indeed, that it is doubtful whether the war could ever have been won by the Allies without the appointment of a commander-in-chief of the Allied armies.

One of the remarkable facts connected with this war is that it should have continued nearly four years without a commander-in-chief of the Allied armies; and that in less than eight months after his appointment, it should have been brought to a close. And still more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that the Allies should have permitted the war to continue for almost four years without making any serious attempt to appoint a commander-in-chief. The appointment, it is true, was considered and discussed by those in authority, but when they came to act, the nearest approach to it—until it was, so to speak, actually forced upon them by the great German drive of March 21—was to appoint a Supreme War Council.

But it does not necessarily follow that, had a commander-in-chief been earlier appointed, the war would have been sooner ended; for that would have depended upon the commander-in-chief selected. It is war that develops the genius of command and of generalship; and the selection of an Allied commander at the beginning of the war would have been no easy task. And yet, General Foch's brilliant operations in the first battle of the Marne clearly indicated that he would have been a most suitable man for the place.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PICTURES OF JESUS IN THE LOUVRE*

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I write of the small infants in the Louvre
To which the hands that drew them gave the name
Of Jesus; I will set them side by side;
And he that lists may call the matter vain,
And he that wills may ponder; earth is large.

There are strange infants on these storied walls:
Verrochio's with the spirit sunk in earth,
Credi's with hard, impermeable eyes,
Carrucci's with the brutish, idiot stare,
A Lippi with an old and wizened look,
And that grained lump of Umbria's sullen clay
That Perugino placed in Mary's arms;
Giorgione's is a tawny Bacchanal,
Emergent from the lethargy of wine,
And Titian's babe is sure (amid all doubts)
That milk and sleep are sanative for boys,
With casual looks that roam—adventurers—
In that uncharted sea, a mother's face.

There's Veronese's brown and mottled boy
With the quick, lancet look in the fixed eyes,
And Cimabue's sturdy iittle man,
Firm-faced, strong-wristed, steady as the square,
And upright as the compass, he shall wield;
And Francia's with the patriarchal head
That centuries might have tonsured, and the eyes
That look out meekly on the mazeful world
In their strange innocence of yesterdays;

* NOTE.—Where the same painter is mentioned more than once in this poem, the references are to separate paintings of divergent types.—Author.

And Perugino has a courtly babe
The face bland, and the light wrist backward flung
In delicate refusal modishly—
Only the eyes, the eyes with lake-like calm,
Reclaim the wavering godhead; plump and round,
A babe of Botticelli's, on his back,
Two cynic eyebrows indolently curves
At this unprobed and questionable world;
And Spagna's is a midge-philosopher,
Naked and prone, his finger on his lip,
The rounded legs crossed meditatively
While he the faces o'er his head surveys
With tentative, agnostic tolerance

Note Raphael in that small bright innocent group,
Where slumbers the child Jesus tranquilly;
The sleep hangs like a down or clinging fleece
On the mild limbs and makes them lovable
(Sleep for the godhead! Can the godhead need
That harbor from the turbulence of man?)
Murillo has a child with vermeil lips
And a strayed, drooping lock, and in the eyes
Such dewy, shy, beseeching innocence;
Compact of hope and fear, like some frail flower
Whose hesitant motion bids you vainly guess
If it be dance or tremor; Gozzoli
Has drawn a child of lightness magical,
A bubble seems it by God's breath upblown
In some faint film of flesh; and Raphael,
In that fair picture which the gracious French
Stamp in the bright enamel of their tongue
With the clear signet, " Belle Jardinière,"
Painted a babe whose eyes are upward turned—
Eyes—the whole body changes to an eye,
The limbs dream, and the form is meditant;
Mother above and child beneath repose
Each in the other's look, like sky and sea
At sunset, in forgetfulness of time.

Sarto has limned a visionary child
With a face cuplike, fashioned like a Grail—
Like the Grail's legend mystical yet warm;
He dreams, yet there is wildness on the brow,
As if the wind of God had blown like flame
On some still altar dedicate to peace.
And Raphael, in that picture, fit for kings,
Which the first Francis guerdoned with his name,
Hath drawn a child prayerful as Sarto's own,
But in the veins there runs a lustier life;
Dark, with the dark of grape or the grape's wine,
From plenitude of color, stands the boy;

The eyes gaze in adoring steadfastness;
But through the calmness leaps another mood,
A passionate exultation, a high joy
Like the heart's bound at vision of great seas,
And sting of their salt billows. And the thought
Of Leonardo to like purpose ranged,
When underneath those figures venerant,
Calm Mary, and her kind, plain mother Anne,
He drew a Christ whose eyes had kept the gleam
Reflected from the swords of cherubim
And seraphs helmed; yet chastened and subdued
By ardors from the beatific throne.

To all these Christs or Christs akin to these
Have men brought tears and worship, love and prayer;
And he who lists may call the matter vain,
And he who wills may ponder; earth is wide.

O. W. Firkins.

IS NATURE WITHOUT DESIGN?

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

WHAT unthinking people call design in nature is simply the reflection of our inevitable anthropomorphism. Whatever they can use they think was designed for that purpose,—the air to breathe, the water to drink, the soil to plant. It is as if they thought the notch in the mountains was made for the road to pass over, or the bays and harbor for the use of cities and shipping. But in inorganic nature the foot is made to fit the shoe and not the reverse. We are cast in the mold of the environment. If the black cap of the nuthatch that comes to the maple tree in front of my window and feeds on the suet I place there, was a human thinking-cap, the bird would see design in the regular renewal of that bit of suet; he would say, "Some one or something puts that there for me"; but he helps himself and asks no questions. The mystery does not trouble him. Why should not I, poor mortal, feel the same about these blessings and conveniences around me of which I hourly partake, and that seem so providential? Why do not I, with my thinking-cap, infer that someone or something is thinking about me and my well-being? The mass of mankind does draw this inference, and it is well for them to do so. But the case of the bird is different. The bit of suet that I feed on is not so conspicuously something extra—something added to the tree; it is a part of the tree; it is inseparable from it. I am compelled, as it were, to distil it out of the tree, so that instead of being the act of a special providence, it is the inevitable benefaction of the general providence of nature. What the old maple holds for me is maple sugar, but it was not put there for me; it is there just the same, whether I want it or not; it is a part of the economy of the tree; it is a factor in its own growth; the tree is not thinking of me (pardon the term),

but of itself. Of course this does not make my debt to it, and my grounds for thankfulness, any the less real, but it takes it out of the category of events such as that which brings the suet to the nuthatch. The Natural Providence is not intermittent, it is perennial, but it takes no thought of me or you. It is life that is flexible and adaptive, and not matter and force. "We do not," says Renan, "remark in the universe any sign of deliberate and thoughtful action. We may affirm that no action of this sort has existed for millions of centuries." I think we may affirm more than that—we may affirm that it never existed. Some vestige of the old theology still clung to Renan's mind,—there was a day of creation in which God set the universe going, and then left it to run itself; the same vestige clung to Darwin's mind and led him to say that at the beginning God must have created a few species of animals and vegetables and then left them to develop and populate the world.

Says Renan, "When a chemist arranges an experiment that is to last for years, everything which takes place in his retort is regulated by the laws of absolute unconsciousness; which does not mean that a will has not intervened at the beginning of the experiment, and that it will not intervene at the end." There was no beginning, nor will there be any ending to the experiment of creation; the will is as truly there in the behavior of the molecules at one time as at another. The effect of Renan's priestly training and associations clings to him like a birth-mark.

In discussing these questions our plumb-line does not touch bottom, because there is no bottom. "In the infinite," says Renan with deeper insight, "negations vanish, contradictions are merged," in other words, opposites are true. Where I stand on the surface of the sphere is the centre of the sphere, but that does not prevent the point where you stand being the centre also. Every point is a centre, and the sky is overhead at one place as at another; opposites are true.

The moral and intellectual worlds present the same contradictions or limitations—the same relatively of what we call truth.

Nature's ways, which with me is the same as saying God's ways, are so different from ours; "no deliberate and thoughtful action," as Renan puts it, no economy of time

or material, no short cuts, no cutting out of non-essentials, no definite plan, no specific ends, few straight lines or right angles; her streams loiter and curve, her forces are unbridled; no loss or gain, her accounts always balance, the loss at one point, or with one form, is a gain with some other —all of which is the same as saying that there is nothing artificial in nature. All is natural, all is subject to the hit and miss method. The way Nature trims her trees, plants her forests, sows her gardens, is typical of the whole process of the cosmos. God is no better than man because man is a part of God. From our human point of view he is guilty of our excesses and our short-comings. Time does not count, pain does not count, waste does not count. The wonder is that the forests all get planted by the hit-and-miss method, the pines in their places, the spruces in theirs, the oaks and maples in theirs; and the trees get trimmed in due time, now and then, it is true, by a very wasteful method. A tree doctor could save and prolong the lives of many of them. The small fountains and streams all find their way to larger streams and these to still larger, and these to lakes, or to the sea, and the drainage system of the continents works itself out all right. The decay of the rocks and the formation of the soil comes about in due time, but not in man's time. In all the grand processes and transformations of nature the element of time enters on such a scale as dwarfs all human efforts.

When we say of a thing or an event that it was a chance happening, we do not mean that it was not determined by the laws of matter and force, but we mean it was not the result of the human will, or of anything like it; it was not planned or designed by conscious intelligence. Chance in this sense plays a very large part in nature and in life. Though the result of irrefragable laws, the whole non-living world about us shows no purpose or forethought in our human sense. For instance, we are compelled to regard the main features of the earth as matters of chance, the distribution of land and water, of islands and continents, of rivers, lakes, seas, mountains and plains, valleys and hills, the shapes of the continents; that there is more land in the northern hemisphere than in the southern, more land at the South Pole than at the North, is a matter of chance. The serpentine course of a stream through an alluvial plain, a stream two yards wide, winding and ox-bowing precisely

as does the Mississippi, is a matter of chance. The whole geography of a country, in fact, is purely a matter of chance, and not the result of anything like human forethought. The planets themselves—that Jupiter is large and Mercury small, that Saturn has rings, that Jupiter has seven moons, that the Earth has one, that other planets have none, that some of the planets are in a condition to sustain life as we know it, for example, Venus, Earth, and probably Mars, that some revolve in more elliptical orbits than others, that Mercury and Venus apparently always keep the same side towards the sun—all these things are matters of chance. It is easy to say that God designed it thus and so, as did our fathers, but how are we to think of an omnipotent and omniscient Being as planning such wholesale destruction of his own works as occurs in the cosmic catastrophes that the astronomers now and then witness in the siderial universe, or even as occurs on the Earth, when earthquakes and volcanoes devastate fair lands or engulf the islands of the sea? Why should such a Being design a desert, or invent a tornado, or ordain that some portion of the earth's surface should have almost perpetual rain, and another portion almost perpetual drought? In Hawaii I saw islands that were green and fertile on one end from daily showers, and the other end, ten miles away, a rough barren rock, from the entire absence of showers. Were the trade winds designed to bring the vapors of the sea to the tropic lands?

In following this line of thought we, of course, soon get where no step can be taken. Is the universe itself a chance happening? Such a proposition is unthinkable, because something out of nothing is unthinkable. Our experience in this world develops our conceptions of time and space, and to set bounds to either is an impossible task. We say the cosmos must always have existed, and there we stop.

We are no better off when we turn to the world of living things. Here we see design, particular means adapted to specific ends. Shall we say that a bird or a bee or a flower is a chance happening, as is the rainbow, or the sunset cloud, or a pearl, or a precious stone? Is man himself a chance happening? Here we are stuck and cannot lift our feet. The mystery and the miracle of vitality, as Tyndall called it, is before us. Here is the long hard road of Evolution, the push and the unfolding of life through countless ages, something more than the mechanical and the accidental,

though these have played a part; something less than specific plan and purpose, though we seem to catch dim outlines of these.

Spontaneous variations, original adaptations, a never-failing primal push toward higher and more complex forms—how can we, how shall we, read the riddle of it all? How shall we account for man on purely naturalistic grounds?

The consistent exponent of variation cannot go in partnership with supernaturalism. Grant that the organic split off from the inorganic by insensible degrees, yet we are bound to ask what made it split off at all? and how it was that the first unicellular life contained the promise and the potency of all the life of to-day? Such questions take us into deep waters where our plummet-line finds no bottom. It suits my reason better to say there is no solution, than to accept a solution which itself needs solution, and still leaves us where we began.

The adjustments of non-living bodies to each other seems a simple matter, but in considering the adaptations of living bodies to one another, and to their environment, we are confronted with a much harder problem. Life is an active principle, not in the sense that gravity, or chemical reaction are active principles, but in a quite different sense. Gravity and chemical reactions are always the same, inflexible and uncompromising, but life is ever variable and adaptive; it will take half a loaf if it cannot get a whole one. Gravity answers yea and nay, Life says, "Probably, we will see about it, we will try again tomorrow." The oak leaf will become an oak-ball to accommodate an insect that wants a cradle and a nursery for its young; it will develop one kind of a nursery for one insect and another kind for a different insect.

As far as I have got, or ever hope to get, toward solving the problem of the universe is to see clearly that it is insoluble. One can arrive only at negative conclusions, he comes to see that the problem cannot be dealt with in terms of our human experience and knowledge. But what other terms have we? Our knowledge does not qualify us in any degree to deal with the Infinite. The sphere has no end or handle to take hold of, and the Infinite baffles the mind in the same way. Measured by our human standards, it is a series of contradictions. The method of

Nature is a haphazard method, yet behold the final order and completeness! How many of her seeds she trusts to the winds and the waters, and her fertilizing pollens and germs also! And the winds and the waters do her errands, with many failures, of course, but they hit the mark often enough to serve her purpose. She provides lavishly enough to afford her failures.

When we venture upon the winds and the waters with our crafts we aim to control them, and we reach our havens only when we do control them.

What is there in the method of Nature that answers to the human will in such matters? Nothing that I can see, yet her boats and her balloons reach their havens—not all of them, but enough of them for her purpose. Yet when we apply the word " purpose " or " design " to Nature, to the Infinite, we are describing her in terms of the finite, and fall into contradictions. Still the wings and balloons and hooks and springs in the vegetable world are for a specific purpose—to scatter the seed far from the parent plant. Every part and organ and movement of a living body serves a purpose to that organism. The mountain lily looks straight up to the sky, the meadow lily looks squarely down to the earth; undoubtedly each flower finds its advantage in its own attitude, but what that advantage is, I know not. If Nature planned and invented as man does, she would attain to mere unity and simplicity. It is her blind, prodigal, haphazard methods that result in her endless diversity. When she got a good wing for the seed of a tree, such as that of the maple, she would give this to the seeds of other, similar trees; but she gives a different wing to the ash, to the linden, to the elm, the pine, and the hemlock, and to some she gives no wings at all. The nut-bearing trees, such as the oaks, the beeches, the walnuts, and the hickories, have no wings, except such as are afforded them by the birds and beasts that feed upon them and carry them away. And here again Nature has a purpose in the edible nut which tempts some creatures to carry it away. If all the nuts were devoured, the whole tribe of nut-bearing trees would in time be exterminated, and Nature's end defeated. But in a world of conflicting forces like ours, chance plays an important part, many of the nuts get scattered, but not all devoured. The hoarding-up propensities of certain birds and squirrels result in the

planting of many oaks and chestnuts and beeches.

The inherent tendency to variation in organic life, together with Nature's hit-and-miss method, account for her endless variety on the same plane, as it were, as that of her many devices for disseminating her seeds. One plan of hook or barb serves as well as another—that of bidens as well as that of hound's tongue—yet each has a pattern of its own. The same may be said of the leaves of the trees, namely, to expose the juices of the tree to the chemical action of the light and air, yet behold what an endless variety in the shape and size and structure of the leaves! This is the way of the Infinite—to multiply endlessly, to give a free rein to the physical forces and let them struggle with one another for the stable equilibrium to which they never, as a whole, attain; to give the same free rein to the organic forces and let their various forms struggle with one another for the unstable equilibrium which is the secret of their life.

The many contingencies that wait upon the circuit of the physical forces and determine the various forms of organic matter—rocks, sand, soil, gravel, mountain, plain —all shifting and changing endlessly — wait upon the circuit of the organic forces and turn the life impulse into myriad channels, and people the earth with myriads of living forms, each accidental from our limited point of view, while all are determined by irrefragable laws. The contradictions in such statements are obvious and are inevitable when the finite tries to measure or describe the ways of the Infinite.

The waters of the globe are forever seeking the repose of a dead level, but when they attain it, if they ever do, the world will be dead. Behold what a career they have in their circuit from the sea to the clouds and back to the earth in the ministering rains, and then to the sea again through the streams and rivers! The mantling snow with its exquisite crystals, the grinding and transporting glaciers, the placid or ploughing and turbulent rivers, the sparkling and refreshing streams, the cooling and renewing dews, the softening and protecting vapors, wait upon this circuit of the waters through the agency of the sun, from the sea, through the sky and land, back to the sea again. Yes, and all the myriad forms of life also. This circuit of the waters drives and sustains all the vital machinery of the globe.

Why and how the rain brings the rose and the violet, the peach and the plum, the wheat and the rye, and the boys and the girls, out of the same elements and conditions that they bring the thistles and the tares, the thorn and the scrub, the fang and the sting, the monkey and the reptile, that is the insoluble mystery.

If Nature aspires toward what we call the good in man, does she not equally aspire toward what we call the bad in thorns and weeds and reptiles? May we not say that good is our good, and bad is our bad, and that there is, and can be, no absolute good and no absolute bad, any more than there can be any absolute up or any absolute down?

How haphazard, how fortuitous and uncalculated is all this business of the multiplication of the human race! What freaks, what failures, what monstrosities, what empty vessels, what deformed limbs, what defective brains, what perverted instincts! It is as if in the counsels of the Eternal it had been decided to set going an evolutionary impulse that should inevitably result in man, and then leave him to fail or flourish just as the ten thousand contingencies of the maelstrom of conflicting earth forces should decide, so that whether a man be a cripple or an athlete, a fool or a philosopher, a satyr or a god, becomes largely a matter of chance. Yet the human brain has steadily grown in size, human mastery over nature has steadily increased, and chance has, upon the whole, brought more good to man than evil. Optimism is a final trait of the Eternal.

And the taking off of man, how haphazard! how fortuitous it all is! His years shall be three score and ten, but how few, comparatively, reach that age, how few live out half their days! Disease, accident, stupidity, superstition, cut him off at all ages—in infancy, in childhood, in youth, in manhood—his whole life is a part of the flux and uncertainty of things. No god watches over him aside from himself and his kind, no atom or molecule is partial to him, gravity crushes him, fire burns him, the floods drown him as readily as they do vipers and vermin. He takes his chances, he gains, and he loses, but Nature treats him with the same impartiality that she does the rest of her creatures. He runs the same gauntlet of the hostile physical forces, he pays the same price for his development; but his greater capacity for development—to whom or what does he owe

that? If we follow Darwin we shall say natural selection, and natural selection is just as good a god as any other. No matter what we call it, if it brought man to the head of creation and put all things (nearly all) under his feet, it is god enough for anybody. At the heart of it there is still a mystery we cannot grasp. The ways of Nature about us are no less divine because they are near and familiar. The illusion of the rare and the remote, science dispels. Of course we are still trying to describe the Infinite in terms of the finite.

We are so attached to our kind, and so dependent upon them that most persons feel homeless and orphaned in a universe where no suggestion of sympathy and interest akin to our own comes to us from the great void. A providence of impersonal forces, the broadcast, indiscriminate benefits of Nature, kind deeds where no thought of kindness is, well-being as the result of immutable law—all such ideas chill and disquiet us, until we have inured ourselves to them. We love to fancy that we see friendly hands and hear friendly voices in Nature. It is easy to make ourselves believe that the rains, the warmth, the fruitful seasons, are sent by some Being for our especial benefit. The thought that we are adapted to Nature and not Nature made or modified to suit us, is distasteful to us. It rubs us the wrong way of the fur. We have long been taught to believe that there is air because we have lungs, and water because we need it to drink, and light because we need it to see. Science takes this conceit out of us: The light begat the eye, and the air begat the lungs.

In the universe, as science reveals it to us, sensitive souls experience the cosmic chill; in the universe as our inevitable anthropomorphism shapes it for us, we experience the human glow. The same anthropomorphism has in the past peopled the woods and fields and streams and winds with good and evil spirits, and filled the world with cruel and debasing superstitions; but in our day we have got rid of all of this; we have abolished all gods but one. This one we still fear, and bow down before, and seek to propitiate—not with offerings and sacrifices, but with good Sunday clothes and creeds and pew-rents, and praise, and incense, and surplices and ceremonies. What Brocken shadows our intense personalism casts upon nature! We see the gigantic outlines of our own forms, and mistake

them for a veritable god. But as we ourselves are a part of Nature, so this humanizing tendency of ours is also a part of Nature, a part of human nature—not valid and independent, like the chemical and physical forces, but as valid and real as our dreams, our ideas, our aspirations. All the gods and divinities and spirits with which man has peopled the heavens and the earth are a part of Nature as she manifests herself in our subjective selves. So there we are on a trail that ends where it began. We condemn one phase of Nature through another phase of Nature that is active in our own minds. How shall we escape this self-contradiction? As we check or control the gravity without us by the power of the gravity in our own bodies, so our intelligence must sit in judgment on phases of the same universal Intelligence manifested in outward Nature.

It is this recognition of an Intelligence in Nature akin to our own that gives rise to our anthropomorphism. We recognize in the living world about us the use of specific means to specific ends and this we call intelligence. It differs from our own in that it is not selective and intensive in the same way. It does not take short cuts; it does not aim at human efficiency; it does not cut out waste and delay and pain. It is the method of trial and error. It hits its mark because it hits all marks. Species succeed because the tide that bears them on is a universal tide. It is not a river but an ocean current. Nature progresses, but not as man does by discarding one form and adapting a higher. She discards nothing; she keeps all her old forms and ways and out of them evolves the higher; she keeps the fish's fin, while she perfects the bird's wing; she preserves the invertebrate, while she fashions the vertebrate; she achieves man, while she preserves the monkey. She gropes her way like a blind man, but she arrives because all goals are hers. Perceptive intelligence she has given in varying degrees to all creatures, but reasoning intelligence she has given to man alone. I say "given," after our human manner of speaking, when I mean achieve. There is no giving in Nature—there is effort and development. There is interchange and interaction, but no free gifts. Things are bought with a price. The price of the mind of man—who can estimate what it has been through the biological and geological ages—a price which his long line of antecedent forms has paid in struggle and suffering and death. The little that has

been added to the size of his brain since the Piltdown man, and the Neanderthal man—what effort and pain has not that cost! We pay for what we get, or our forebears pay for it. They paid for the size of our brains, and we pay for our progress in knowledge.

The term religion is an equivocal and much abused word, but I am convinced that no man's life is complete without some sort of an emotional experience that may be called religious. Not necessarily so much a definite creed or belief as an attraction and aspiration toward the Infinite, or a feeling of awe and reverence inspired by the contemplation of this wonderful and mysterious universe, something to lift a man above purely selfish and material ends, and open his soul to influences from the highest heavens of thought.

Religion in some form is as natural to man as eating and sleeping. The mysteries of life and the wonder and terror of the world in which he finds himself, arouse emotions of awe and fear and worship in him as soon as his powers of reflection are born. In man's early history religion, philosophy, and literature are one. He worships before he investigates, he builds temples before he builds school houses or civic halls. He is, of course, superstitious long before he is scientific; he trembles before the supernatural long before he has mastered the natural. The mind of early man was synthetic as our emotions always are; it lumped things, it did not differentiate and classify. The material progress of the race has kept pace with man's power of analysis,—the power to separate one thing from another, to resolve things into their component parts and recombine them to serve his own purposes. He gets water power, steam power, electric power, by separating a part from the whole and placing his machinery when they tend to unite again.

Science tends more and more to reveal to us the unity that underlies the diversity of nature. We must have diversity in our practical lives, we must seize Nature by many handles. But our intellectual lives demand unity, demand simplicity amid all this complexity. Our religious lives demand the same. Amid all the diversity of creeds and sects we are coming more and more to see that religion is one, that verbal differences and ceremonies are unim-

portant, and that the fundamental agreements are alone significant. Religion as a key or passport to some other world has had its day, as a mere set of statements or dogmas about the Infinite mystery it has had its day. Science makes us more and more at home in this world and is coming more and more, to the intuitional mind, to have a religious value. Science kills credulity and superstition, but to the well-balanced mind it enhances the feeling of wonder, of veneration, and of kinship which we feel in the presence of the marvellous universe. It quiets our fears and apprehensions, it pours oil upon the troubled waters of our lives, and reconciles us to the world as it is. The old fickle and jealous gods begotten by our fears and morbid consciences fall away, and the new gods of law and order, who deal justly, if mercilessly, take their places.

"The mind of the universe which we share," is a phrase of Thoreau's—a large and sane idea which shines like a star amid his many fire-fly conceits and paradoxes. The physical life of each of us is a part or rill of the universal life about us, as surely as every ounce of our strength is a part of gravity. With equal certainty, and under the same law, our mental lives flow from the fountain of universal mind, the cosmic intelligence which guides the rootlets of the smallest plant as it searches the soil for the elements it needs, and the most minute insect in availing itself of the things it needs. It is this primal current of life, the two different phases of which we see in our bodies and in our minds that continues after our own special embodiments of it have ceased; in it is the real immortality. The universal mind does not die, the universal life does not go out. The jewel that trembles in the dewdrop, the rain that lends itself to the painting of the prismatic colors of the bow in the clouds, pass away, but their fountain-head in the sea does not pass away. The waters may make the wonderful circuit through the clouds, the air, the earth, and the cells and veins of living things, any number of times,—now a globule of vapor in the sky, now a star-like crystal in the snow, now the painted mist of a waterfall, then the limpid current of a mountain brook—and still the sea remains unchanged. And though the life and mentality of the globe pass daily and are daily renewed, the primal source of those things is as abounding as ever. It is not you and I that are immortal, it is Creative Energy of which we are a

part. Our personal immortality is swallowed up in this.

The poets, the prophets, the martyrs, the heroes, the saints,—where are they? Each was but a jewel in the dew, the rain, the snow-flake,—throbbing, burning, flashing with color for a brief time, and then vanishing; adorning the world for a moment and then caught away into the great abyss. "O, spend-thrift Nature!" our hearts cry out, but Nature's spending is only the ceaseless merging of one form into another without diminution of her material or blurring of her types. Flowers bloom and flowers fade, the seasons come and the seasons go, men are born and men die, the world mourns for its saints and heroes, its poets and saviors, but Nature remains and is as young and spontaneous and inexhaustible as ever. "Where is the comfort in all this to you and to me?" There is none, save the comfort or satisfaction of knowing things as they are. We shall feel more at ease in Zion when we learn to distinguish substance from shadow, and to grasp the true significance of the world of which we form a part. In the end each of us will have had his day, and can say as Whitman does,

I have positively appeared. That is enough.

In us or through us the Primal Mind will have contemplated and enjoyed its own works and will continue to do so as long as human life endures on this planet. It will have achieved the miracle of the Incarnation, and have tasted the sweet and the bitter, the victories and the defeats of Evolution. The legend of the birth and life of Jesus is but this ever-present naturalism written large with parable and miracle on the pages of our religious history. In the lives of each of us the supreme reality comes down to earth and takes on the human form and suffers all the struggles and pains and humiliations of mortal, finite life. Even the Christian theory of the vicarious atonement is not without its basis of naturalism. Men through disease and ignorance and half-knowledge store up an experience that saves future generations from suffering and failure. We win victories for our descendants, and bring the kingdom nearer for them by the devils and evil spirits we overcome.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE ANSWERER: WALT WHITMAN

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

I

THERE is a season of the year in the Middle West in late May when the spring ends and the summer begins, that always seems to breathe with especial freshness the sense of continuing change in the ways of nature. Lilac-blooms fall. Columbines first sway their delicate horns of pale scarlet and fawn-color. Visiting Graceland cemetery in Chicago I was stirred on last Decoration Day to see that the city graveyard was filled as never before with men, women and children. It was as though in the year since we had entered the struggle of the European War, the city's sympathies had moved not only forward to the appreciation of an international future, but back to a quicker understanding of our memories of struggle for democracy.

Soldiers and civilians, the bugled strains of far music, rising and falling to the pulse of distant drum-beats, the flags' clear white and crimson stripes and dark-blue star-fields fluttering against the turf under the delicately-leaved elm and maple branches, the crowds of people carrying the colors, and palm-wreaths and baskets of geraniums—all this quietly peopled scene of the city of the living seemed in an ineffable accord with the invisible spirit of the dead and of her "camps of green." If one could have chosen a time for the birthday of the greatest poet of democracy it would have been this very season: and it seems especially fitting that Whitman, the destined singer of our national hope, our dearest common purpose, should have been born the last of May a hundred years ago, in the age of a dream that was dying and one that was coming to birth.

From that time forth, in the decade following Water-

loo, to the present day, there has been a continuous, one might indeed say an increasing need for defenders of democracy. Whitman has of course many valuable and rewarding aspects: but it is in this aspect of the defender of democracy, the writer who has actually undertaken to be a responsible philosopher for our national social faith, that he has seemed to one reader, at least, especially valuable and rewarding in the last four years.

He replies to us with a wonderful adequacy not only in his lyric responses, but in *Specimen Days,* in *Democratic Vistas, Collect, Good-Bye My Fancy,* and *November Boughs.*

II

The reader of the history of this continent, from Las Casas' terrific picture of the slave trade in the West Indies in the Sixteenth Century, to the last New York and Chicago dailies, will be chiefly struck with its senseless disorder. Unkempt, disreputable, vast, the forces that have made our nation have always, it would seem, shambled forth in cosmic guise. Looking at them from a little distance we conceive of these forces, in the past at least, as clear-sightedly progressive, and moving forward, through dangers indeed, but in the manner of those conducting an intelligent and well-equipped surveying party. Seen closer at hand, not only Columbus, but Washington and Lincoln, appear in the character of scantily-provisioned voyagers over the Sea of Darkness, the harassed captains of a poor, mean rabble proceeding towards Shores Undreamed, the discoverers of continents they never realized in their life-times, and advancing to the air of " I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."

We think of our Revolutionary ancestors as a formal, well-clad soldiery, in neatly-cockaded tri-corners. We think of the Revolution in terms of the clear-lined dignity of the Declaration of Independence. We think of the Civil War in terms of the profound common, national sympathy of the Gettysburg address. But on reading Lord Charnwood's *Lincoln* we perceive that the pulse of common national sympathy was so thin, feeble and uncertain that it is amazing the Union ever squeezed through—a circumstance that appears less a result, than

a species of miracle; and we realize how long it is that we have been shambling forth, when we learn that our ancestors fought naked, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, with moss fastened around them to prevent abrasion from their powder flasks and muskets.

What is to be said about the desperate courses, and the casual ways, the inconsistencies and worthlessness, in which democracy seems to have lumbered along? Who will attempt the impossible feat of account for our shambling cosmic guise? Whitman will attempt it. Much as he determined to visit the soldiers, Northern and Southern, cared for in the Washington hospitals in the Civil War, Whitman goes forth to re-assure. He will not minimize difficulties. He will not conceal the event of battle. But he will bring you all sorts of encouragements little and large; and he will convince you, or perhaps one should say he will mesmerize you, into a frame of mind in which you

> Know that the past was great and the future will be great
> And that both curiously conjoint in the present time.

You are able to consider your own time and your own government in a larger manner; and to look around you and see that

> The sun and stars that float in the open air;
> The apple-shaped earth and we upon it—surely the drift of them is something grand!

Whitman in *Specimen Days* has a great deal to say about what seems to many persons, to more persons far than in his time, the most serious danger for democracy — the growth of plutocratic ideals.

Whitman has plenty of direct opposition to plutocracy:

> Beneath the whole political world, what most presses and perplexes to day, sending vastest results affecting the future is not the abstract question of democracy, but of social and economic organization, the treatment of working-people by employers and all that goes along with it—not only the wages-payment part, but a certain spirit and principle, to vivify anew these relations; all the questions of progress, strength, tariffs, finances, etc., really evolving themselves more or less directly out of the Poverty Question, (" the science of Wealth," and a dozen other names are given it, but I prefer the severe one just used.)
>
> The American Revolution of 1776 was simply a great strike, successful for its immediate object—but whether a real success judged by the scale of the centuries, and the long-striking balance of time, yet remains to be settled. The French Revolution was absolutely a

strike and a very terrible and relentless one, against ages of bad pay, unjust division of wealth-products, and the hoggish monopoly of a few, rolling in superfluity, against the vast bulk of the work-people, living in squalor.

If the United States like the countries of the Old World are to grow vast crops of poor, desperate, dissatisfied, nomadic, miserably-waged populations, such as we see looming upon us of late years—steadily, even if slowly, eating into them like a cancer of lungs or stomach—then our republican experiment, notwithstanding all its surface successes, is at heart an unhealthy failure.

The music-makers and dreamers of dreams wandering by lone sea-breakers, walking by desolate streams, are the builders and makers of the world, no doubt, as much as O'Shaughnessy pleases. They are not, however, the makers of the world's immediate programmes and time-tables. Swinburne's really intense passion for the serene republic has a detachment from reality that cannot but seem whimsical. Whitman's deep devotion to democracy is by no means detached; but it is unfocussed. In spite of his drawing an unascertained picture of plutocracy, in spite of his liking for a species of idealized sketch of " workers " as mainly brawny athletes, and his pleasure in his obvious conception of industrial occupation as an almost therapeutic field for the development of health and energy, yet Whitman knew democracy at first-hand, saw its faults and dangers and did not minimize them.

But he dislikes to be definite about what is to be done next. It is amusing to observe his friends' vain struggles to obtain a programme from him. He will visit you in the hospital: but he will not act as the doctor. He is a wonderful nurse for democracy; but he refuses the responsibility for ordering prescriptions.

This element of the quiet friend of humanity in Whitman's nature, an element doubtless partly of Quaker strain, is one of his greatest attributes. His social philosophy here, his inspired service in the Civil War—that volunteer care of his which he says was the very centre and circumference of his being, and worth shattering his health for—was a thrilling prophecy of a tremendous national phenomenon. I mean of course the vast, long-continued national energy that has poured increasingly into the wide field of social services in our own life-time. The very tempo, the very mood of his hospital days is immeasurably repeated, the mood of a worker who

combines support and relief with a liking for economic justice, and who cannot prescribe, can only work on through the need of a sea of individuals, step by step, one by one—the way of a thoughtful stretcher-bearer who ministers with a constant sense of the inadequacy of his ministrations in wretched miseries.

For Whitman no one in need is trifling, or obscure, or negligible or to be left out—not one. The soul of each person is identified to him as though he had been that soul's creator. Its passage through existence is sacred to him with homely splendor. No metric poem the Answerer ever wrote is more poetic than his tale of his hospital days; none more serenely lit with the divine fire of a passion for individual creatures, individually seen but multitudinous; none more finely swept with the music that knows the Universe as " roads for travelling souls."

Perhaps just this understanding, this knowledge that none must be forgotten, this pride for the obscured, could we but learn it wisely, is the contribution of our continent to civilization—a gift to the hold of time more different from Roman roads or Egyptian Pyramids than we had ever guessed.

Whitman's own hand wrote the inspired chronicle of his hospital service that replies by the divine law of indirections to so many questions about our national experiment. About the questions of the danger of plutocratic standards he has given us also some hints for whose preservation we owe a debt of gratitude to the faithfulness of his devoted friend Horace Traubel.

The record of Whitman's Camden years tells the story of a man who knew how to be poor, with a species of grandeur. The tale of these years has a faery element, the attraction of some classic symbol of divine power existent in nature, the subtle charm of a Lempriere fable.

Whitman in his blue cape, his beautiful silver hair, his exquisite cleanliness, sits like a god in his shabby room, with no money, no wide acceptance or successful literary career in a certain sense, almost no physical strength left. None of these circumstances are material. The whole scene is like that of Jupiter's and Mercury's visit in the cottage of Philemon and Baucis. This sojourn of an immortal in a homely habitation is an irresistible episode. The fact that the immortal often behaves in as un-god-like

a manner as Jupiter did, does not detract from his divine characteristics; and even seems to add a touch almost of grand opera comedy. The bragging and boasting; the firm calm of the great poet's concealment from his friends of just how much money he possessed; his majestic, impressive comment on books he had not read or even seen; his rating of works of genius in proportion to their authors' regard for *Leaves of Grass;* his divine nonchalance; his ineffable candor combined with his striking capacity for a species of placid, humorous trickery, something in him like Proteus, or even, if you will, like Autolycus—all these give the world a portrait of an impoverished poet which upsets all expectation and precedent.

Sometimes he sat in a chair on the sidewalk in front of his house; sometimes received callers in a room downstairs where he had great piles of unsold copies of his books. At the period when his lameness increased, admirers clubbed together and obtained a horse and buggy for him. Friends were fond of bringing him cookies. Lord Houghton and John Morley came to see him here in Camden, and Frank R. Stockton and Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. Doyle, the poet's railroad-conductor friend—all sorts of people. Towards the end of his life, Mr. Bliss Perry tells us, "Visitors were shown to the large upper room where the poet usually sat in a stout oak chair by one of the windows, a gray wolf-skin flung over the back of the chair." It was a littered low-ceilinged room strewn with papers in "a mean house upon an unlovely street. Trains jangled and roared at a railroad crossing not far away; when the wind sat in a certain quarter there was a guano factory to be reckoned with. The house was hot in summer and had no furnace for the winter months."

Here the Good Gray Poet lived for the last eight years of his life in high content and much spontaneous conversation, surrounded by innumerable kindnesses and friendlinesses and visited by hundreds of persons most of whom, like Dr. Bucke, were "Almost amazed by the beauty and majesty of his person and the gracious air of purity that surrounded and permeated him," and by his presence, which "seemed to take on a dignity and beauty as of some heroic, vanished epoch."

Such was the Answerer's final response to existence. The whole manner of his last years said as much on the

subject of democratic and plutocratic ideals as all his books. It said these things in that persuasive way he has described so completely:

> Logic and sermons never convince;
> The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul.

III

But Whitman had many fine, poetic and suggestive things to say in words, too, in his Camden years. He said: "Any love that involves slavery is a false love—any love." He said "The best part of any man is his mother."

Henry Adams observes in his distinguished and absorbing *Education* that asking himself whether he knew of any American artist who had ever insisted on the power of sex, as every classic had always done, he could think only of Walt Whitman; Bret Harte, as far as the magazines would let him venture; and one or two painters.

It is not too much to say that if Whitman's art treats this great subject with classic frankness, it adds a touch of greatness of its own in its expression of democracy in sex. In the pages indeed of both Bret Harte and Whitman social morality for men and for women is exactly the same. What Bret Harte says in the parting of John Oakhurst from the Duchess in the face of death, is what Whitman sings when he says that a man's strength is sacred and a woman's strength is sacred.

> No matter who it is, it is sacred.

He hates sin. He is by no means among those who believe there is no such thing. He will confess his own—

> You degradations—you tussle with passions and appetites

and the toil of painful and choked articulations—meannesses, shallow tongue-talks at tables (his tongue the shallowest of any)—broken resolutions. He will recognize sin. He will blame it. But he will not cast out sinners. Especially he will have nothing to do with a philosophy that casts out only such sinners as are women.

> I am the poet of the woman the same as the man;
> And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man;

The beauty of Whitman's expression of democracy in sex would alone rank him as a great contributor to civilization, a great poet in the sense in which Sophocles and Bunyan are great poets.

Henry Adams has much to say in his chapter on "The Dynamo and the Virgin" about the failure of our world to face the truths of nature that the Western World expressed for centuries in the worship of the Virgin as an avatar of the distinctive force of woman, whether economized or developed.

> The highest energy ever known to man, the creator of four-fifths of his noblest art, exercising vastly more attraction over the human mind than all the steam-engines or dynamos ever dreamed of: and yet this energy was unknown to the American mind.

He excepts Whitman from this ignorance: but the spiritual power and genius in this respect of such a poem as

> Unfolded out of the justice of the woman, all justice is unfolded,
> Unfolded out of the sympathy of the woman is all sympathy

is forgotten even by such a penetrating critic of moral values as Emerson, in the endless question of the moral expediency of frankness on the subject of sex.

Without attempting to answer that question, one may be grateful to Whitman for the dignity of his moral intention in all he says on that topic. It is a curious circumstance that the two poets of genius in our tongue, immediately preceding him, who have most to tell us of this aspect of life, can say almost nothing about it without a leer. Both Byron and Burns are of the manners of a prolonged Eighteenth Century sentimentalism as alien as possible from the knowledge that understands that "any love that involves slavery is a false love." They were both, indeed, professional enslavers. Burns at times, it is true, is humble and honest. But mostly he is the "boastful, libertine bagman" of Stevenson's detestation. Byron has hardly more depth on the subject of the relations of men and women than the "red-blooded man" of Bernard Shaw's satire.

This I think is what Whitman means when he says in an otherwise warmly laudatory appreciation that Burns is "weak and worse than weak"; and of Byron that his poetry is "introverted"—"not at all the fitting, lasting song of a grand serene free race." Whitman remarks elsewhere, with a severity that might confuse, that the verses of Poe are "almost without the first sign of moral principle." But in the sense in which Whitman uses the term morality, it is really true that it hardly occurs in the inspired poetry of the author of *To One in Paradise*. It has no comment to make on the economy or development of

sex, nothing whatever to say about what is wise or unwise in this regard, or cowardly or courageous or right or wrong. Neither has the work of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier or Bryant. No one blames any of these poets for not choosing topics other than those his own genius had assigned. Yet it is certainly a merit of Whitman's poetry that without evasions or Druidical superstitions it placed the subject of sex before the world with candor as a great social and moral theme.

It is needless perhaps to remark that an individual of no worthiness as a human creature may be able as an artist to present the world with creative discriminations of the highest usefulness. It may not be superfluous to point out that echoes of a poet's life often qualify the tones of his poetry and make one understand them more clearly. The fact that Burns took care of his illegitimate child in his own house; Byron's misguided but responsible concern for his natural daughter Allegra, and his grief at her death—these are circumstances that make much these poets have sung more a matter of a fashion of eighteenth century coxcombry and less a personal conviction of the poets themselves than before one knew of them.

It is not quite fair to leave these circumstances out in considering their detestable attitude towards sex; and it is not quite fair in considering Whitman's splendid assertions of the responsibilities of parenthood to eliminate an episode that invalidated for some people the sincerity of his poetry. Mr. Bliss Perry says "The controversy over Whitman's writings has inevitably raised certain questions as to his own conduct." When John Addington Symonds first read *Calamus* it seems he was troubled by some lines about which he wrote to Whitman.

Shocked at a misinterpretation of which he had not dreamed, Whitman wrote frankly in reply concerning his own early relations with women:—"My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly bodily, and doubtless open to criticism. Though unmarried I have had six children—two are dead—one living Southern grandchild, fine boy, writes to me occasionally—circumstances (connected with their fortune and benefit) have separated me from intimate relations." When this letter was first made public, many of Whitman's staunch friends of the later fifties and the sixties refused to credit its

statements, preferring to believe that the old man had been romancing. But it had long been known to a smaller group of his Camden friends that Whitman was the father of children, and that he had been visited in his old age by a grandson. To one of these friends he promised while on his death-bed to tell the whole story, but the time for explanation never came. . . . In our ignorance of all the precise facts concerned in these early entanglements we may wisely bear in mind some traits of his character about which there is no reasonable doubt. One of these traits was an unfailing respect for women. . . . The long and bitter controversy over the decency of a few of his poems has led many critics to assume that they were dealing with a libertine. But diligent inquiry among Whitman's early associates has never produced any evidence that he was known to be a companion of dissolute women. What woman or women bore his children, what unforeseen tides of passion or coils of circumstance swept and encircled him for a while, may never be known.

It is somehow impossible to believe Whitman capable of prolonged mean irresponsibility, deceit, unkindness and worthlessness to women and to children whom he loved intimately. You can only feel here concerning this story and the dreams and beauty of his poetry that you are in a mist of ignorance where the rest is silence. Besides, an air of American myth persists about it. There is something in it at once clear and yet blind and unbelievable like the Peruvian history of the Inca Huayna, of whom Garcilasso relates that he had " from two to three hundred enumerated children."

Truthfulness compels one to add concerning Whitman and his relations to women in poetry and in life something that may perhaps be more obvious to a woman reading *Specimen Days* and his Camden biography than to a man. You agree so fully with all his poetic belief in Woman that you regret exceedingly an unescapable perception that in his daily conversation he shows every mark of a man who knows almost nothing at all about individual women: and has never known many or perhaps any of them very well. This is especially apparent in his moments of closest observation on the topic—as for instance when he says with an air of discovery possible to keen and thoughtful penetration that " women can have capital times among

themselves, with plenty of wit, lunches, jovial abandon." Yet you cannot feel that you would have even this trait, this agreeable, dulled brightness and unfocussed conception of his changed; and it has something thoroughly pleasurable about it, like all his other discriminations large and little.

IV

Whitman's answers about how democracy must proceed by a march in the ranks hard-pressed and the road unknown; about the poetry of openways; of common service for multitudes; about how to live your own life, whatever yours means; about sex, and the native powers of women—these fine replies are all to be heard in the human conversation of Whitman's non-lyric writings, and of his life. Because less familiar, it is to the speaking voice of the Answerer that I have turned for them. But in all except some of the lesser turns of his thought, these truths are all given also in that great singing voice of his which is a national glory—in the songs of the open road that tell you yourself is good-fortune; in the songs that grieve for bereavement down all space and time through the moody and tearful night; and comfort shame and wrong and sinning in their poverties, wincings, and sulky retreats; and rise and fall on forever as rain falls from the heavens and vapors rise from the earth, from the thousand responses of the heart never to cease. Here is the reply of the Answerer who has undertaken to be responsible for democracy. Better than any one might have hoped, it seems to me, he tells us what we are all here for; sings us songs that we can hear before they begin and long after they are ended. He says that they are for those to come after him: and we may believe indeed that this is true; and that the music he says he had always around him unceasing, unbeginning, yet, long untaught he did not hear, is not only for the Bravest Unnamed Soldiers of the past, but for those of the future.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

OF GARDENS

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

Oh, Mary, give my garden grace
To be his fit abiding place.
I would not have his small heart miss
One least thing of thy garden's bliss,
Nor know regret in any wise
For the starred lawns of Paradise.
That sweet enclosure where you sit—
Oh, tell me what blooms flower in it!
There will be lilies there I know,
Tall silver trumpets, row on row,
And roses blowing white and red
(All tender words of lovers, said
On Earth, gone up to Heaven to be
Thy garden's joy eternally),
And humbler blossoms as beguiled
The laughter of Another Child.
Where his dear stumbling feet shall pass
I will set daisies in the grass,
Pied, tender things of pink and white,
And jonquils for his quaint delight.
There shall be borders proud and fair,
With clove-pinks spicing the clear air
Beneath the larkspur's azure lance,
And gilly flowers and Maids-of-France;
Here the white foxglove spires and there
The clouds of misty lavender.
And all day long a golden bird
Within the hawthorne shall be heard.

ANNE ATWOOD DODGE.

A MEDITATION ON AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

I WAS taking supper with some women who are characteristically "modern." The hour was instinct with life and energy. We were out of doors, in October, breathing air that still sparkled and shone, as the sun in firm tread neared the west. The hour had been caught, like a shining ball, at the end of a day filled, for most of the group, by professional occupations. It seemed to me the apotheosis of a picnic, as I saw the domestic science expert, who runs a successful lunch-room, bending over our steak and fried onions. Her fellow-hostess, who owns with her the fertile farm, where, in a birch grove of their timber-lands, we were picnicing, is a broker with a brilliantly growing business. My fellow-guests were the superintendent of a hospital and the confidential clerk of a firm of exporters. These women had come out from the city, tired from the day's work, but capable of a buoyant reaction to the exceeding beauty of the autumn evening. Those whose home was at the farm had shed their tailored, urban suits, and put on knickerbockers and loose shirts. I admired their free movements, and graceful strength. We were all hungry and ate boldly of an abundant and excellent supper. Cigarettes, for those who wished, followed the coffee, and as the pungent fragrance rose upon the autumn air the talk grew. It ranged from agriculture to Bolshevism, from taxes to religion. It was vigorous talk, pointed and interesting. I was delightedly conscious of the sanity and the resourcefulness of the modern woman who walks out into the market-place unashamed and unafraid.

But I was even more intensely conscious of another element in the beauty of the hour. The mother of one of these women was there, rich in some seventy-five years of human life, and she was *par excellence* the centre of our

group. Her face was lovely with quietude, her smile rippled gently from one to the other of us, her soft woollen gown fell, in old-fashioned grace, to her feet. To me, whose own mother is dead, she seemed like the hearth-fire of the world. Her daughter, I could see, was ever warming her heart at her. For the broker's fine, almost masculine, strength of body and temperament grew soft when she turned toward her mother, to be sure of her comfort, to see that she had the best seat, the best from the supper table, the best from the conversation. But, indeed, we were all bent toward that same purpose. Involuntarily, like plants turning toward the sun, we sought the consciousness of the older woman's presence. Without her the hour would have lost its tenderest charm. Our modernity would have been harsh without its tribute to a quality in her which is without epoch or age.

The quality seemed to me indefinable but pervasive, as I sat with this guest of honor on the warm rug beneath a golden birch-tree, and watched the others clear away the supper, and heap fresh wood on the ramparted fire. Later, as the broker and I walked across the brown and purple fields, beyond the flaming maples, to the great yellow haystacks, I said to her: "Something is wrong with us if we leave your mother's equipment out of our standards." "But," she said, in quick alarm, "don't you think we shall have it, too, when we are old? It's her tranquillity, which has followed work and sorrow and victory. We can't have that till life gives it to us." And she told me a little of her mother's life, how she had borne and brought up many sons and daughters, and how the usual griefs, through death and through disappointments, had come to her. "It's her peace now," she said, "and that isn't our privilege yet. Don't you really think we shall gain it in time?" "No," I said, "not unless we take her road. It isn't the details of her experience that have made her lovely, but her conclusions from them. At our age she must have chosen"—the Biblical phrase fell upon me—"to hear the reproof of life." "I wonder," mused my friend, "I have never thought of my mother as choosing—she has just been, she *is* perfection."

There it was again—the mother's undeniable power of inspiration. I knew my friend well enough to understand its manifold working. Without her mother, neither her

character nor her business success would have about them their aura of strength and shining vitality. The mother, unknown in person in the market-place, is a continuous factor there.

Now in this attitude toward an old-fashioned woman, this modern woman is but following the habit of men who have acknowledged the pursuing inspiration of the home. Among my own acquaintances I have noticed a lack of such appreciation chiefly in feministic " women of leisure " who rebel against their own internment. The genuine business or professional woman, working for her living and often for that of dependents, is far more likely to seek in others and to rely upon the qualities that welcome, comfort and inspire her at home: she knows life well enough to evaluate correctly both temporary and eternal feminism. This class of women will inevitably increase. Not only the practical exigencies, but also the soundest ideals of modern life require it. Strikingly enough, through these very women who are obliged to work outside the home we shall probably have again enshrined the guardians of the hearth. It is an empty thing to work unless there is someone at whose feet we can lay the fruits of work. It is a hard thing to work unless there is someone to rejoice in our success, to console us for our failures. The real workers of the world, whether men or women, long for a home, from which to go out, to which to return. Perceiving the insistence of this demand, we learn to discount the shallow absurdities of the social rebel who invents activities only to get away from home.

" I work hard," the broker was saying, as we turned back, " I work hard because at the end of the day I find my mother reading by the lamp, waiting for me to come." We rejoined the group under the birches and the mother welcomed us with a little smile for our brief vagrancy into the silent twilight. Words came to me, suddenly, for her quality. Surrounded by experts, she set them all free and gathered them all in by a wisdom which transcended their knowledge. As we all grew silent, watching the fire die down to coals, my mind pursued the matter.

Feminism, in its best and most benign sense, has largely consisted in opening to women the doors of knowledge. College and professional educations are foregone conclusions for thousands of them. Technical training of all kinds is urged upon thousands more. The war has hastened

the normal industrial process. We have yet to see the effect of a restored peace. But, whatever the adjustments may be, it is not conceivable that the future holds any return for women to the limitations of ignorance.

With our entry into a multiform knowledge has come our exaggeration of its solitary value. To know how to do things—we seem to say—is the equivalent of knowing how to live. To be proficient in the technique of a trade or profession is to be proficient in the business of being a human being. Experience, to be sure, is forever controverting this opinion, but we retain its implications in our talk and our theories. Rather, education ought at every step to correlate the necessity of wisdom with the astonishing advance of women in all kinds of expertness.

Women have always had the capacity for being wise. This partly explains, I believe, the slowness of society in seeing that both she and man needed also her knowledge. Having the better part already she was not so much scorned as left free in the lesser issues. Blindly, perhaps, but not wholly unrighteously, she was permitted to forego—and she chose to forego—the contribution of technical efficiency in order to contribute the life-blood itself. The objection to her advance along the roads of knowledge, while often seeming like selfish and arrogant conservatism, has in reality been due to an unconscious fear that through this advance the world would suffer in its vital functions. We who are women must acknowledge that we ourselves have sometimes furnished grounds for such a fear. The business woman has been hard, the University woman has been bloodless. Often neither has created fresh spiritual resources in her environment. But such under-nourishment of society is in no sense a necessary corollary of woman's modernity.

In old-fashioned days, indeed, women displayed wisdom chiefly within the home. In spite of the power of Aphrodite, we know perfectly well the value that has been set on the wise woman through the centuries. The immemorial praise of her is ever fresh. Strength and honor are her clothing. Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also and he praiseth her. Literature, in all languages, teems with illustrations of this appreciation. Latin found a fine phrase for it, in epitaphs which dealt with the unforgotten influences of dead women. Often the

chief asset of the wives of the efficient Romans was registered as wisdom of the heart—*sapientia cordis*.

This gives a usable name, at least, to woman's specialized form of a widely diffused human quality. All history shows that it is by wisdom, rather than expertness, that "kings reign and princes decree justice," that democracies come into being, and ordered freedom prevails. To-day Germany has once for all given dramatic and titanic proof of the truth long since apprehended by the Greeks, that mere knowledge without wisdom is destructive. Inwrought in the law of God—so Hellenism insisted—is the necessity of attaining to this wisdom. If you do not accept the law voluntarily, you will have acceptance forced upon you through suffering. In this reverence for wisdom women must share, as they come to share in the government of the state and in the development of all the arts. But in the economy of life there is also a specific wisdom required of either sex. To deny this is to waste one's breath against the decree of nature and the confirmation of experience. It is, in fact, denied only by extreme feminists—and by them only as a sort of lip-service to their cause. One such was insisting to a man that she hoped to see the day when all his New York clubs would be open to women, "because there is no difference whatever between the sexes." The man, assailed in his most sacred retreats, answered with brutal wit: "You are the last person who should say that, you who like anything in trousers, and are bored by everything in skirts." It was true. She perceived the differences as keenly as anybody, only she preferred the masculine. Under a barrage of "identity" she was merely trying to escape from her own sex. But the many women who are working as men thankfully acknowledge the heritage of sex, and gather courage and joy from the distaff side of life.

To define the distaff kind of wisdom is difficult, as soon as we endeavor to see it transplanted beyond its indigenous habitat in the home. There we can describe it by its results. But in the market-place we have yet to see its full fruitage. And yet, there is no reason why it should be, in essence, different from what we already know. In office or factory or shop woman's wisdom can help to infuse democracy with the spirit of love. To her, it may well be, will belong this special element in our social reconstruction. Nor is it sentimental to attribute to her a peculiar skill in those

personal relations which underlie all " social " ethics. Much that is silly has been written and said about woman's " unselfishness." But sentimentality is often only the froth and foam thrown off from the tides of truthful feeling. We must face the fact that without a sensitive individual regard for the condition of those about us—in the marketplace as well as by the hearth—all schemes for " social justice " will die of inanition. It is not a doctrine for women alone, but to woman may well be apportioned the inculcation of the doctrine through her wisdom of heart.

I speak thus inclusively because I believe that this *sapientia cordis* is open to any woman who will seek it. In this respect it differs from other feminine dowers, such as beauty and charm. These gifts, poured out upon some women and withheld from others, do vastly increase the loveliness of life. But their scope and influence are not to be compared with those of a wisdom which can be attained by all. The first step toward its attainment is to consign knowledge to a secondary place in our scheme of values. The successive steps will be pointed out by life and made traversible by discipline. Wisdom, in tender leaf, ought to show its promise in youth, to burgeon and bloom in the vital years of work, and in old age to bear fruit in that tranquillity which, like the autumn sunshine, gives an aureole to the processes of fruition and completion.

The fire was out, the sun had set. The broker motored us back to town, her car, in a certain sane speed, responding to her sane, strong hand upon the wheel.

" How's business, Johnnie? " a hearty voice called out from the back seat. " Ripping," Joan flung back, as she swept us by a belated truck team. The road to business stretched on ahead of us. An evening wind had arisen and blew fresh in our faces. " I enjoyed the supper," came again the voice from the tonneau, " because your mother was there. She gets me every time." " She is beautiful," came in another and gentler voice. My own voice could not be trusted. But I, too, on my way back to expertness, carried with me the benediction of wisdom.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

CRITICISM AND SCIENCE

BY JOHN M. ROBERTSON, M. P.

CHANCING recently upon a forgotten obituary notice of Lowell, I find that I wrote thus of him at his death:

> Needless to say, Lowell's want of science and method must affect his literary criticism, on some sides, as Arnold's did his. Both men had a fine literary palate, which was the foundation of their critical work; and they have each done for thousands of us the inestimable service of helping us to know and discriminate literary beauty and charm, and to find in these an indestructible solace and inspiration. To do this is to be abreast of, and to minister to, a full half of the intellectual needs of the age, for not half of the people of any country are yet near the point of profiting by the best ministry of the literature that lies to their hand. Civilization has been on this side one long failure. Thus it is only the few who are concerned to trace and expound the inadequacies and the misjudgments of Lowell and Arnold in their treatment of what we may call the science of literature. No need to speak of them further here: the work of analysis will doubtless be done soon enough.

That the work had already been done to some extent in the United States I gather from Mr. Ferris Greenslet's biography of Lowell, published in 1905; and it has since been done with much completeness and competence by Dr. Joseph J. Reilly in his *James Russell Lowell as a Critic,* to which I referred at some length in my article on Lowell in a recent issue of the REVIEW.

We are invited to make up our minds as to the literary status of Lowell, the critic. Mr. Reilly concludes with the verdict that

> If Lowell is to survive, it must be frankly as an impressionist. For so far as criticism approaches a science, so far as it depends to any serious extent on ultimate principles, so far, in a word, as it is something more fundamental and abiding than the *ipse dixit* of an appreciator, Lowell is not a critic.

This drastic judgment is supported by Dr. Reilly, and to some extent anticipated by Mr. Greenslet, in really excellent analyses of Lowell's method and matter, which

only at certain points seem to me to be open to serious challenge. Dr. Reilly shows Lowell to be imperfect in his literary sympathies, radically and frequently contradictory in his statement of what he represents as fundamental critical positions, inconsistent in his tests, unphilosophical in many of his analyses and generalizations, and, as a general result, often disappointing, "provoking" to people of warm feelings. Barring certain rectifications of particular judgments by Dr. Reilly which seem to me to be called for, I do not think his general indictment can really be rebutted. The issue is as to his final verdict, that from a scientific point of view "Lowell is not a critic."

Those of us who have expressly striven for "science in criticism" are specially interested in having the final verdict properly put. On Dr. Reilly's view, an impressionist critic is properly not a critic at all. He does not do or seek to do what the spirit of critical science requires at the critic's hands, which is, by implication, to reach judgments proximately as unassailable as those reached in the sciences commonly so called. Such a judgment will probably be, and perhaps has already been, challenged in the name of criticism itself, and is not unlikely to have the effect of arousing hostility to the very ideal that Dr. Reilly champions. Fifty years ago Sainte-Beuve, one of the great practitioners, insisted that criticism is "an *art,*" which the merely anecdotic state of "the science of the moralist" prevented from attaining scientific status. A quarter of a century ago, Professor Droz of Besançon, in a carefully reasoned study, declared that "literary criticism, in so far as it sets itself to judge the beauty of works, is not a science." Dr. Reilly might perhaps reply that by criticism he does not understand merely the judging of literary beauty, and that Lowell, like most other critics, attempted much more than that. But even if we take in the whole field, and include in criticism the judging of authors and the estimating of all the grounds of their appeal, the demand put by M. Droz would probably still be forthcoming if the process of judgment throughout the field were claimed to be "a science." Solution of the deadlock, I suspect, is to be found only by discriminating between the forces of the expressions "a science," "science," "scientific."

The term "science," and still more "*a* science," by common agreement carries the usual sense of a body of

ascertained and co-ordinated knowledge, formulated in textbooks, and in the main or in large part agreed upon among special students, with reservation only of some matters in dispute for the time being. Now in this sense, clearly, *a* "science of criticism" does not exist and is not likely to exist in the near future. But then this sense, which merely indicates the most common application of the term, does not constitute its whole scope, even in academic usage. There is in constant use the phrase "moral science," though it would be hard to make out that there is any body of accepted knowledge coming under that head. And so it is with such terms as "historic science" and "political science": nay, experts in economics have not yet done debating as to whether that specialism is a science or an art, though "economic science" has just as much currency as "moral science." We are forced, in short, to remember that "science" has a generic as well as a particular, an abstract as well as a special meaning; and that the term "scientific" is even wider in its applicability.

Science, which primarily means simply knowledge, has come to mean exact and tested and ordered knowledge, and thus really signifies just the carefully ascertained truth about things; even as "scientific" points to a methodical and circumspect as against a haphazard or purely impressionist way of thinking, inquiring, and judging. And if we but ask ourselves how, where, and when science did or does begin, we are compelled to see that the quasi-absolute force which we tend to assign to the word is a straining of the facts. There was no moment at which geology or astronomy or biology became a science after being non-science. There is science in all considerate and painstaking notation and collocation of facts. Men proceed by generalizations and hypotheses, which are checked by other men and modified and recast, and then made the basis of other generalizations and hypotheses, which are similarly treated. In the words of F. A. Wolf, adopted by Matthew Arnold, "all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to the original sources." This necessarily means tentative approach, some error, and rectification. Absence of error cannot be made the mark of *a* science, for every science goes on admitting rectifications, to say nothing of re-formulations. Scientific method is just

careful, critical, reflective, tested and consistent method. For that very reason, there arises in regard to literary criticism, which claims to be reflective and judicial, the demand that it shall become less haphazard, less arbitrary, more consistent than it has been. And the demand is in the long run irresistible. Impatient men of letters, and emotional readers, may protest that it is all a matter of comparing tastes, which in the nature of things vary; but this protest will not carry them far. If they are convicted, as so many critics have been, of pronouncing expressly contradictory judgments, and are challenged to say which term of the contradiction expresses their " taste," even they must so far bow to the demand for circumspection. If they choose to say, with Whitman in a humorous mood, " If I contradict myself, why then I contradict myself," they merely end, so far as they are concerned, the discussion; which will go on in their absence, among people content to recognize the multiplication table. They must go further, or fare worse. Mr. Arthur Symons did go further when, over twenty years ago, he declared concerning an appeal for science in criticism that such science, as he understood it, would not be literature. And in large measure he may be said to have been right, having regard to the current aesthetic force of the term literature. It implies a concern for beauty or charm of statement, a way of saying things that is in itself an artistic possession. The primary purpose of science is different: it aims at tracing law and causation; and the proposed critical science, or scientific criticism, would aim at tracing law and causation in respect of literary effects, following up the literary phenomena on the one hand to the mental structure of the writer studied, and on the other hand to the varieties of mental structure and bias which determine the varying response of the reader. I am not sure whether Mr. Symons would have said that *this* procedure could not be literature. But some probably would; and the answer to them would be something like this:

It is quite true that an eloquent or finely phrased "appreciation" of an author, "laying down the law" as to his merits and demerits, his character and his gifts, may be more readily made a source of literary pleasure than an enquiry which proceeds judicially, examines contrary estimates, analyzing problems and propositions, and tracing ef-

fects and impressions on the one hand to varying faculties in the author and on the other to varying receptivity in the readers. It is common ground that Lowell's criticisms give much literary pleasure by their impressionism. But then Lowell certainly claimed, at least implicitly, to be doing more than conveying impressions, unless we are to say that a man does no more than that who emphatically and elaborately says "the thing *is* so," and impugns or derides those who say it is otherwise. In a word, the purely impressionist critic is nowhere to be found in bulk. The mere impressionist does not write, or very rarely writes, his judgments; whereas Lowell was a critic and judge by profession. And no critic can have it both ways. When he puts a definite judgment he is claiming to convey a truth to people who believe that truth in that regard is attainable; and he must admit his judgment to be open to the tests of truth—consistency, adequacy to the problem, conformity to admitted facts. Lowell surely made the admission.

And even if, for the time being, there is less sparkle and charm about the more circumspect enquiry than about the more heedless pronouncement, the matter does not end there. Literature which claims to guide opinion, while it may win much of the privilege of poetry—the typical mode of literary art, and the one which is avowedly most alien in its aim to the aim of science—is always more conditioned than is poetry by the test of rightness and consistency of thought. Even poetry cannot wholly escape the test. Newman's *Lead, kindly light,* has been subjected, by people quite sympathetic with its mood, to tests of simple analysis of meaning which disconcert old admirers, leaving them less enthusiastic, or even unenthusiastic. And criticism, which, however "literary", is necessarily ratiocinative, where poetry is relatively "simple, sensuous, and passionate", cannot but be impaired even as to its charm by the discovery that it is false, that its implied reasoning is absurd, that its judgments are inadequate or self-contradictory. Say what they will, critics know this; and if they have the root of the matter in them they practice vigilance, *self*-criticism, caution in judgment.

In a word, they seek to become more scientific than they were, or than their predecessors were. Arnold's primary and characteristic demand was that criticism shall become more heedful, more thoughtful, and so more veridical; and

Lowell's criticism is from the first an appeal for rectifications. And if these critics succeeded in being from the first more truly "literary" than those whose judgments they challenged, whereas those who in turn challenge them are forced by their clearer purpose and more ratiocinative task to a process of analysis, eristic and judicial, which at first partakes more of the tone of science than of that of literature, the latter are not thereby in the least confuted. The more single-minded among them will not even concern themselves as to whether they shall ultimately hold literary or scientific status—or any status at all. It will suffice for them that they reached or sought truth.

But the more scrupulously truth-seeking criticism is really not ultimately debarred from "literary" status even by acceptance of that drudgery of patient thought from which the impressionistic innovators recoiled or abstained—or, let us plainly say, for which they were not qualified. The more scientific grasp of truth, the sifted truth, passes in due course into the blood streams, as it were, of the new generation, becoming as truly part of the life of feeling as were the untested guesses and intuitions of the past; and in that stage it is as much matter of "literature" as what went before. Under Arnold's ill-considered and formally false definition of poetry as "at bottom criticism of life", lies the truth that even poetry is ultimately tested by its hold on sanity, its congruity with life and things, its relation to the developing psychosis and philosophy of the evolving world. Thus a great deal of temporarily successful literature tends in time to fail as literature.

The same is true, certainly, of what aims at being science. Much of the criticism of past centuries took a quasi-scientific form, and professed a scientific purpose. Burke in his day wrote of "the science of criticism," and Kames claimed that it was "a rational science"; and their science did not prove adequate. Yet the just inference is not a verdict for the anti-scientific spirit, or for the rejection of the scientific. Kames had his effect on the literature of his age in so far (it was not very far) as his own aesthetic perceptions were abreast of the existing product. Science means a perpetual reconsideration, even as literature is a perpetual re-impression and re-wording of feeling and thought. Twenty years ago, French students filled with the new spirit had come to employ *"de la littérature"* as a term of derision: It sig-

nified for them obscurantism, the preference for verbiage over reasoned thought, rhetoric over true criticism, declamation over the scientific spirit.

But their derision does not dispose of the spirit of literature, any more than literary obscurantism disposes of the spirit of science. Science and literature alike are at perpetual grips with inertia: the struggle is the eternal and fundamental conflict between the forces of change and the forces of resistance to change. The new criticism, in due course, becomes literature just as did the old. Hennequin's treatise on *La Critique Scientifique* is indeed a work of nearly pure science, hard to read and master, avowedly (even needlessly and unfortunately) repellent in terminology; but his critiques of authors are just as truly literature as are Lowell's, albeit a drier wine. Impressionism has not disappeared: in reality we get the impressionism of a new knowledge, no longer amateurish—at least relatively much less so—but in its more watchful way quite as confident as the old; perhaps, some will say, quite as overconfident. For there is more science to come, more reconsideration, a recognition of yet further problems, with doubtless a further recasting of criticism. Such is the law of evolution, in literature as in life.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"WHEN I speak my native tongue in its utmost purity in England," said Mark Twain in 1882, "an Englishman can't understand me at all." A generation later, Sidney Low, writing in the *Westminster Gazette* (July, 1913) remarked that "we [the English] ought to learn the American language in our schools and colleges . . . We teach . . . Spanish, Russian, modern Greek, Arabic, Hindustani . . . But . . . there is nobody to teach you American. I have never seen a grammar of it, or a dictionary . . . The native speech of one hundred million of civilized people is as grossly neglected by the publishers as it is by the schoolmasters. You can find means to learn Hausa or Swahili or Cape Dutch in London more easily than the expressive, if difficult, tongue which is spoken in the office, the bar-room, the tram-car, from the snows of Alaska to the mouths of the Mississippi, and is enshrined in a literature that is growing in volume and favor every day."

Mr. Low thought he was being funny when he wrote that—certainly he did not mean to be taken literally. But the Eleventh Edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (1910) was not trying to be funny when it said that "it is not uncommon to meet with [American] newspaper articles of which an untravelled Englishman would hardly be able to understand a sentence." Our own *Evening Post* (N. Y.) has recently plucked from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* a typical newspaper headline written in "American" which would probably elicit cries of acute distress from any untravelled

[1] *The American Language*, by H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1919.

citizen of Liverpool. It reads thus: CARFARE GOUGE PUT UP TO EDGE." One might hold that four out of those six words are slang, and that an Englishman should not be expected to understand foreign slang at sight, any more than an American should be expected to be reciprocally intelligent. But at what point does a word or a phrase cease to be slang and become respectable? Is "gouge" (the noun) any longer to be regarded as slang? We are not sure. "Put up to"?—yes, perhaps.

A writer in the London *Daily Mail* recently essayed to make plain the way of the English movie fan confronted by American films. He deemed it needful to define for the British "cinema" spectator such familiar elements of our American language as *hoodlum, hobo, bunco-steerer, rubberneck, drummer, sucker, dive* (the noun), and *graft.* Now which of these are "slang,"—and, as such, permissably baffling to a foreigner,—and which belong to our polite speech? Beyond any question at all, *hoodlum* has ceased to be slang, and is now admitted into the drawing-rooms of "polite" writers and allowed to sit at ease on the chintz. Just as certainly, *rubberneck* has not yet had its adam's apple scrubbed in preparation for the starched collar of genteel usage. It is still "slang" (though, as slang, it is what the azygous F. P. A. would call "Old, old stuff," and what the returning Parisianized doughboy would doubtless call *vieux chapeau*). But it is, beyond dispute, slang, even if it is stale slang, and one cannot imagine it being used in a piece of serious writing by Mr. Paul Elmer More. Surely *graft* (the noun) has ceased to be slang; but how about *hobo?* Would Mr. More use *hobo?* It is not a matter of age at all. Age may wither and custom stale, but they do not necessarily legitimize: for *dead-beat,* whose origin has been traced to 1877, is still expected to eat with its knife and wear "made" cravats, whereas *dive* (in the sense of a "low" resort) is now perfectly good academic American, though it is of later origin than *dead-beat.*

It is all very perplexing indeed. And if foreigners like the English are not going to teach American with earnest and intelligent assiduity, what is to happen? Someone has said that it will all come out right, because the English are appreciative and acquisitive enough to appropriate a linguistic invention as soon as we turn it out, and incorporate it in their own language. But how does that help

to promote comprehension if the Englishman mistakes the meaning of the words he fancies and wants to appropriate? We have heard one Englishman explain to another Englishman that when an American called someone a "dead beat" he meant to denote an undertaker. And there is this further difficulty: If American is to be taught in English schools, how are the instructors to know whether an American word is still "slang" (and therefore negligible in the present education of English boys and girls), or whether we have taken the verbal unfortunate off the streets and made an Honest Woman of her? We ourselves don't always know.

What would an English school-teacher make of such an ordinary American sentence as this: "He had a skirt with him"? Is *skirt,* in this sense, "slang"? No doubt. But for concise and comprehensive and triumphant expressiveness, it is irreplacable. Try to convey exactly the same sense, with the same economy, using any word that the *Spectator* would use. It can't be done. We have here an authentic addition to expressive speech, not merely a lazy substitute; and in five years you may find it in a New York *Times* editorial—without quotation-marks.

To anyone who has read Mr. H. L. Mencken's new book, the inspiration of the foregoing reflections will be obvious. Mr. Mencken in this book is more than engrossing. He is pestiferous. For is it not pestiferous to tie one to the tail of a 320-word book, in smallish print, from milking-time till sun-up? That is what will happen ("infallyibly," as Mr. Barrie's Policeman says) to anyone whose trade is words, English or American; and it is probably what will happen to anyone else who is sufficiently interested to begin Mr. Mencken's book.

Every newspaper editor knows that an unfailing way to educe a torrent of correspondence from his readers is to start some verbal controversy. It is as certain to produce results as the throwing of a tomato omelette into an electric fan—an experiment which Mr. Oliver Herford (we believe) once declared to be the most urgent of his suppressed desires. We think Mr. Mencken has started something almost as exciting as the realization of Mr. Herford's secret ambition would be. His title alone is enough to rejoice the soul of any newspaper editor who might have thought to use it to initiate

a discussion. "The American Language"! Does it exist? Is it different from standard English, "not merely in vocabulary, to be disposed of in an alphabetical list," but "in conjugation and declension, in metaphor and idiom, in the whole fashion of using words"? Mr. Mencken set out to prove that it is, and he has pulled off an achievement of extraordinary interest and importance.

This is no mere dictionary of Americanisms, as its publisher justly observes, but an attempt—an exceedingly able attempt—"to investigate the lines of growth of the language in America, with particular attention to its spoken form." Mr. Mencken examines the grammar of colloquial America, American spelling, the influence of immigrant languages upon English in America, the mutations of American surnames, American proverbs, American slang. It would be impossible to do justice to his book without carrying representation and discussion to an impracticable length. There is no help for it but to be unjust to his treatise, and unwillingly seem to contract its scope and comprehensiveness by dwelling upon one or two of its many significant aspects.

One's agreement with Mr. Mencken is so nearly one hundred per cent that one gets a certain low-lived satisfaction from disagreeing—when one can. Our chief difference with him is caused by what we feel to be a defect of emphasis. It seems to us that Mr. Mencken is too much dazzled by what he somewhere calls our "incomparable capacity for projecting hidden and often fantastic relationships into arresting parts of speech." Such a term as *rubberneck,* he thinks, is almost a complete treatise on national psychology. "It has in it precisely the boldness and disdain of ordered forms that are so characteristically American." The American "likes to make his language as he goes along." We incline, he thinks, toward a directness of statement which, at its worst, lacks restraint and urbanity. So far, he thinks, we have escaped tall-talk, Johnsonese, machine-made jargon. We "rebel instinctively" against circumlocution. "There is more than mere humorous contrast between the famous placard in the wash-room of the British Museum: *These Basins Are For Casual Ablutions Only,* and the familiar sign at American railway crossings: *Stop! Look! Listen.*"

At our best, there is no denying the fact that we are

wonders at inventing bold, vivid, concise, direct, and brilliantly expressive speech. *Joy-ride* is incomparable. So is *standpatter.* So are *lounge-lizard, high-brow, bone-head, tight-wad, road-louse; barrel* (for illicit affluence), *pork* (for public graft). There is no doubt that we have a creative way with language—let us admit it. But we think Mr. Mencken is a little too easy with us, a little under-critical. Along with this obvious tendency of the American language toward condensation, we must recognize—if we look steadily and honestly—another tendency, equally typical, in the opposite direction. We mean the patent American love for the verbally evasive, the verbally indirect, ambiguous, redundant.

We love the pretentious in speech, the absurdly ornate, the circumlocutory. It was our beloved America that invented *tonsorial parlor;* that adores the clumsily elaborate, the timidly genteel phrase; that prefers a shambling euphemism to a racy and swift directness. It was in America, in 1918, that the Army Medical Corps complained of the handicap imposed upon their work of essential public education because of the anserine squeamishness of the newspapers, which in most cases refused to print its bulletins regarding the prevalence of syphilis because, as one blameless journalistic soul explained, "the use of such terms as 'gonorrhea,' 'syphilis,' and even 'venereal diseases' *would not add to the tone of the papers*" (the italics are ours). Such fatuous and panicky evasions as *statutory offense* for *adultery,* or *an interesting condition* for *pregnant,* are typically American. It is said that the New York *Evening Post* only recently permitted its reporters to use the bold term *street-walker.*

This trait, so far as it concerns language that touches upon the more urgent realities of the flesh, is due, of course, merely to our irremediable Puritan hang-over. Mr. Mencken recognizes this truth, and has his fun with it. How can one thank him sufficiently for incidentally unearthing the fact that during the Victorean era in England the linguistic drapers, seeking a polite substitute for *bull,* which was banned as too gross for refined ears, hit upon and used the enchanting subterfuge, *gentleman-cow?* But while England has for the most part recovered from that ludicrous and horrible distemper, America has not. Mr. Mencken refers to a recent example of the use of *male-cow*

for *bull* as quoted in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association for November 17, 1917.

Mr. Mencken might point to the edifying fact that the American who now represents us abroad has not hesitated to use in public discourse such phrases as *going some,* and *hog* (as a verb). That is indeed all to the good. But Mr. Wilson is sufficiently expert in the use of language to know when to express himself like Walter Bagehot and when to express himself like the Man in the Street. Mr. Wilson's speech is, however, scarcely typical of the American language. Take a speech that is; not that of the motorman in New York, the ironworker in Pittsburgh, the corner grocer in St. Louis, the carpenter in Ohio: that, in the main, as Mr. Mencken says, is "a highly virile and defiant dialect," disdainful of precedent, without self-consciousness, "deriving its principles from the rough and ready logic of every day." Take the speech of the semi-educated American—the habitual speech of the American manufacturer, of the lower grade of Congressman, of the small-town matron, of the T. B. M., of the average newspaper-man—the American language that is used in a million prosperous provincial homes, a million business offices, a million newspaper "stories" and editorials. It is a speech that is flabby with timorous euphemisms. It is shambling, mincing, cheaply "refined," indecently "respectable." It seems almost incapable of direct and honest speech. It not only says *limbs* when it means *legs* (which is merely the Puritan complex uttering a feebly shameful reminder of its dirty past), but it fails to say what it means even when it means something wholly unrelated to Sex and Sin. One would not expect a "nice" American woman to emulate the shameless English and call a female canine a *bitch.* She would be content with *dog;* or, if pressed, would take refuge in *lady-dog*—we have heard it. (Mr. Mencken admits this fact, but attempts to account for it by the delightfully naïve and excessively indulgent explanation that it is due "largely, perhaps," to the English people's "greater familiarity with country life.") But why does the average semi-educated, middle-class American (who, bless his amiable soul, rules our intellectual life) say *under the influence of liquor* when he means *drunk,* and *retire* when he means *go to bed?*

We think it is because the average American, despite his indisputable liking for the succinct and the vividly direct, has a concurrent, deep-seated, ineradicable inclination toward the euphemistic, the evasive, the stilted, the highfalutin'. This tendency permeates the speaking and writing of Americans, in regions of reflection and reaction where the Puritan complex does not enter at all. Is it because the American is really, for all his superficial raciness and vividness and impatience, at heart a quaking traditionalist, an incurable side-stepper? One sometimes suspects that this is so.

Mr. Mencken speaks of " the disdain of ordered forms " that is " so characteristically American." We think this " disdain " is largely superficial. In his heart of hearts, the American loves the old ways, the conventional ways. The art that he loves is saccharine, pretty, conventional—he infinitely prefers Howard Chandler Christy to Glackens; the Pretty-Girl, Little Tot, Lover-and-Sweetheart confections on the popular magazine covers to the drawings of Boardman Robinson or Art Young. He would willingly chuck Walt Whitman any day for Longfellow. He thrills at the *Méditation Religeuse* from " Thaïs " and goes to sleep over Moussorgsky.

But all this is hardly Mr. Mencken's fault. We have dwelt upon it merely because he did not, and we think his indulgence a defect in a book that is almost always sound, shrewd, discerning, just. This treatise is accomplished with humor, with brilliancy, with sympathetic imagination. And, as we began by saying, it is deplorably engrossing.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

TEN YEARS NEAR THE GERMAN FRONTIER. By Maurice Francis Egan, former United States Minister to Denmark. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Did the war begin in the Balkans, in the brain of the Kaiser, in the policy of Frederick, called the Great, or in the murder of Abel? It is always permissible for a writer to choose his own point of departure. Mr. Egan says that the war began in Denmark; and there is much to be urged in favor of this view. In 1864, Denmark was deprived of Slesvig-Holstein—a province as Danish as Alsace-Lorraine is French—by the united pressure of Prussia and of Austria, Prussia's subservient ally. "This was the beginning," says Mr. Egan, "of the mighty German Empire; it made the Kiel Canal possible, and laid the foundation of the German navy. Slesvig, too, supplied the best sailors in the world. Bismarck, when he cynically treated Slesvig as a pawn in his game, had his eye on a future navy—a navy which would one day force the British from the dominion of the sea!"

Certainly, wherever one looks for the beginning of the war, one finds (if one keeps within the modern period) that it began in German perfidy, German treachery, exercised toward some weaker neighbor. The fate of Belgium roused American conscience; it made Americans set their teeth in grim determination; the fate of Serbia made American blood boil. But nothing could have exacerbated American sensibilities or outraged the American spirit of self-assertion more than to have been placed—if that had been possible—in the situation of Denmark. America in constant fear of a powerful, unscrupulous "Southern neighbor," America forced to consider what that neighbor might think of every ordinary exercise of American sovereignty—unthinkable! Yet such was the situation of Denmark—and the Danes did not like it much better than we would have liked it if we had been in their place.

To a diplomat during the war, and before it, Copenhagen afforded a most advantageous post of observation not only because it was a favorable position for watching German dealings with Norway and Sweden as well as with Denmark, not only because it enabled Mr. Egan to obtain a somewhat intimate view of Germany through Danish eyes, but also because Copenhagen was a sort of diplomatic clearing house. One important truth of world-politics was impressed on Mr. Egan soon after he first went to Denmark as United States Minister in 1907. Laugh as one might, and as most people did in that year, at

German bumptiousness and at German encroachments,—the alarm had already been sounded in South America,—it became plain to Mr. Egan that Prussianized Germany might at any moment seize Denmark, and that in this case the Danish West Indies would become Prussian—a pleasant prospect for us, in view of our Monroe Doctrine! Thus, an interest in the West Indian problem, unusual among Americans at that time, and an opportunity to feel out Danish opinion in this matter and to catch the Danish reaction toward Germany, gave our Minister, not the gift of prophecy, but a certain insight into German motives and methods, from the first. But this was not all: to be a diplomat at Copenhagen required an unusual attention to the mysteries of dynastic politics—the bad old system of personal relationships between rulers that had not, during Mr. Egan's stay in Denmark, by any means lost its power. That Mr. Egan possessed the requisite knowledge is made apparent not only by the ease—dazzling to republican simplicity—with which he treats of royal and semi-royal family histories, but also by the many graphic thumbnail sketches he gives of important and interesting personages. Although King Frederick objected to having the Court at Copenhagen regarded as a sort of royal marriage market, and discouraged suitors for the hands of his daughters, it was none the less true that previous royal marriages and the fact that nearly every diplomat at Copenhagen was a favorite with his sovereign, gave the post unusual prestige, and made "conversations" possible there which could not have taken place elsewhere. Mr. Egan evidently understood the situation and tactfully adjusted himself to it. He was on good terms with Szchenyi, the Austro-Hungarian Minister and rather intimate with Henkel-Donnersmarck, a German statesman somewhat too old-fashioned to please the Kaiser. Than Mr. Egan few of our diplomats seem to have learned more from their colleagues.

The ideas which the keenly observant, shrewdly receptive, and notably far-sighted author of these memoirs seems desirous, amid all the entertaining digressions and incidental pleasantries of his narrative, of impressing upon his compatriots are two: first, the extent, the subtlety and the virulence of German propaganda, and second, the need of America for an intelligent knowledge of those smaller countries in which the American democratic example ought to have been most powerful but in which German influence was in reality least opposed from without.

We are friendly to the smaller countries, and they now have some reason to trust us—but do they really understand us, or we them? In Denmark, Minister Egan was seriously embarrassed in his efforts to negotiate the sale of the Danish West Indies—a sale completed just in the nick of time, before America entered the war—because Danes generally considered Americans so barbarously disposed toward negroes that they could not be trusted to rule them. Actually, Danish humanitarian feeling was up in arms against America. What a pity that certain Southern lynchings should so have misrepresented to Denmark the general attitude of America. How unfortunate that the real nature of the American negro problem could not have been even a little understood in Denmark! Before the war we did not concern ourselves much about such things. The fact that we almost lost the Danish West

Indies because Denmark saw our civilization through the medium of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* may serve as an example to warn us against provincial indifference to the opinions of the world; but the whole problem is of course bigger than *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and broader than Denmark.

"We have two bad habits," writes Mr. Egan: "We read our psychology as well as our temperament—the result of a unique kind of experience and education—into the minds of other people, and we despise the opinion of nations which are small." Is it not one of the conspicuous lessons of the war that it makes a world of difference whether the little countries regard democracy with hope and affection, or look "with helpless respect" toward autocracy? Truly there has always been too much truth in the gibe of Mr. Dooley: "Up until recently ye thought Bulgaria was only the name of a sleepin' car." Yet Bulgaria counted—and on the wrong side.

In the little countries German vigilance was sleepless, German influence unceasing. In Sweden the upper classes were allowed no intellectual contact with the democracies of the world, the fear of Russia was sedulously kept alive, and the good feeling between Sweden and Denmark was undermined. *Kultur* patronized Danish letters. It was impossible for a Danish author to succeed, on a large scale, unless his works were translated into German and sold in Germany; and hence it was impossible for a Danish author to write against Germany without sacrificing at once his market and his reputation outside of Denmark. In all the Scandinavian countries scholars looked to Germany as the center of learning, and received encouragement from Germany.

And if German intrigue was unsuccessful in Norway, this failure was due neither to counter-influences upon the part of the Allies nor to a lack of diligence upon the part of the friends of Germany. The reason for German unsuccess in Norway should be interesting to Americans. Neither Swede nor Norwegian, it would seem, is designed by nature to be a slave of autocracy, and of the Norwegian in particular it is said that he "can neither be laughed, argued, or coerced out of an opinion that he believes to be founded on a principle"; and that "he looks on all questions from the point of view of a free man thinking his own thoughts."

All this spreading of German influence and prestige Mr. Egan from his central position in Copenhagen could see and understand. No other book is itself less of the nature, or has less the tone, of propaganda than this one of his; yet no other book tells us quite so much about the working of propaganda. Honest propaganda, one sees, of course, is the best. The Germans knew this as well as anybody, and so up to a certain point their methods were honest! Germany did indeed encourage and praise Scandinavian scholars and authors who had merit—not those who lacked it. She was as honest as Iago—

> And what's he then that says I play the villain,
> When this advice I give is free and honest,
> Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
> To win the Moor again?

Such mock honesty must be counteracted by real honesty. Propa-

ganda—much as Americans have come to loathe the very word—must be used not for intrigue but in the interests of mutual understanding; it must be a propaganda of truth designed to build up that public opinion of the world which is the surest safeguard of peace. And nowhere is the need of mutual understanding more apparent than in the case of America and Scandinavia; for "our position in the world of democracy has been affected in these northern nations by the constant representations upon the part of our enemies that we are a people of usurers and materialists"—and this at a time when the Danes and Norwegians are in love with democracy and the Swedes are turning toward freedom.

Persuasive, plausible, and poisonous, German intrigue did not scruple to use religion as a means to strengthen itself. This was obvious enough in Germany itself; but it is probable that the very blatancy of German utterances about "the good old German God" blinded most of us to the scope of German religious propaganda. Could it be that a nation which appeared to have lapsed into paganism could hope to influence other nations through religion? But it was even so!

The Cahensly plot in America, the plan to keep German Catholic immigrants in America faithful to the Fatherland by placing them under the exclusive influence of German preachers and teachers —a plan bravely and successfully opposed by Archbishop Ireland— showed the possibilities in this direction. The same thing had been tried among the Lutherans and had for a time succeeded. Not only was religion in Germany compelled to justify Kaiserism, but Kaiserism was elsewhere "concealed in the glove of piety."

But it is scarcely less surprising to learn something of the true religious and political situation within Germany. What elements in Germany, if any, were anti-imperialistic? Not the Socialists certainly —every one understands that now. How about the party of the Center? The matter is rather too complicated and too delicate for brief exposition, but it may be said that at the outbreak of the war the Center was no longer the party of Windthorst, and that something of a surprise awaits those whose ideas about the position of the Center have been derived, let us say, from that work of imposing frankness and text-book gravity, von Buelow's *Imperial Germany*.

Ultra-gravity, by the way, is not the chief characteristic of Mr. Egan's book. This is well, for though there is really no subject so serious as that of international politics, the portentous technicalities and solemn mysteries of world politics are just now somewhat discredited.

In general our books of ambassadorial authorship in America have manifested a saving sense of humor, which is often in America the complement of earnestness. If there is a certain glee in Mr. Egan's accounts of how he escaped relatively unscathed from Dr. Cook, and of how he deprived his friends the journalists of a big sensation in connection with the visit to Copenhagen of Booker T. Washington—to whom Mr. Egan pays, in passing, a high tribute— American readers will be only the more readily impressed with the value of the viewpoint which he sets forth with so much insight and so much knowledge.

JOYCE KILMER. Edited with a Memoir by Robert Cortes Holliday. New York: George H. Doran Company.

In order to understand Joyce Kilmer, one must have him whole. That is why one is so much more grateful for these two volumes of poems, essays, and letters than one usually is for such collections. The poems are original and sincere, certainly; the essays are clever and as natural as sunshine. Yet there is no single essay or poem, perhaps, that would preserve the name of Joyce Kilmer from ultimate oblivion. That Joyce Kilmer should be forgotten, however, would be a calamity; he was a man whose vital influence should not be restricted to a small circle or a short life. Few can read his story and the things that he wrote without a sense of enlarged life and heightened hope.

Here in America we have been mixing bloods, educating, democratizing, exposing young people to all sorts of stimulating influences for a good many generations. And what do we expect to be the result? What, in other words, do we hope, in our hearts, that the state of our children and our children's children, at best, will be? For of course our ideals, so far as they are not meant merely to keep us in the straight and narrow path, mostly have reference to posterity. Perhaps it is not too bold an assertion to say that we more or less consciously look forward to a time when, on the whole, our youthful descendants will be in freedom, in sincerity, in buoyancy, in humanity, and above all in joy of living, much as Joyce Kilmer was. Francis Thompson wrote of the "after-woman"; Joyce Kilmer was the after-youth, come before his time.

This statement, while it sounds sentimental, is in fact perfectly logical. Joyce Kilmer was a natural product of our loose and much criticized, but now at last triumphantly justified American system of education. He was as sturdily independent as one of the men of 1776, as daring as a pioneer, as adaptable as an American woman. He was unconventional; he was not technical; he was not profound, but he was keen and right. He was amazingly versatile, full of quenchless enthusiasm, thoroughly alive. He had the divine gift of humor without unkindness, and a pathetic seriousness without the least taint of old-world melancholy or imported romanticism. He was, as the new American will certainly be, cosmopolitan in sympathies, but at the same time warmly nationalistic. He could be ecstatic as a lark sometimes, but was eminently shrewd and sensible.

Certainly if all this does not represent our ideal of the future American, it represents with fair accuracy what we seem to be doing our best to make him. If we want a type sadder, more prudent, more deeply marked by the precocious sobriety of an early maturity, something graver and more "vocational" in aspect, something a little more old-fogyish, more like a German student, perhaps; more given to accepting ready-made ideas, more profound with a second-hand profundity, more skeptical, more submissive,—then we are not, in this land of the free, with our colleges, with our free association of the sexes, with our throwing open of every door to the young—we are not taking the right way to get it. Our young people have a good deal their own way, and it seems to us who are older, that they undergo a good deal of excitement and store away a good deal of experience before they are

twenty-five. Does this spoil them or make them blasé? Not necessarily.

Joyce Kilmer himself always declared that he was half Irish. No one who has himself a "flash of the Irish" can fail to recognize the truth of this claim. But there were other strains—English and Scotch. And the quality of Kilmer's mind was, after all, quite as much Yankee as Irish. No sooner does one permit oneself to say of some remark of his that it is a perfectly characteristic example of Irish wit than one is struck with the general kinship of the thought with something said, for instance, by Mark Twain. So of his poetry: some of it has an appeal like that of James Whitcomb Riley; but Riley was above all things sentimental and Hoosier, while Kilmer at times more truly connects with the older American tradition. He is often in spirit not unlike Holmes, or Lowell—but with, of course, a difference.

What strikes one in Kilmer's writings, after all, is that here is something not so much modern, after the present fashion of modernity, as actually and refreshingly new—something warmer, truer, better balanced, and more natural than the older literature; something more honest than the old efforts after honesty, freer than the old struggles for freedom. Is it not possible that this better spirit, this less hampered expression, this easier access to sympathy, is waiting for us, or for our children, somewhere not too far in the future?

The feeling of newness, the sense of the future, in Kilmer's work, is due less to its originality than to its harmonious combination of widely different feelings and impressions—a combination not at all suggestive of what is called "modern unrest." Stridency, shock, overdone realism, fine-spun skepticism, over-wrought mood—all the most characteristically modern things, in short, appear to be automatically excluded from his poetry. There is no apparent effort at exclusion; he simply writes as he pleases, and his writing suggests a new order of things, built on the old—suggests a love of children, for instance, that is not especially Hoosier or small-townish, a love of home that is robust enough to find joy in steam heat, electric light, and hardwood floors, as that of our fathers was sufficiently vigorous to survive the discomforts and inconveniences of the old homestead—all this felt with a greater relish than of old, and with a fuller, a more varied sympathy for others.

A poet who writes of love, if he is sincere, produces from within himself things old and things new, all that he has, in fact. If he is discontented or narrow minded or moody or flippant, he is very likely to reveal the fact. Kilmer had an unbounded scorn for those whom he addressed as—

> You little poets mincing there
> With women's hearts and women's hair.

He himself wrote love poetry in the spirit of Walter Scott—except, of course, that Sir Walter did not know how to write love poetry and did not have the advantage of being brought up among modern American young women. But it is not merely the fineness, the chivalry, of such a poem as "The Blue Valentine" that impresses one; it is the

richness of the offering, the wealth and contentment of the mind that can so think and feel.

What all this betokens is a personality perfectly integrated and therefore, as was always felt by those who knew Kilmer, happy and strong. In him, humor, piety, love, friendship, intellect, meet in a synthesis that one feels to be somehow new. In this personality, there seems to be no unhappy break with the past, no undue discontent with the present, no sense of homelessness, no apparent lesion of any kind. It accepts heartily the conditions that so many have found disturbing—modern life, this modern war of ours, everything—and adjusts itself to them. Not even the work of a hack-writer could embitter it.

What of his standing as a man of letters? It is idle to discuss the question of whether or not he was a genius. As a writer, perhaps not; as an avatar of young America, yes. Only a personality having the strength of genius could be such an orator—an average mind could not compass it. Kilmer's poems say just what they were meant to say, with convincing sincerity and sometimes with singular originality of phrase—the sublest form of originality of thought. His verses, in all their intensity, are always as friendly and human as a hand-clasp. He will probably not go down to history, however, as a great poet in the sense either of a great word-master, or a great creator of verbal melodies, or as a great seer. What matter?

America will take Joyce Kilmer to her heart, not because he was a genius in any of the narrower senses, but because he was a prophesy.

CAN GRANDE'S CASTLE. By Amy Lowell. New York: the Macmillan Company.

In subtlety of suggestion, splendor of phraseology, and picturesqueness of imagery, surely most writing of the past, whether in verse or prose, must be regarded as drab and tame by comparison with Miss Lowell's polyphonic prose. And it would be mere folly to denounce as simply "precious" writing which has so many facets of simplicity and of art. The element of surprise due to the use of words and phrases in combinations that give them an entirely new luminosity; the rich, vari-colored effect of the whole, with its superposition of picture on picture and mood on mood, tempts one to believe that Miss Lowell has really developed a new and immensely powerful art.

Perhaps she has. Certainly, liberty is a great thing and not to be trammeled whether in verse or in thought. But without disapproving the tendency, one may raise certain queries as to its scope and effect.

The truth about free verse would seem to be—as, indeed, its adherents assert—that its defiance of scansion is nothing new. No one of course reads the line, "The quality of mercy is not strained," as it is scanned. But these lines and other lines of classic English poetry are measured—measured, it is true, according to some rather mysterious psychic law, but indubitably measured: we know whether the full number of feet in the line has been filled out even though we cannot without pain force our utterance to conform to the formal metrical scheme. And so what the free versifiers do is not so much to introduce

subtler rhythms than the older poets (barring the eighteenth century) used, as to abandon that measure which all the classic poets, writing by ear rather than by rule, used in order to give effect to the subtlety of rhythm which they actually achieved. In this view polyphonic prose seems less comparable to music without melody than to music without time. Whether more is gained than is lost by the method is a question not to be decided hastily.

But there is a larger question involved in the new art, a question that concerns the use of words not as to their rhythmical possibilities but as to their meanings.

Music makes use of symbols which suggest no ideas except as these arise through stimulation of the emotions, through mimetic adaptation, or through an arbitrary prearranged connection. Painting seems even less dependent upon concepts, the order of feeling it arouses being one stage farther removed from conceptual thought than are the emotions called up by music, which seems to owe a part at least of its power to its appeal to feelings that were originally promptings to action and are therefore not far removed from definite thought. But *words* mean things or concepts. To use them continually for the sake of their mere connotation, to adopt a style almost purely suggestive and largely ejaculatory, strains them from their natural function. Words make us think, and the polyphonic prose will not let us think. Instead of subtly availing itself as the older poetry did of the capacity of a little definite thought to support an immense amount of suggestion, the polyphonic prose constantly arouses and then represses the tendency to reflect coherently.

To be sure, some of the loveliest lines of poetry in the language are by no means valuable for what they denote:—

> In Xanadu did Kubla Kahn
> A stately pleasure dome decree,
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea—

If there is more in the stanza than Coleridge's mood and vision, no critic has been able to find it. But Coleridge's words are led along in stately procession, their suggestiveness subdued to the formal decorum of ordinary, sane human thought. All Miss Lowell's words are straining at the halter.

So long as men incorrigibly use words to think with, will there not be something painful and unnatural to all but the most sophisticated minds—that is to all minds but those whose possessors have leisure and adaptability sufficient for the cultivation of artificial (though not necessarily reprehensible) tastes—will there not be something painful to most minds in an art which inclines toward ignoring the natural function of words?

Though it is dangerous to mark out limits for a new tendency, one may risk the conjecture that the good effect of the free-verse movement will be felt in its enrichment of matter-of-fact prose, and in its bringing to pass a more democratic sympathy, so to speak, between prose and poetry, than in its establishment of a new art to take the place of an old one.

CONSTITUTIONAL POWER AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By George Sutherland: former United States Senator from Utah. New York: Columbia University Press.

Hitherto controversies regarding the Constitution of the United States have had to do with the distribution of powers between the various States and the central Government. Just now a new question has been raised—a question concerning the power of the Federal Government, or of any other governmental agency in this country, to do certain things at all. Does the Constitution, for example, permit, or does it by implication forbid, the Government of the United States to enter into such obligations with European nations as are by some deemed to be necessary for the future peace of the world? In assuming such obligations, necessary as they may be, shall we be straining the letter of the Constitution in order to adapt it to new conditions, or shall we be simply carrying out that course of evolution for which the framers of the instrument advisedly left the way fully open?

These questions are exactly answered by ex-Senator Sutherland in the course of his scholarly work, *Constitutional Power and World Affairs*. Mr. Sutherland draws a clear distinction between powers applicable to *internal* affairs and those necessary for the conduct of *external* affairs. Nor is the distinction artificial. It is ridiculous to suppose that in the distribution of powers between the States and the central Government, certain powers essential to a sovereign state were meant to be completely withheld and not conferred upon any agency whatever. By the Tenth Amendment powers, not delegated to the United States, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States or to the people: "In external affairs, however, there is no residuary agency; the sole agency capable of acting is the National Government. Is it not reasonable to assume that those who were so careful to avoid any lapse or loss of active power in the case of *internal* matters were equally solicitous in the case of *external affairs?* If this be answered affirmatively, as it must be, did their expression fall short of their meaning? To put the extreme case: If the framers of the Constitution have omitted to specify affirmatively some highly useful and important external power, is it therefore to be withheld by virtue of the doctrine which limits the general government to the powers expressly granted, and such as are auxiliary thereto?"

That the course of constitutional development, as well as common sense, approves a negative answer to this latter question, Mr. Sutherland shows through a somewhat detailed and strikingly clear review of historic facts.

The underlying doctrine is, of course, that the general government, as a creation of the people, must be supposed to be clothed with all the powers necessary for effecting the purposes for which it was brought into existence. No one has applied this principle with more rigorous exactness to a great variety of cases than has Mr. Sutherland.

It is noteworthy, however, that the author, while thus demonstrating and clearly expounding the powers of the general Government in relation to those external affairs which loom so large to-day, expresses pointed disapproval of the plan for a League to Enforce Peace. The Government *may*, it would appear, enter into such a league.

Whether it ought to do so is quite another question. Mr. Sutherland points out, with emphatic clearness, a frequently overlooked objection to the plan—the difficulty, in view of the adeptness of statesmen in shifting responsibiity, of determining in any given war just which nation is really the aggressor: so plain a case as that of Germany's invasion of Belgium is not likely to occur again. Moreover he puts into a nutshell the true philosophy of those who oppose the League plan: "If the world has not advanced to such a period of respect for law and order as to insure submission to the decisions of an International Court of Justice, it has not reached the point where it may safely rely upon its own enduring adherence to any other plan of peace enforcement."

DUTCH AND ENGLISH ON THE HUDSON. By Maude Wilder Goodwin. New Haven: Yale University Press.

It is not usual to find so much literary charm and craftsmanship employed in the telling of an accurate and somewhat detailed historic narrative as one discovers in Mrs. Goodwin's story of colonial New York. The book may well be read for pleasure; yet any one who so reads it will be certain to gain some clear and definite ideas supported by facts—if it be only that Peter Stuyvesant was not the "valiant, weather-beaten, leathern-sided, generous-spirited old governor" of legend, but on the contrary a brutal tyrant and a religious bigot. The author corrects the view that the Dutch colonization in America was purely a commercial venture, and shows that in reality "the founding of New Netherland marked a momentous epoch in the struggle for the freedom of conscience." Very frequently, indeed, Mrs. Goodwin shows real breadth of historic thinking in conjunction with the interest in details of topography, of life, of character, and of government which properly characterizes the writer of a chronicle as distinct from the historian. The author's account, for example, of the old Red Sea pirates is extraordinarily picturesque and striking, but not at all in the nature of a mere peddling of romance. In these pages one may quite casually acquire such interesting bits of information as the derivation of the word *filibuster* or the word *buccaneer,* while at the same time one gets the effect of a coherent and well-compacted narrative. In writing this book, Mrs. Goodwin has evidently thought out all the facts anew, and her thought is as independent as her style is fresh. She has written a scholarly and entertaining narrative that is quite her own—a book, like the publications of the Yale University Press in general, written not for the market, nor for the glory of learning alone, but for value and service.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE NEED FOR INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATION

SIR,—The enclosed letter which I have received from the Bishop of Birmingham may encourage the clergy and ministers of other denominations to take up this supremely important matter.

Manchester, England. CHARLES W. MACARA.

[*Enclosure*]

BISHOP'S CROFT,
BIRMINGHAM, February 10, 1919.

Dear SIR CHARLES MACARA,—

The events in the industrial world of the last week or two have shown to all who have marked them carefully that nothing but co-operation between all the classes engaged in productive business life can solve the problems connected with labour unrest. Had we availed ourselves of the services of the Industrial Council appointed by the Government in 1911 we should have nipped in the bud some of the dangerous growths which, if allowed to develop, are not only difficult to destroy, but are liable to spread.

A general lowering of the moral standard of business life must follow upon strife between the component parts of our industrial world. The times are very critical. The United States, Japan and even Germany are all buckling on their armour for the war of business competition which lies ahead, whilst our own people are quarrelling and Government Departments cannot be called over active in the encouragement of enterprise. We must hasten to become friends all round, and our public authorities must foster industry if we are to maintain our great position in the world's markets.

To me, however, the consideration is, that unless all classes realize their interdependence before God, and strive to bring out in the social life the principle of mutual helpfulness, all the preaching of Christianity is proved to be ineffective for the national well-being.

It is because such a body as the Industrial Council, consisting of experienced Representatives of Capital and Labor, with equal rights, will hasten this fitting co-operation that it makes such a strong appeal to one's moral sense. One sad thing in present-day conditions is the suspicion which exists on the part of the employed, and which is the offspring of a not unnatural ignorance of the difficulties of the employer.

Would it not be easy for the Industrial Council to encourage certain foundation principles between those who employ, and those whose manual labor produces the final result in industry?

The first essential for peaceful working is that " all the cards shall be upon the table." Ignorance is the parent of mistrust. Surely if the exact position were shown to men by the employer, it would generally be seen that all the wiser heads of businesses were anxious in their own interest to pay more and not less wages. In America men are warned that if they cannot earn up to a certain standard they are not worth employing. As a rule, the higher the wages the greater the production, and the cheaper the product. If employers are frank with the men there must be similar openness on the other side. Then there will grow up a desire throughout the whole business to work with heart to produce the best possible. This will brighten the whole industrial life, and a contented working class means a rapidly developing trade.

I regard this kind of industrial life as something likely to make this earth a little more like heaven, this world more like what God would have it be. Therefore I trust the day is very near when the Industrial Council will be used to the fullest extent, labor unrest being thereby killed, and our England not only a more prosperous, but a happier and a nobler land. H. R. BIRMINGHAM.

OUR SOLDIERS AND PROHIBITION

SIR,—More than a million and a half American voters are coming back to the United States this year, or next, with some definite plans about the elections in 1920. They know quite well that, in addition to their own ballots, they will have a far-reaching influence on the political developments of the next sixteen months. For that reason, it may interest you to know how the members of the American Expeditionary Forces in France and Germany are discussing the questions that are now coming to the front.

It is a serious mistake to believe that the doughboys will favor a Presidential candidate drawn from the personnel of the army. Very frankly, they are weary of army life, army authority, and the glamor of military pomp. They enthuse over some officers, but the objects of their sincere regard are the men who actually led them in the fighting. Some colonels, captains and lieutenants might control the ballots of their own companies or regiments, but officers of higher rank would not be flattered by an accurate forecast of the votes they could command in the American army.

The American soldier is, as the English say, thoroughly " fed up " on military control and would flinch from the thought of placing in the White House a man selected from military circles. In an overwhelming majority of cases the doughboy's one ambition is to get out of uniform and settle down to the job of winning the battles of peace. His vote will go to the man who in his opinion is best suited to the task of restoring and maintaining national prosperity.

As a general rule, the doughboy will come back home with some deep-rooted theories about what he considers unfair treatment. He believes that he has been charged exorbitant prices by the French. He

thinks that, after risking his life for his country, he should have been given a chance to get back to the United States before the men in the training camps with a record of only a few months' service were released and given a first chance to find good jobs. And he regards the prohibition amendment as a distinct violation of his rights as an American citizen.

It is quite useless to argue these points with a majority of the men in northern France and Germany. They balance the present cost of commodities in France with pre-war prices in the United States and insist that profiteering is responsible for what they regard as a series of hold-ups. If, on the theme of their retention on foreign duty, you point out the mechanical impossibility of transporting troops from America to relieve them, they counter with the argument that "the first troops sent back from France were the last troops to get here." This, of course, is true. But, instead of being flattered by the fact that the War Department reposes more confidence in them than in the untested products of the training camps, they stick to their argument that they "earned the right to go home first and let the other fellow do the policing and road-repairing."

Every doughboy with whom I have discussed the question, regardless of his personal habits, is exceedingly bitter on the subject of the prohibition amendment. The American soldiers insist that politicians took advantage of their absence from home to "put over" the bone-dry law. The fact that the question was not put to a popular vote does not alter their convictions. They think it was a "crooked deal" to make a radical change in the Constitution while two million voters were fighting for that Constitution on foreign soil and unable even to voice their opinions. The men in the A. E. F. will return with a distinct grudge against the national and State legislators who favored a change in the Constitution while the war was being fought and won.

The American soldier has had no chance to talk since he was sent to France, but he will have a great deal to say when he returns. And some of the things he is waiting to say will exert a tremendous influence on the next national election.

A Newspaper Correspondent just back from France.

A LITTLE HISTORY

Sir,—Concerning current discussions as to the League and the Nation, the following may be of interest: The Colonists, prior to the Declaration of Independence, acted as one people. The first Continental Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, adopted a Declaration of Rights, October 14, 1775. In its introductory sentence it recites that "Since the last war, the British parliament, claiming a power of right to bind the people of America, by statutes in all cases whatsoever, hath, etc." The declaration part begins with the mention of it as the action of, "The good people of the several colonies," and proceeds to include those of New Hampshire and all the others except Georgia. By the Declaration of Rights, it was resolved, that certain acts of parliament were "Infringements and violations of the rights of the Colonists." It declared "That the inhabitants of the

English colonies of North America by the principles of the English Constitution, etc., have the following rights, which the declaration then proceeds to set forth as rights of the people,—not of the colonies as such.

A second Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775, and continued its sittings during the war of Independence. On the fourth of July, 1776, it adopted and promulgated our Declaration of Independence, described as "a declaration by the representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled." It was the "Declaration of our representatives" acting "by the authority of the good people of these Colonies." It gave us our name, then for the first time used, and made "The United States of America" an addition of ONE to the family of Nations, with a complete potential nationality. It was governed by the same second Continental Congress, under articles of Confederation, adopted November 15, 1777, and finally ratified, March 1, 1781.

The convention which adopted the Constitution was called by this same Continental Congress, February, 1787, for the purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation and rendering "The Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of the government and the preservation of the Union." By its preamble it was the act of "the people of the United States to form a more perfect Union," etc., whereby they did for themselves and their posterity "ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

These statements are a partial foundation for Mr. Lincoln's message to the first Congress which assembled under its Administration, called together by him in special session July 4, 1861. In it, he attacked the Doctrine of Secession very ably and convincingly. He contended that the States never had any rights nor any existence except as members of the Union; that all of their powers arose from their membership of the Union and that the right of secession did not exist. The result of the Civil War would seem to have settled the question of the rights of the States as Mr. Lincoln put it, namely, as nugatory, except as parts of the United States of America. Their relationship is as similar to that of the League of Nations as chalk is to cheese.

H. A. D.

Camden, N. J.

MORE DEBATE NEEDED

Sir,—Your recent speech at Indianapolis, coupled with Senator Knox's analysis of the League, furnishes enough ammunition to blow the precious covenant into perdition.

Permit me to suggest that the contest now being waged throughout the country, for and against this pernicious covenant, is being carried on rather unequally. Such part of the opposition as is being expressed is being put forth individually, while it appears that the whole strength of the Democratic party is behind an active and organized propaganda for the endorsement of the League.

I am entirely convinced that it is only that the American people should thoroughly understand the covenant and what it means in

order that they should overwhelmingly reject it, but I doubt that they are hearing one quarter as much against the covenant as in favor of it. A great amount of public speaking is being carried on in this state in favor of the proposition and there have been enlisted for this service, to a large extent, people whose ordinary activities train them for public speaking.

Last Sunday, for instance, at a Providence theatre, that most engaging and likeable personality, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, enthralled an audience with a description of the blessings that might be expected of the covenant, and resolutions were passed, to be forwarded to the President in the Peace Treaty. The audience departed decorated with "The League of Nations" button, which happens to resemble the emblem of the Democratic party.

All of this happened, of course, without debate or opposition of any kind, and I am told that this is the general method of procedure wherever audiences are brought together by the proponents of the proposed constitution. Perhaps it is by the receipt of numberless resolutions of this kind that the President hopes to convince the Peace Conference that the united opinion of America is solidly behind him.

I think it is vital that an organized opposition be launched without delay and that it spread before the American people the truth about this matter with all the energy it can command. While it has been assumed in some quarters that the matter should not be handled along political party lines, it is, nevertheless, being so handled and it would appear that it would be much better that the Republican party take up the opposition and press it, than that the covenant should be forced upon us for the lack of organized opposition. No newly formed organization could hope to effectively cope with the Democratic party on such short notice. Furthermore, the matter is, in reality, a political issue; it is a bigger political issue than the tariff, prohibition, or any issue that has been presented to the people of our country during its existence.

I know that there are countless men who are ready and eager to devote their energy to oppose this injurious visionary scheme, if the things can be organized so that their efforts shall have force.

AUSTIN T. LEVY.

Harrisville, R. I.

HABIT?

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Wilson's statement that had Germany known that England would come in with France and Russia, she [Germany] would never have struck the blow in 1914, and the logical reply thereto that a League of Nations would have been no more effective under such circumstances than the old balance of power, reminds me of another equally inconsistent statement which the President recently made in reply to a question propounded by Senator Brandegee. It was to this effect: "If there had been one week's discussion before the beginning of the European war, it would not have taken place."

It is an indisputable fact that the Administration did all in its

power from April, 1917, until the day of the armistice to lead us to believe that Germany, having spent forty years in preparation and thinking that the proper moment had arrived, struck deliberately and wantonly, and plunged Europe into bloody conflict in order to destroy her rivals, create a Central European empire, and grasp the prize of world dominion.

Now is it illogical to hold such a theory while at the same time assuming that one week's frank discussion of differences between them on the part of the European Powers would completely have disarmed Germany, altered her course, and satisfied her ambitions.

Both assumptions cannot be true. Why does Mr. Wilson attempt to lead us astray? Or does he falsify unconsciously and from force of habit? I confess that such inconsistency is a sore puzzle to me.

I believe in clear thinking and honest statement.

Newport, Ky. T. W. RAINEY.

A WASHINGTON VIEW

SIR,—I have just read your address before the Columbian Club, and I cannot restrain the impulse to write and offer my personal thanks and congratulations.

The analysis and logic of Senators Lodge and Knox are all right for Senators, Judges, Lawyers and such folk, and will sway the citizen, if given weeks or months to germinate; but it needs the machine-gun fire of Roosevelt to reach the Man-on-the-Street and the Man-at-the-Work-bench, the Preacher, and the Church pews, and shock them into the consciousness of the fact that the President is violating his oath of office "to support the Constitution of the United States of America," in his mad chase after his Will-o-the-Wisp, and in bartering the birthright of American Independence for a mess of personal ambition. This last is for the Preachers and pseudo-Pacifists.

I want to say that T. R.'s picture is the only public man's effigy I have in my den, but if you keep on making the Columbian Club brand of Addresses, and writing editorials as heretofore, I will have to hang another alongside of it.

May the spirit of American Manhood continue to give strength to your voice, and point to your pen! CHAS. W. FITTS.

Washington, D. C.

WHO IS FOR IT?

SIR,—The Democratic papers and, in fact, some of the Republican papers, frequently quote the number of soldiers in favor of the "League of Nations," or the number of people in favor of the "League of Nations;" but I feel sure that this is not representative of the people's feeling about the manner in which the "League of Nations" is being presented and perfected.

Of course, everyone is in favor of some kind of a "League of Nations" which will prevent war. No honest human being could be opposed to it, and when you simply ask a soldier or any other

man if he is in favor of a "League of Nations," he naturally says yes, not understanding what you mean by the question. If one would take the trouble to explain just what the present "League of Nations" means to this country, I am sure the sentiment and vote would be very different, and I believe it is to the interest of the people of the country for the newspapers to bear down on this point and to emphasize that we are all in favor of a "League of Nations," but not for one made up and dictated by foreign countries and agreed to by one man for the entire United States of America.

FRED. C. CLARKE.

Hartford, Conn.

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THE TREATY OF PEACE

IT is done. For better or for worse the Treaty of Peace has been completed and has been presented to the nations of the world for their approval. Its preparation has consumed months of time and has commanded the activities, we are told, of more than a thousand expert minds. It was fitting that it should be prepared deliberately, though there is a difference between that which is deliberate and that which is dilatory, and that it should be the product of the world's best thought; for it would probably be no exaggeration to regard it as on the whole the most momentous international instrument ever framed by man. The world has been impatient for it, because every day's delay in its appearance was very painful and very costly to humanity; and the impatience was provoked in the main by the thought that the delay was due chiefly to the interjection of extraneous and irrelevant matter. However that may have been, the delay is ended; the treaty is completed; and the world may now judge the results of the long conference, of whose operations it has been permitted to know so little.

The provisions of the treaty are naturally divided into three general classes or groups, though there is no demarcation of them nor indeed any logical arrangement of them, in the text of the document. These are, first, the Military provisions, including, of course, the strategic disposition of territories; second, the Fiscal provisions, in-

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cluding not only the cash indemnity which is to be paid but also reparation in kind; and third, the Diplomatic provisions, including the recognition of states, the non-strategic disposition of territories, and the formation of the League of Nations.

In respect to the first of these, the Military provisions, it is to be said gratefully and ungrudgingly that they are on the whole satisfactory. Not altogether. Marshal Foch, than whom there is no higher authority on the subject, is reported to be dissatisfied with the assurance, or lack of it, which France enjoys against another German irruption across the Rhine. It might be quite pardonable for him to be over-cautious and over-sensitive on the subject; though we are not inclined to charge him with it. France, as the President of the United States has well reminded us, is the outpost of civilization against the Hun, and therefore needs for her sake and the world's to have the strongest possible protection. It is true that M. Clemenceau appeared to dissent from Marshal Foch's views, and to be satisfied with the treaty in that respect. But obviously that was because he had secured, as he supposed, assurances of efficient aid and protection for France entirely outside of and in addition to the terms of the treaty.

Certainly the terms of the treaty, if fulfilled and maintained, should make an end of Germany as an important military Power. They reduce her army and navy to the rank of negligible factors, and abolish all her strategic fortifications; they abolish her system of universal military service, and practically stop her manufacture of military munitions; while at the same time they leave all such affairs of the other nations unaffected. Thus Germany must have no forts along the Rhine or within fifty kilometers of it, while France may maintain Belfort and Verdun and transform Strasbourg and Metz into like strongholds. Germany must have only six battleships, six cruisers, and a dozen torpedo boats, while Great Britain may continue to count her dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts by the score. Conscription, making every man a soldier, may continue in France, and England's arsenals may surpass even what Essen was.

That is well. It is in accord with justice and reason that such discrimination shall be made against Germany; for the same reason that civilized nations have long pro-

hibited the sale of firearms to savage tribes while permitting free commerce in them among themselves. Germany is the one Power in Europe that has greatly misused the things of which she is now to be deprived. She is the one Power that is not to be trusted with them longer. She is the one Power that would make possession of them a menace to her neighbors and to civilization. Great Britain has a far greater navy than that of which Germany is now deprived. But no rational man ever regarded the British navy as a menace to the peace of the world, or as intended for aggressive purposes or for anything more than defence. France has a conscription and universal military service system as thorough as that of which the treaty deprives Germany. But everybody knows that the military system of the Third Republic has never for one moment been intended for any other than defensive purposes. The world will feel its peace perfectly safe if those and other Powers maintain their present military establishments. The world knows that its peace and welfare require the German military establishments to be abolished, and to be kept abolished.

If under the head of military provisions we consider the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine, the Polish provinces, and other territory, and the relinquishment of all German colonies, similar approval is unhesitatingly to be given to those acts. So far as the cessions of territory in Europe are concerned, they must be regarded as mere acts of reparation. Germany is simply required to surrender to other nations their own property which she has long unjustly and dishonestly withheld from them. That much of this territory is of immense strategic value is an interesting and gratifying circumstance, but is not the reason for its restoration to its owners. It was the reason for Germany's theft of it. A thief steals goods simply because they are valuable; the owner takes them back not merely because they are valuable but because they are his.

In the case of the colonies, there is to be applied a principle similar to that which justifies the abolition of the German military establishment. Germany was the one great colonial Power that both notoriously maladministered her possessions and made them a menace to others. Her atrocious treatment of the African natives, especially those in Southwest Africa, rivalled if it did not surpass the

iniquities of the Spanish conquistadors in the Indies and South America. The contrast in that respect between her African holdings and those of France and Great Britain was appalling. Moreover, she notoriously made her colonies bases of intrigue and menace against the adjacent colonies of other Powers. Thus both within and without her administration was unworthy of civilization, it was repugnant to civilization, it was an offence to the world. It was an unjust stewardship, which cried aloud to justice for demolition.

There is not an item among the military provisions of the treaty to which exception can be taken on the ground of too great severity, or which can reasonably or truthfully be characterized as mere revenge or oppression. Every one is clearly and readily to be vindicated as just and as prudent. If as a whole they fail to give entire satisfaction, that is because they fall somewhere short of the severity which they might justly have displayed.

The Fiscal provisions are on the whole less satisfactory; partly because of a certain indefiniteness, and partly, no doubt, because of the practical impossibility of making them entirely adequate. The requirement of restoration or replacement of shipping destroyed, ton for ton, is good, and can doubtless be fulfilled. Good also—indeed, a matter of course—is the payment of full indemnities for the losses suffered by civilians; so far as these can be determined. There are many such losses, and not among the least of them, which are in their very nature incapable of assessment in dollars and cents, or indeed of pecuniary indemnification. Money stolen can be repaid, and buildings burned can be rebuilt; but for the ravishing of women and the torture of babies, what atonement can be made?

There is a certain indefiniteness, perhaps inevitable, in the amount of pecuniary indemnity which is to be made. Thorough as has been the work of the Allied Governments in keeping account of losses, it may be that it is yet too early to report and to appraise them all, and that it is necessary for a commission to keep at work upon them for a couple of years longer. Certainly that should be done rather than to let a single actual loss go unatoned, and we must hope that in such lapse of time the scrutiny of the commission will not grow less acute nor its resolution become less inexorable. Delay must not mean compromise.

There is also, it is said,—perhaps oversaid,—some uncertainty as to Germany's ability to pay even the $25,000,000,000 called for in the treaty, not to mention the very large additional sum which the commission is likely to assess against her. It is, of course, an ancient trick of would-be insolvent debtors to depreciate their ability to meet the just demands made upon them; but it is not a creditable thing for those who profess to be seeking justice to encourage or to support such dishonest pretences.

As a matter of fact, Germany might justly be required to pay, or to attempt under pressure to pay, a sum several times larger than that which is mentioned in the treaty. We confess our inability to distinguish between losses inflicted upon civilians by destroying their property and by running them into debt; between stealing their money outright and compelling them to spend it against their will for that which profits them nothing. The ravages of war inflicted losses of billions of dollars upon the people of northern France. But the war also placed a burden of indebtedness of billions of dollars upon all the people of France. If it is just to require Germany to recoup the former losses, it would be equally just to require her to relieve French civilians of the latter burden.

Nor are we much impressed with the inclination of some to relieve Germans of such responsibility on the ground of *non possunt*. In dealing with them the true policy would be not to fix a minimum and then try to get as much more from them as they may indicate an ability to pay, but rather to fix not indeed a maximum but at least a very large sum, an approximate maximum, and then see how nearly to it they could be compelled to go. We must bear in mind that the total wealth of Germany has been estimated at much more than three times the sum mentioned in the treaty, and that that wealth has not been diminished by ravages of invading war. German deviltry has put upon France a load of indebtedness proportionately more than twice as great as the total sum named in the treaty as to be paid by Germany to all her victims. France will bear it and discharge it scrupulously, to the last centime, despite the ravages she has suffered. Germany, without such ravages, might well be required to bear a proportionate burden for the relief of those whom she has irreparably wronged.

If thus the fiscal provisions are somewhat less satisfac-

tory than the military, least satisfactory of all, from the American point of view, are the Diplomatic provisions of the treaty. In some respects, it is true, these are all that could well be desired. The recognition of the new states which have been formed, or of the old states which have been rehabilitated, is admirable. So is the discrimination, expressed or implied, against Germany. So are the provisions regarding German commercial and diplomatic relations, which are to be enforced upon her, and regarding the navigation of German waterways.

We cannot, however, regard as at all satisfactory those provisions of the treaty, quite gratuitously introduced, which affect American as well as European affairs, and which substantially require abandonment of some of our fundamental policies and even some recasting of constitutional principles. "Let us," said Dr. Johnson, "rid our minds of cant." Laying aside, seriously and sincerely, the rhetoric of controversy, the makers of this treaty will of course admit frankly that it gravely impairs the independence and sovereignty of the United States, particularly in depriving our Government of control of its own army and navy, and that it practically abrogates the Monroe Doctrine. It may be excusable, in the fervor of propaganda, to pretend that it does no such thing. But it is quite inconceivable that in calm and deliberate moments the President and his supporters should think of denying that that is precisely what it does, and what it is intended to do.

Now if such sacrifices were necessary, if they had been necessary for winning the war or for concluding an honorable peace, it may be that the nation would have accepted them and borne them; but of course such a hypothesis is fundamentally absurd, since it implies relinquishing for the sake of victory some of the very things for which victory was to be won. The dominant and formidable fact, which has been conspicuous from the beginning, is that they were not necessary. These things were, as we have said, gratuitously introduced into the treaty, of which they form no integral and congruous part. It is that which greatly adds to the unsatisfactoriness of the diplomatic features of the instrument. There is a bitter irony, not altogether unexpected, in the circumstance that men of war have done better than men of peace in making a treaty of peace. *Inter arma leges silent.* Perhaps it would have been better to

have left the mere lawmakers silent, and to have let the soldiers alone dictate the treaty.

We have said that the provisions of the treaty are grouped under these three heads. There are other provisions, or features, which we should perhaps have grouped under a fourth head, namely, the Moral. It was admirable that the writers of the treaty insisted upon placing upon Germany all the blame for the war, and that they also insisted that the German leaders in the war, even the All Highest, should be brought to trial for their crimes. This, we say, was admirable. How necessary, also, it was, the sequel quickly showed. The German plenipotentiaries showed it in their reception of the treaty at Versailles. Their attitude and tone were thoroughly bad. It was significant and ominous that they arrogantly sought to deny a full measure of responsibility for the war, and to claim for Germany immediate and unimpaired fellowship among the nations on equal terms with all others. This circumstance demonstrated again what we have repeatedly pointed out, that the Germans do not yet realize, or are not yet willing to confess, their culpability and their defeat.

It is therefore one of the supreme merits of this treaty that it does impress upon them a sense of their criminality and of their defeat. At least it makes them feel that the other nations regard them as having been criminal, which is the next best thing to thus regarding themselves; and of course it brings home to them a keen realization of their military defeat. The fact that they are required to accept such a treaty, and are unable to reject it, is ample demonstration of their military impotence; and it will be impossible for their leaders, however specious and hypocritical, to offer any other explanation to the people.

There remains a final consideration, of equal importance with all that have gone before. That is, the question of enforcement of the treaty, or of some of its most drastic requirements. A shrewd French writer made at once this comment upon the instrument, that there was "a flagrant disproportion between the plans proposed and the means given to carry them out." For the payment of indemnity, sufficient assurance is given in the continued occupation by the Allies of German territory west of the Rhine. But there are other things for which no such assurance is provided. The world remembers how Prussian militarism

flourished, more than a hundred years ago, in spite of what Napoleon supposed to be suppression of the Prussian army. We may be sure that the Germans of today will be resourceful and indefatigable in their efforts to escape the full effects of this epochal treaty. The world's welfare requires that all such efforts shall be defeated.

By whom, is the question. The pretence that the League of Nations is to be efficient for that purpose, and that it was for that purpose that it was created in the treaty, is of course quite untenable and will, we think, no longer be put forth. That is because the League, according to the terms of its own Covenant, would be impotent for such service. That impotence was frankly confessed in advance of the completion and presentation of the treaty, when our President, the last man in the world to underrate the efficiency of the League, engaged to undertake the formation of another combination of Powers, outside of the League, to maintain some of the essential objects of the treaty. We must expect then, that peace and the practical requirements of the treaty of peace, will be assured—so far as they can be assured—by old-fashioned alliances and balances of power, such as the President not long ago vigorously denounced but which he now apparently favors.

Two other factors must be taken into account. One is, the severity of the fate which has befallen Germany. With all its imperfections, this treaty is perhaps the most humiliating and crushing that ever was imposed upon a beaten Power; though not one whit too humiliating or too crushing. Never before in the world's history did a new empire rise to power and greatness so swiftly as did Germany. Never, certainly, did one so swiftly fall, or fall so far and into so complete disaster and disgrace. That the Germans have fully learned the lesson, and that they will be willing henceforth loyally to conform themselves with humane civilization, may be too much to hope. But at least we may feel sure that it will be physically impossible for them to retrieve their fortunes sufficiently to be a menace to the world, for a number of years to come.

The other factor is, that even if Germany has not done so, the civilized nations of the world have learned the lesson of the war. They have learned the need and the virtue of preparedness for self-defence, and we do not think that any

of them, not even our own, will forget it or ignore it. The nations have learned how much or how little trust is prudently to be reposed in a treaty or a precept of international law to prevent war, when a powerful nation which has long been preparing for war decides that the time is opportune for it to begin war. They will not again be caught napping in a fool's paradise. It is one great service of this treaty, that it will restore peace to the world after the world's greatest war. It is another and comparably great service, which we must trust will be performed as unmistakably and as enduringly, that it will incline the responsible nations of the world to those sane and prudent courses which are the best guarantee of the perpetuity of peace.

PERSONALITY AND PATRIOTISM

THE injection of the personal factor is one of the most regrettable and most reprehensible features of the current controversy over the terms of peace. It is unfortunate that there is any serious difference of opinion whatever, because our relations with other countries are involved, and in such matters it is obviously desirable that we should present an entirely unbroken front. A distinguished writer has given to a certain passage in our career the significant and appropriate title " the Critical Period in American History," because in those early years the young nation was divided on factional lines over grave issues of foreign policy, actually making domestic politics subservient to the interests of alien nations. The hope and the boast have frequently been expressed that we have safely outgrown such folly, and for these we trust there is substantial ground. Various events in recent years have demonstrated the triumphant prevalence of most gratifying cooperation if not absolute unanimity between the two great parties in foreign affairs which might well provoke differences. Such was notably the case in the crisis of the Spanish war in 1898, in the case of President Cleveland's memorably superb vindication of the Monroe Doctrine in Venezuela, and in the support of President Wilson in the recognition and prosecution of the war against the Hun.

Nor is there at this time, in the controversy which so greatly vexes the land, any division on party lines sufficiently distinct and complete to warrant considering it as

purely or even chiefly a partisan affair. It is true that the traditional principles of the Republican party incline the most authoritative leaders and the great mass of members of that organization against any abatement of the Monroe Doctrine or any impairment of national independence and sovereignty. It is also unhappily true that the autocratic dominance of the President over the Democratic party, and the demoralization which his inept leadership has caused, have made a large part of that organization supine and subservient to whatever fads and vagaries he may see fit to impose upon it. But such party attitudes are by no means universal. With the one surviving Republican ex-President fully and aggressively committed to the support of the President's policies, and with several of the most conspicuous Democratic Senators of the United States as vigorously opposing them, it would be foolish to regard it as an essentially partisan controversy.

It is, then, apparently, personal rather than partisan. That may not be as ominous as the other, but it is in some respects actually more discreditable, since it is so incongruously out of place in a democracy. In a monarchy, the personality of the sovereign counts for much. In a republic we are supposed to have a government of laws, not of men, in which the personal will of the individual should be an entirely negligible quantity. There have hitherto been very few attempts at personal government in the United States. Andrew Jackson did, it is true, impose a singularly imperious personal will upon the government, with the result of effecting something almost resembling a revolution. It was on the whole a beneficent achievement, but it was one which even his most ardent admirers would not wish to see habitually emulated as a precedent and example. Andrew Johnson, through his unhappy personal exploitations, won for himself the nickname of "My Policy"; an achievement which nobody will envy him.

But neither of these, nor indeed all former Presidents combined, sounded the personal note in administration so strongly, so insistently, and—to use the term in its least offensive sense—so arrogantly, as Mr. Wilson has done from the very beginning. A striking example of this occurred early in his first term, when he demanded of Congress repeal of the discriminatory act concerning tolls in the Panama Canal. It will be remembered that the supreme argu-

ment was not that it was right, not that it was just, so to do, but simply that he wanted it done in order that he might thus be aided in the pursuit of certain other policies which he had in mind but which he did not deign to disclose. Similarly, years later, he demanded passage of the Woman Suffrage amendment chiefly because he wanted it as a necessary aid to him in prosecuting the war. There were many other like examples of the personal appeal.

Another equally significant phase of the same element has appeared in the President's communications to Congress; in their matter rather than in their manner. No exception can be taken to his preference for oral rather than written delivery. In that he has simply harked back to early examples for which we must have profound respect. But it is in the subject matter of his addresses that he has most departed from custom, and in which indeed he has largely ignored the constitutional prescription. The Constitution provides that "He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." But the former provision he has practically neglected, while the latter he has carried out to a most extraordinary degree. It would be foolish to pretend that his addresses have given to Congress any comprehensive or serviceable information of the state of the Union, such as generally composed the bulk of the written messages of his predecessors. Perhaps there was no need of it. Congress had before it, or was soon to receive, the annual reports of the various Department Secretaries and bureau chiefs, containing a plethora of technical and detailed information, and it may have been superfluous for the President to epitomise those documents, or even to call attention to their special features of interest; though we doubt not that there are many who would gratefully appreciate such continued treatment of them by the President, and who would thus be moved to give to those reports more and more favorable attention.

Of his fulfilment of the other provision, however, there can be no question. Probably not all of his predecessors put together so often recommended to the consideration of Congress measures which they judged necessary and expedient. He has not merely recommended them. He has argued, exhorted, denounced, lauded, exhausted the re-

sources of rhetoric in appeal and propaganda. His addresses have been controversial disquisitions upon political policy, through all of which the personal note has been insistent and dominant.

Now this characteristic of Mr. Wilson's administration, whatever may be thought of its propriety or of the beneficence of its effects in other respects, has naturally and indeed inevitably had the result to which we have already referred. It has caused whatever controversies have arisen over the policies of the administration to assume a personal rather than a partisan guise. They are indeed essentially personal. And they are so through the President's own making, and if not at his desire certainly not at the desire of the nation. A single illustration will suffice. When it became necessary for American delegates to be sent to the Peace Congress, the normal and customary procedure would have been for the President to nominate them to the Senate, and for that body to confirm them. Then they would have been not the President's personal representatives, but the representatives of the nation. Instead, the President, against the unmistakably manifested wish of the nation and quite contrary to precedent and to constitutional intent, insisted upon appointing himself, together with four other gentlemen purely of his own selection, without the slightest regard to Senatorial approval. That, of course, made the delegation representative of himself, personally, and not of the nation or of the National Government.

In all these vagaries of its Chief Executive the nation has shown an extraordinary degree of acquiescence; largely, we assume, because of the unexampled gravity of the international conditions which have surrounded it, and because of the impropriety if not the outright peril of raising an acute issue with him at such a time of stress. In so doing it has not, however, necessarily given them its approval, and it assuredly has not abdicated its right of judgment, or its privilege of criticism and dissent. To the results of negotiations conducted by representatives of the Government and of the nation, such as were sent to Paris in 1898 and to Ghent in 1814, the nation might indeed be expected to give approval, though even then with deliberation and due discrimination; as it did on those occasions. But in no sense is it under any such obligation with respect to the results of negotiations which were conducted in pro-

found secrecy by delegates not of its own choice but rather were selected and appointed against its will and who were by no means representative of its sentiments.

Nothing could therefore be more unjust, or more insincere, than the peevish and querulous complaints which are now being made by the President's apologists, that criticisms of his League of Nations vagaries are personal and partisan attacks upon him. Thus we find even so respectable and dignified a journal as the New York *Times* making the amazing statement that the Republican Senators who opposed over their signatures the original Constitution of the League of Nations "were bent upon framing an issue against President Wilson, their party was in desperate need of an issue, and their zeal in the search for one betrayed them into misjudgment." What would be offensiveness in that grotesque misstatement becomes palpable silliness when we remember that representative Democrats were as much opposed to that Constitution as were any Republicans, and that the result of the elections only a few months before showed how little in need of an issue the Republican party then was.

We believe that it is well within bounds of truth and temperance to say that never was a President supported by the nation regardless of partisanship or of personality more loyally or more unanimously than Mr. Wilson has been, whenever his policy has been in accord with the sentiments of the people and with the principles upon which our Republic is founded.

It is always the desire of this nation to take pride in its chosen Chief Executive, and to show to the world that it stands behind its elected President at least as strongly as any monarchical nation stands behind its hereditary sovereign. Supremely has it been the desire of all Americans to do this in the greatest world-issue in their history, or in the annals of mankind.

These apologists of the President seem to forget, if the President himself, in his extreme self-confidence and opinionatedness, does not overlook it, that there is after all, something stronger than partisan affiliations, or than personal likes and dislikes. It would indeed be an ominous day for the Republic when that was not so, and when in the last analysis purely patriotic considerations were not paramount. It is not because the President is a Democrat that

Republicans oppose his League of Nations. It is not because of his personality that Democrats and Republicans alike dissent from his policy. These are mere incidents. It is to the substance of his proposals that Americans object, and they would object to them just as strongly if they were made by any other man, or if the man who made them belonged to any other party. It is not an issue of Republican or Democrat. It is not an issue of Woodrow Wilson or anybody else. It is an issue of American independence and sovereign nationality against a vague and marplot internationalism; and that issue may well be left to the decision of the American people.

AN EMPIRE CLOSED AND OPENED

THERE can be little danger of our overestimating the importance to the world, from more than one point of view, of the disposition which is being made of Germany's former colonial empire.

The first thought is naturally that of the loss which Germany thus suffers; against which Germans are protesting with agonized ferocity. The blow to her dignity is shattering. It reduces her at once to the rank of second or third class nations. Five years ago she boasted of being geographically as well as in other respects a world Power. Seated in Europe, she had also extensive possessions in Africa, Asia and Australasia and Polynesia, with ambitions for a footing also in America. To-day she is irreparably shorn of everything save the historic lands lying between France and Poland. All who have read history know how grievous a blow to Spain was the loss of her colonies on the American continents, and how bitterly she protested against being bereft of her last insular possessions in 1898. Yet even Spain to-day retains some colonial possessions, as also do Portugal and the Netherlands, all countries upon which Germany has been wont to look with patronizing condescension. Belgium, Denmark and Italy, too, hitherto victims of Teutonic spoliation, have extensive and valuable holdings. France and Great Britain have colonial domains of vast extent. But Germany has not and never again can have one rood of such possessions.

For it will not escape notice that now the map of the world is not merely recast; it is completed. If hereafter

Germany should so amend her ways as to be freely admitted into the fellowship of nations, she would still have to remain without colonies. There would be no lands left for her to acquire. The whole world is now definitely partitioned.

Apart from this loss of prestige, which Germany must feel more than some other less imperiously ambitious nations would, it is no light thing to be deprived of ownership of more than a million square miles of land, more than twelve million subjects, and natural resources of fabulous wealth. It is true that these colonies were not yet a source of financial profit. Germany was every year spending perhaps twice as much on them as she was able to extract from them. But there is no doubt that in time, and that not a long time, they would have become immensely valuable. Their mines of gold, of copper and other metals are likely to rank among the richest in the world. They would have given great stores of raw materials to German factories, and would have purchased in return the shop wares of Germany. They would have been valuable bases for commercial advances in adjacent lands. Territories more than one-third the size of the United States cannot be negligible quantities anywhere within the inhabitable regions of the globe. Lying within the temperate and tropical zones, adjacent to rich empires, and along some of the chief routes of international commerce, their value is incalculable.

From the point of view of military strategy, too, their value to Germany was great, or would have been, could she have retained them, and their loss is disastrous. As bases for submarine operations they commanded the South Atlantic Ocean, the Indian Ocean, the China Seas, and half of the Pacific Ocean. They were a potential menace to all the world's commerce in the Southern hemisphere, and to the chief colonial possessions of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, and the United States. Possessing them and developing their military and naval strength, Germany would have occupied a strategic position second to none in the world. Deprived of them, her dream of world-wide conquest vanishes beyond recall, while the remainder of the world is relieved forever of a haunting peril.

Thus the story of Germany's attempt at colonial expansion is definitely closed. It began in ambition, it was

pursued through ruthlessness and dishonor. It ended in unrelieved disgrace.

At the same time, and in the same event there is opened to the world a vast new empire for peaceful commerce and for the beneficent extension of civilized culture. For under German proprietorship those territories were practically closed against the rest of the world. They were for German exploitation, and no other. That doubtless was a foolish policy; as foolish as many other deeds of the arrogant Huns. To it may justly be attributed in great part the unprofitableness of those territories and their backward condition in contrast with those administered by other Powers. But it was a characteristically German policy, giving earnest of what was to be expected elsewhere, wherever the same selfish and sordid Power might extend its sway.

We may be sure that no vestige of that policy will be continued under the new order of affairs. The Treaty of Peace provides that those territories shall be relinquished by Germany to the Allied and Associated Powers, and that these in turn shall administer them as mandataries of the League of Nations. Well, that League may or may not be formed, and if formed it may or may not be effective. But that does not matter. We all know what is certain to become of those colonies. It would have been as well, and indeed better, for the treaty to be frank and direct, and to state outright to what Powers the former German colonies were to be given; for that is beyond question what the disposition of them, mandate or no mandate, will amount to, as it should.

Under such new ownership those lands will be opened freely to the equal trade of the world. That is the policy which is consistently and profitably pursued in British, French and other colonies. It will be pursued similarly in the colonies which once were Germany's, when they are administered by those or other Powers. That will of course mean new opportunities for the expansion of trade, even of American trade, and for the introduction of the appurtenances of civilization throughout those vast and populous realms. These colonies will be opened to the world, and other nations than the mandataries will have free opportunity to participate in the work of civilizing them.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE TO THE SENATE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

AT Paris the President of the United States has had considerable apparent success in securing the embodiment of his own personal terms and at least a part of his plan for a League of Nations in the treaty of peace prepared by the Entente Allies. The reason for this is obvious. The United States was necessary to a victorious conclusion of the Great War, and it is equally necessary to the future maintenance of peace. Representing in his own person, as it appeared, the future policy of America, it was possible for the President at any time to order his ship, to abandon the Conference, and to leave the Entente Allies to face Germany alone. That decision would have created a great embarrassment for the exposed countries like Belgium and France. Such a desertion, it is true, would not have met the approval of the American people, but they would have been powerless to avert its consequences.

When the President, after his brief visit to the United States, returned to Paris to resume negotiations in the Conference, he found that in his absence great progress had been made toward the completion of a treaty that would end the long suspense and bring the war to a formal conclusion; but this treaty did not contemplate the inclusion of the Constitution of the League of Nations. The President had, however, thrown down to the Senators who had declared their unwillingness to ratify the Constitution of the League as it had been presented to them a challenge which he intended to carry out. "When that treaty comes back," he had said in his address in New York, on March 4, "gentlemen on this side will find the covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the treaty tied to the covenant that you cannot dissect the covenant from the treaty without destroying the whole vital structure."

Thirty-six Senators, elected by the people, representing more than two-thirds of the entire population of the United States, were thus virtually informed that the "advice and consent" of the Senate would receive no consideration. They might, if they chose, privately regard the Constitution of the League of Nations as a defiance of their judgment and even a violation of the fundamental law of the Republic, which they had solemnly sworn to defend, but they would find themselves placed in a position in which they would have to accept this document as it had been formulated, without alterations, or they would be compelled to bear the odium of preventing the conclusion of peace, because the League of Nations would be an essential part of the peace treaty.

It is not necessary to dwell upon this defiance of the constitutional division of the treaty-making power and of the purpose with which that division was originally made and should always be maintained. This defiance assumed what every autocratic usurpation of authority assumes, namely, that power could be invoked to sustain it. In this case it would no doubt be an attempt, in the nominal interest of peace, to bring political pressure to bear upon refractory Senators, in order to compel them to yield to a superior will. It requires no reflection to perceive that if this were done and were successful, it would mark the extinction of representative and even of constitutional government in the United States. That it was ever even contemplated indicates a departure from the principles on which our Government is based which should awaken a deep concern for the future and call attention to the perils of autocratic as distinguished from representative democracy.

How serious the incident is from this point of view becomes clear when we compare the status of the American representation in the Peace Conference with that of any other of the Great Powers. In that conclave, the United States is the only country not represented by a single person confirmed by the legislative branch of government; and yet that body, negotiating in secret, has formulated a compact which, if adopted, is to become under our Constitution "the supreme law of the land." The treaty which is to contain this supreme law, it has been declared by the President of the United States, is to comprise matters foreign to its main purpose which cannot be separated from it, and

upon which the legislative half of the treaty-making power is not to be permitted to exercise its untrammeled judgment.

It is in this connection important to note that while the "plenipotentiaries" of the United States in the Peace Conference have no legislative authority and derive their powers solely from the Executive, none of them having been confirmed by the Senate, all the representatives of the European Powers in the Conference are subject to recall by the legislative branch of their governments if their actions in the course of the negotiations are not approved. In order that approval or disapproval may be intelligently expressed and in a timely manner, the legislatures insist that they be kept informed of the course taken; and, as an example of this surveillance, it may be noted that the British Premier found it necessary to return in person to London, in order to explain to the House of Commons the attitude he had taken on behalf of his government in a matter of interest to them. And the Italian Premier did the same.

No European Premier, the head of a responsible government, would for a moment venture to ignore the advice of the legislative body upon which his official existence is dependent, much less to attempt to force its hand by embodying in a treaty anything which he had occasion to believe would not meet with its approval. If he should be so rash as to do so, he would be immediately withdrawn from the negotiations and another would be substituted in his place.

It was certainly never intended by the founders of the American Republic that the vital questions of foreign policy and international engagements should be subject to decision by a single person. If the precautions taken to avoid that result are lightly to be set aside and ignored, and especially if the voice of the people should proclaim a preference for that method of procedure, the United States would at once take rank as the least democratic nation in the world, and there would be new evidence that a democracy unrestrained by law is the inevitable victim of autocracy.

Whatever the attitude of the majority of the people may be in this matter—and it would be a serious reproach to them to suggest that they would approve the suppression of freedom in their representatives—the real issue created by the purpose to force acquiescence is not the ratification

or non-ratification of a particular treaty but the attempt of the Executive to dominate the legislative branch of the Government.

It is of incalculable importance that this issue should be clearly understood. If the compact proposed were the most perfect conceivable, it should still be open to examination by the Senate as a branch of the treaty-making power; for an attempt at adverse criticism would, in that case, only make its perfection more apparent.

Among the arguments employed in support of the League of Nations one of the most forcible is, that the Council and the Assembly afford an opportunity for conference and discussion. But what a mockery of this argument it would be to try to prevent conference and discussion by a responsible body like the Senate of the United States through the inextricable blending of wholly separate propositions, carefully combined with a deliberate purpose to prevent the free action of judgment regarding them! If the business of the League of Nations is to be conducted in this manner or upon this principle, that fact alone should be decisive for rejecting it. The destinies of mankind cannot safely be entrusted to the action of a secret conclave, nor can the future of America be bound up with the ukase of a single negotiator separated from contact with the American people.

The Senate has the constitutional right to withhold its consent from a treaty of which it does not approve. It may withhold it completely or in part. Possessing the right of amendment—which is in effect a conditional ratification—it has a ready defense against any attempt to force its decisions. There can be no intertwining of engagements which it cannot unravel. It can ratify a treaty of peace and at the same time reject a compact for a League of Nations. It would then remain for those responsible for the negotiation of a treaty designed to frustrate the judgment of the Senate to obtain the acceptance of the changes which the amendments might require.

Two courses, in such a situation, would be open. The President might refuse to act any further, or he might consent to reopen the negotiations for the purpose of securing agreement on the changes. In the first case, the responsibility for the delay of a formal conclusion of peace would evidently rest upon those who had concluded a treaty which

they knew beforehand would not be acceptable to a body necessary to ratification.

In the second case, the Signatory Powers could not consistently refuse to separate what they had themselves intended not to join together, until the President forced them to do so; for they were prepared to postpone the League of Nations and sign a preliminary treaty of peace when the President returned to Paris from his visit to America and changed their plans. The embarrassment of asking for a reversal of a course upon which the President had himself insisted would no doubt be for him very great, but the alternative to resorting to it would be a clear responsibility for the failure of the peace negotiations. Whatever course might be followed as a consequence of the Senate's insistence upon its constitutional right, it is inconceivable that four, or ten, or any other number of delegates sitting in council at Paris could frame any document on any subject which the Senate of the United States could be forced by the Executive to adopt against the better judgment of its members. If the people of the United States, for any reason whatever, arbitrarily insisted upon that, it would mark the end of the Republic.

From the beginning it was made clear that the Senate of the United States would not ratify any treaty which created a super-government; that is, a government that rendered the Government of the United States in any way subordinate to it.

Immediately there began a series of extenuations regarding the purport of the Constitution of the League. The representations of Senators regarding it were repudiated as "bogies." Far from the Constitution creating a supernational government, it was declared by its advocates, it was only an agreement to listen to "recommendations," not necessarily to follow them. In the cases where the Constitution seemed to call for war, in order to impose peace, it remained for the separate governments to declare war, or not, as they might deem best. Thus, it turned out that, if this interpretation was correct, it was the League itself that was the real bogie;—a device not to enforce peace by an international army but by sheer intimidation, pretending to show a mailed fist but in fact merely shaking a finger at a possible aggressor.

It was a difficult task to mediate between these extreme interpretations, that of a super-government and that of an unaffected sovereignty. Some middle ground was even more necessary to the theory of the League to Enforce Peace than it was to the President's conception of a league which should aim to "insure" peace; a result which, he thought, might be accomplished without force if the intimidation imposed were sufficiently impressive.

It was upon the President of the League to Enforce Peace, Ex-President William Howard Taft, therefore, that the task chiefly fell, by the use of his great prestige and his dialectical skill, to reconcile the Constitution of the League to the Constitution of the United States. Coming from him, almost any assurance seemed to many citizens a sufficient guarantee that the conflict between the two "constitutions" was purely imaginary, which makes it of importance to know what the former President's position was regarding the obligations of the League.

Answering the argument of Senator Knox, the Ex-President, in his speech before the Economic Club of New York, parried the accusation regarding super-government in the following adroit manner:

"When Senator Knox's attack upon the covenant is analyzed, it will be seen to rest on an assumption that the Executive Council is given executive powers which are unwarranted by the text of the covenant.

"The whole function of the Executive Council is to be the medium through which the League members are to exchange views, the advisory board to consider all matters arising in the field of the League's possible action and to advise the members as to what they ought by joint action to do.

"The council makes few, if any, orders binding on the members of the League. Where the Executive Council acts as a mediating and inquiring body to settle differences not arbitrated, its unanimous recommendations of a settlement must satisfy the nation seeking relief, if the defendant nation complies with the recommendation. All other obligations of the United States under the League are to be found in the covenants of the League, and not in any action of the Executive Council. When this is understood clearly the whole structure of Senator Knox's indictment falls."

The argument here is that the Executive Council is a purely "advisory" body, without any power to command. The obligations of the United States therefore, are not to be found in the action of the Council, but solely in "the covenants of the League." These covenants, being freely made, it is held, are in no sense infractions of sovereignty. On the contrary, they are affirmations of it. They are voluntary agreements.

The answer to Senator Knox then reduces itself to this: that there is in the Constitution of the League as originally presented no element of a super-government. That the League, as such, can enforce nothing; and that the "recommendations" of the Executive Council are in no sense binding.

To verify this interpretation, the Ex-President quotes Lord Robert Cecil as laying down the principle, "that all action must be unanimously agreed to in accordance with the general rule that governs international relations;" adding, that "this interpretation by one of the most distinguished draftsmen of the League shows that all its language, reasonably construed, delegates no power to these bodies to act for the League and its members without their unanimous concurrence unless the words used make such delegation clear." It is interesting, however, to observe that Ex-President Taft has proposed four amendments to the original draft of the Constitution of the League, the third one "definitely stating the rule of unanimity and making it perfectly plain that any action taken by the Executive Council of the League must be unanimous, thereby necessitating the concurrence of the American Government's member of the Executive Council before its action could be binding upon the United States." This amendment has been accepted, and to that extent the League becomes an Entente.

It is not possible, however, thus easily to destroy the argument of Senator Knox. The fact that Mr. Taft finds it desirable to make sure of the unanimity of the Executive Council before it can even be allowed to "recommend," shows that there is lodged within it some potency against which it is necessary to guard. It cannot be overlooked that Article I, creating the Executive Council, makes it the "instrumentality through which action shall be effected." That is why it was called and still is an "Execu-

tive" Council, although the word "Council" is now unqualified. It has important functions to perform. When the allotment of armament has once been made, the scale of forces cannot be exceeded "without the concurrence of the Council" (Article VIII), and under the rule of unanimity one single member could prevent a State from increasing its means of defense. The Council is to "advise" upon the means by which the obligation to protect territorial integrity and political independence, under Article X, shall be fulfilled. If this advice involves a declaration of war, the Governments advised to make a declaration may indeed refuse; but they would, in that case, be regarded as delinquent. Under Article XVI such a member may be expelled from the League; and a member may not voluntarily withdraw on two years' notice unless "all its obligations under this Covenant have been fulfilled at the time of withdrawal" (Article I). A worse situation would arise if the opposition of a member of the Council should nullify any action whatever, and thus completely paralyze the League. When the Council, acting as a judge, makes a recommendation, under Article XII, compliance with the award by one party binds the other to accept it; and, under Article XV, if any party shall refuse so to comply, "the Council shall propose the measures necessary to give effect to the recommendation." Under Article XVI, the Council is to recommend "what effective military or naval force the members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League." Under Article XVII, the Council may coerce States not members of the League, and under Article XXII it exercises sovereign rights through its mandates to members of the League. It is true that all these powers are expressed in terms of invitation rather than terms of command, but unless the Council is regarded as acting with authority it is difficult to see that there is any provision for the effective enforcement of peace or of any covenants whatever.

There remain, however, the "obligations of the Covenant;" and it is upon these that the Ex-President lays the whole burden. The treaty-making power, he holds, —that is the President and Senate,—are empowered by the Constitution of the United States to make treaties, which "enables them to bind the United States to a contract

with another nation on any subject usually the subject matter of treaties between nations, subject to the limitation that the treaty may not change the form of the government of the United States.... It therefore follows that whenever the treaty-making power binds the United States to do anything it must be done by the branch of that government vested by the Constitution with that function." This is to say that when the treaty-making power engages to make war, to raise armies and maintain navies, or not to raise armies and maintain navies, or to do anything which the Constitution empowers Congress to do, Congress *must* do it, and has *no choice,* except to take notice that the obligation has fallen due and action must be taken.

Thus Mr. Taft very ingeniously takes away from the Council of the League all the attributes of a super-government only to include them in the "obligations of the Covenant" created by the President and Senate of the United States.

That the Constitution of the League thus creates a super-government, that is, a form of authority under which the Congress of the United States is compelled to act when the *casus foederis* calls for its action, must be candidly admitted. Senator Knox finds this authority in the Council, the "instrumentality" through which the League's "action is effected." Mr. Taft finds it in "the obligations of the Covenant." In either case, the result is the same. The League binds Congress to declare war, raise and expend money, and do many other acts, not when in its own judgment Congress considers them timely and necessary, but when the "obligations of the Covenant" require it.

These obligations, the Ex-President not only admits but asserts, are *commands* to Congress to act in the way they prescribe. Who then creates these obligations? The President of the United States thinks they can be created by himself alone through his influence at Paris, and that the Senate can then be forced to accept them whether the senators wish to do so or not. The Ex-President of the United States does not go so far as this. He considers it necessary for the whole treaty-making power to create these obligations, but he believes that the President and Senate together can create them; and that, having done so, the Congress of the United States must act when the obligations fall due, and will have no freedom beyond the rec-

ognition of the fact that the time has arrived for the fulfilment of the obligations thus created. The Council will "advise" the Congress of this and "recommend" its action. The only escape from action would be either an attempt on the part of Congress to prove that the Council was misinterpreting the treaty or the failure of our Government to respect it.

In such circumstances, is it reprehensible that the Senate of the United States should wish to consider with great care the nature of the obligations to be undertaken, and should refuse to be forced into acquiescence by an executive demand that all "expediency" is to be disregarded?

Objections to the original proposal accepted at Paris were raised by members of all political parties in the United States. It is futile, therefore, to regard criticism of the Constitution of the League as a partisan opposition. Its most ardent advocate, for reasons which are obvious, has been ex-President Taft. Although committed *a priori* to a "League," there were, nevertheless, modifications which he as well as others considered it desirable to make respecting the engagements of the United States. The first relates to the Monroe Doctrine, consisting of an amendment making reservations to safeguard it; the second to secure any country in the League the right to control matters solely within its domestic jurisdiction, such as the question of immigration; and one to provide for a withdrawal from the League of Nations, and possibly for a definite term of the existence of the League itself. It is noteworthy that all these changes are in the direction of restricting the power and limiting the duration of the League.

Other eminent American statesmen also have suggested improvements in the Constitution of the League as originally proposed. All of them unite in demanding the retention of the Monroe Doctrine. Upon this point Mr. Charles Evans Hughes and Mr. Elihu Root have been particularly explicit in counselling that it be made clear that no obligation assumed by the United States shall imply the renunciation of its time honored policy with regard to strictly American questions.

This earnest expression of solicitude has produced an effect at Paris, but the result has occasioned bewilderment.

It has never been considered that the Monroe Doctrine is to be classed with international engagements, treaties of arbitration, or regional understandings for securing the maintenance of peace, and the amazement was therefore great when the public was informed that Article X, which pledges the members of the League "to respect and preserve as against external aggression" one another's "territorial integrity and existing political independence," was to be amended by the addition of the words:

"Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace," which now appear as Article XXI in the revised Covenant.

It is proudly announced that at last, in the midst of much opposition and by great efforts, the President succeeded in securing recognition of the Monroe Doctrine as a part of International Law! It seems rather disingenuous, after heralding the League as itself an extension of the Monroe Doctrine to all the world, as the President has done, that he should make a struggle for its inclusion in this treaty, and in such a form! That the President should ever have accepted the language of this amendment, which it is inconceivable that any American could have written, as a characterization of a policy of the United States which is neither a law, nor an engagement, nor a regional understanding, but simply and solely a political policy, is certainly surprising.

It is doubtful if the presence of these strange words in the Covenant of the League can ever transform a purely national policy into International Law, which would only denature it. It requires no sanction by a lawmaking body, and if it did the Conference at Paris could not give it. It is a life principle of the American Republic, and means two things: first, that no foreign Power shall ever acquire a foothold on this continent that would menace the security of this nation; and, second, that this nation will never imperil its own existence by intervention in non-American affairs.

Never before the Great War had it been necessary for the United States to fight in Europe for its own rights, but the ambitions and methods of the Imperial German Government created that necessity. We have in this war

fought for Belgium, for France, for Great Britain, and other nations because they were fighting for us, and we shall do so again if our common enemy renews the attack; but we have never yet been committed to a pledge to fight for everybody everywhere. The Monroe Doctrine has remained until now an uncompromised national policy, and it should be permanently maintained in its twofold meaning as a prohibition of foreign intrusion on the American continent and as a limitation of responsibility in other parts of the world.

The amendment as it stands in the revised Covenant does not express this intention. Article XXI has more appropriate application to the secret treaty of London, which the President repudiates, than it has to the Monroe Doctrine; for the secret treaty of London was a "regional understanding," while the Monroe Doctrine is not. The form of reservation attached to the Hague Conventions was explicit and accurate, and might well, with slight modification, be attached to the present treaty, which would be in the spirit of Mr. Root's third and Mr. Hughes' third and fourth proposed amendments.

Mr. Root further suggests, in his sixth amendment, the calling of a general conference of the members after five or ten years to revise the Covenant, after which any member, on a year's notice, may withdraw from the League; and Mr. Hughes would make provision that any member may withdraw "at its pleasure on specified notice," instead of after two years' notice of its intention to do so, as provided in the revised draft of Article I. He also proposed that no member shall be constituted a mandatory without its consent, which has been accepted, and that no European or Asiatic Power shall be constituted a mandatory of any American people.

Even as thus modified, the League would be far from the realization of the highest international ideals. It has been pointed out that the Covenant neither recognizes as binding the rules of International Law nor makes provision for the improvement of them. As a limited corporation in the general Society of States, it cannot claim universality or justly exercise lawmaking powers that all sovereign States would be bound to respect. It would be merely a single political organism in a community of jurally equal States. Other leagues might be formed which, even if they

did not equal it in power, could claim an equal justification for their existence. They also would aim to be self-protective. In brief, even though the League were preponderant, it would not constitute the Society of States.

To prevent the continuance of what would thus remain at most a mere preponderance of power, Mr. Root has proposed in his second amendment a method of making the League the means of a transition to a real Society of Nations. His proposal, which was endorsed by the Executive Committee of the American Society of International Law and cabled to Paris, is as follows:

> The Executive Council shall call a general conference of the Powers to meet not less than two years or more than five years after the signing of this convention for the purpose of reviewing the condition of International Law, and of agreeing upon and stating in its authoritative form the principles and rules thereof.
>
> Thereafter regular conferences for that purpose shall be called and held at stated times.

This wise suggestion was not adopted at Paris; a fact which justifies the inference that the League intends to decide questions of International Law in its own way, and in accordance with its own corporate policies. In short, it intends to act imperially.

As an example of this, take the provision for determining whether or not a given question is one of domestic jurisdiction, like the tariff or the immigration question. Article XV reads: "If the dispute . . . is found by the Council to arise out of a matter which by International Law is solely within the jurisdiction of that party, the Council shall so report, and shall make no recommendation as to its settlement." But, it is immediately added, "The Council may *in any case* under this Article refer the dispute to the Assembly"; that is, even though the question at issue is under International Law a domestic one, upon which the Council made no recommendation, it could be referred to the Assembly for decision! The nature of the decision would then depend upon the policy which the Assembly chose to adopt. If the United States were a disputant, it would have no voice in the decision, which would be made by others, without reference to International Law, in accordance with their prevailing policies, whatever they might be.

Before entering into such bonds with foreign Powers,

it is timely to consider the consequences of making engagements, nominally in the interest of peace, regarding matters which have no logical connection with a treaty of peace and are arbitrarily forced into it. It is inevitable that matters which we have always considered purely national will be treated by the League as international. This is true of our foreign policy as a whole, which under the League would be equally the affair of all the members. Not even the Monroe Doctrine, which we have always considered peculiarly our own affair, would be exempted from this total surrender of national policy. In the British Memorandum, giving the views of London regarding the Monroe Doctrine, for example, that purely American policy is already treated as an "international understanding," to be interpreted and applied by the Council and the Assembly, and not any longer by the United States alone. "Should any dispute arise between American and European Powers," concludes this commentary, "*the League is there to settle it.*"

After such an assumption as this what will remain, under this Covenant, of an independent American foreign policy? The powers which in the first draft of the Covenant were attributed to the Executive Council are in the revised document largely transferred to the Assembly. In that larger body the United States would have three representatives, but only one vote. Among the "original members" of the League and separate "signatories of the Treaty of Peace," are specified, "the British Empire, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and India." These six members, with a close community of primary interests, would be entitled to eighteen representatives and six votes in the Assembly, while the United States, which has a greater self-governing population than all of these imperial dominions combined, would have only three representatives and only one vote.

It is an unwelcome task, in view of the close friendship that should exist between the United States and Great Britain, to call attention to this disparity; for real friendship never anywhere long continues in the presence of doubt as to perfect freedom and perfect equality. For common interests and common purposes the United States and Great Britain—which have so much in common—should act together; but it must not be overlooked that the British Em-

pire has interests and policies which the United States has never shared and has not always approved. As a people we have never regretted our separate and independent existence, and there are many millions of American citizens who will not submit to abandoning it now. Nothing could more fatally destroy the friendship of these two countries than a conviction that what was fought for and won in 1776 is to be lightly surrendered in the flood-tide of our national greatness at the end of a victorious war.

There are those who believe that at Paris American interests have been subordinated to foreign interests, in order to secure the success of the President's personal theories. They believe that he went to Europe to say in private what he did not wish to discuss in public; that he intended to establish a League that would make possible a compromise peace; that this League was originally intended to limit the supremacy of Great Britain on the sea, and thus placate the hostility of Germany; that France, as a means of obtaining future security, could be made to enter such a League along with Germany; that, upon these conditions, a general reciprocal guarantee of territory could be obtained, and that the rivalries of trade could in future be avoided by "the removal of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance."

To carry this theory into effect, it was necessary to interweave the treaty of peace with the formation of a League in such a manner that all who desired peace,—for it was certain that all belligerents wished for peace as soon as possible,—would be forced to accept the League, whether they desired it or not; for the League thus organized was to create a new international order, which the President believed would put an end to war, and be the greatest achievement in history.

Without discussing in a critical spirit, the character of the motives of this great enterprise, it is clear that the execution of this purpose involved secrecy, opposition to a prompt peace of victory, negotiation with adverse national interests, and some concessions for the purpose of winning adherents.

It will probably be many years before the conversations of the Supreme Council of Ten, the "Big Four" and the

"Big Three" will become known to the public, and some of them will perhaps never be known or be variously reported in memoirs and autobiographies. The participants will no doubt have for a long time a certain control over one another.

It was pointed out in a friendly spirit, before the President went to Europe, that by appointing himself as first delegate and repudiating written instructions to intermediaries, he was risking the charge of secret diplomacy and the deliberate abandonment of the idea of covenants "openly arrived at."

The Senate of the United States, if the ordinary course had been adopted, would be in a position to know from records what was the actual course of negotiation. In the absence of this, unless the President wishes personally to submit to interrogation, there is room for a wide scope of inference regarding the bargains made to secure the League.

There are those who will wonder why the alleged American plan of a League has never been published; who will infer that it was rejected or withdrawn because it was needful to adopt a more flexible trading programme; and who will think that the Smuts plan was adopted because without concessions to Great Britain there could have been no League, and without a league of some kind the Great Mission would have been a failure.

One might imagine the British Premier as saying: "There is already a League of Nations. The British Empire is such a league. If you will model the League on that, as General Smuts suggests, we might regard it favorably. Of course we must retain our sea-power. Unless you will pledge the large navy you are developing in the United States to the defense of the Empire, we must defend ourselves. Of course under the League the rights of neutrality, to which you have held so closely in the past, would no longer exist. If you will help us out with mandataries and defend our imperial possessions from future attack, perhaps we can arrange for a League."

"But by this plan, what advantage does the United States get?"

"Why, Mr. President, you get the League!"

With France negotiations were, perhaps, less complicated, for without some special provision, even after

peace was signed, France would be unprotected. One can imagine a question to Monsieur Clemenceau: "Where will France look for protection, if not to the League?"—"To the honor of her co-belligerents."—"But would not the mutual guarantees of the League be sufficient?"—"With Germany a League is impossible."

And so, even without documents, the logic of the situation renders it not difficult to understand what has happened at Paris; why the League was always, except in America, regarded and spoken of as *"l'idée Américaine;"* and also why the League had to be intertwined inextricably with the long deferred and much desired treaty of peace, in order to force the hand of the Senate.

Acting by itself, the Senate of the United States would probably regard the prestige of reorganizing the world on paper as bought at too high a price by the acceptance of the responsibilities of Article X and American participation in the international political trust that is to issue "Acts and Charters" for the sovereign rule of countries and colonies in Europe, Asia, and Africa with which the United States, as a constitutional self-governing nation, has no right of interference.

However the Senate may regard the President's challenge, it cannot escape responsibility for its decision. There is one aspect of the subject of the highest importance to the future of the American Republic that has been left in obscurity by nearly all who have commented on the proposed League, namely, the joint imperialism which it establishes. This, though overlooked in America, is well understood in Great Britain, and preparations are making to render it effective. General Smuts, who is a practical officer, recognizes that it is necessary for the League "to train big staffs to look at things from a large human, instead of national, point of view." The Grand Secretariat now being organized in London, under the direction of Sir James Eric Drummond, of the British Foreign Office, will be the school in which the international bureaucracy will be formed and tempered to its task. Viscount Grey sees a great future for this super-national rule of the world under benevolent experts. "I don't see," he said, "why the League of Nations, once formed, should be necessarily idle." Nor would he leave it without means of action. "I don't see why," he continued, "it should not be arranged

for an authoritative and an international force to be at its disposal, which should *act as police in individual countries.*"

It is this that makes the acceptance of a place in the League by the United States so imperative for its success. This policing of the world requires men and money. America has both. Europe's answer to America's great idea of a League is, "We accept it with pleasure. Now stop the fighting that has not ceased from Finland to the Crimea while the Peace Conference has been in session. We have our own idea of these things based on a long experience. We will try your plan, but in the meantime, you must make the Turk spare the Armenian, a mutilated Poland be satisfied with its lot, keep the Hungarians and the Roumanians quiet on the Theiss, settle the disputes of the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs in the Adriatic, make Persia a safe place to live in, and keep Germany within bounds. Unless your League can do these things, it has not helped us much, but if it does then it will be chiefly at your expense; for we must put our house in order and pay our debts while we guard our frontiers. We have not asked you for a League. We are interested in our own national life. We have consented to the League, but we have never much believed in it. Now let America show us that it will work."

And the Senate will have to answer to the country for the engagements it ratifies.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

WANTED—A FOREIGN TRADE POLICY

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

AMERICA faces a new era in her national development. The future holds immeasurable potentialities. At no time in the life of the nation has the outlook been brighter. Peace is at hand. Prosperity and happiness, on a plane far greater than the world has ever before known, may be hers if she will but grasp and develop them.

The degree of our future success will be measured by the degree of our vision and judgment. These blessings are not laid before us to take or leave in a casual manner. They are dependent upon the faithful fulfilment of well-defined duties and the complexities of the problems before us are great but they are not insoluble. Let us view the situation from the standpoint of facts and experience, rather than through the spectacles of those fascinating optimists who assume that prospects and possession are synonymous. If we follow these gentlemen we may forget that while America stands inert and undecided every other great nation is preparing the quickest and surest method of snatching the advantage from her. The world war has come to an end but war for world dominion has been started on the ashes of the old system. Let us bear this in mind and let us remember that a well defined national policy is as essential to success in the contest for national supremacy as a wise military policy was in the war that is happily ended. Failure to prepare for the new contest will be little less reprehensible than was our failure to prepare for the world war.

The problems that are presented to us have no counterpart in Europe, Asia, Africa, or South America. We cannot follow the example of any other nation. If we would succeed we must lead. Our economic position is as dis-

tinct fundamentally as is our country's position geographically. The war has given us an unprecedented handicap over every other nation in the world. Our foreign commerce has jumped by leaps and bounds until we have almost monopolized the world trade in many lines. It came to us through the temporary weakness of our competitors, and not through our own efforts alone. It is unreasonable to assume that we shall hold all of the markets that we now control.

Irrespective of the renewed efforts of our competitors, now released from the inexorable demands of war, we may command all the foreign markets that we require and are capable of developing along healthy lines, if we will but capitalize our inherent potentials by wise fostering and conservation. No matter what efforts our competitors may make we can meet them and beat them if we will but protect our incomparable home market while developing on sound principles, foreign markets which present natural and permanent outlets for our surplus products.

I shall proceed upon what I deem to be an axiom. Our ideal foreign policy is one that would give America the greatest degree of commercial independence and compel the greatest dependence from the rest of the world. In other words, we as a great producing nation should develop our foreign trade as an incident to a well defined policy of strengthening our home market, by stabilizing our financial mechanism, conserving our natural resources and raising our labor to the highest possible state. These are the fundamentals of a permanently successful policy,—one that will give us an unassailable commercial position.

In order to realize fully our tremendous potential power, as well as the dangers which are ahead of us, it is necessary to review the economic history of this country during the last fifteen years.

America is the only country in the world which possesses and which has at the same time developed to the point of availability, the greater part of the raw materials essential to her industries. This is the cornerstone of our great industrial structure; the basis of our economic independence. It must be protected! There must be no internationalism in our economic policy! According to the Director of the United States Geological Survey, our country contributed to the world's total in 1913 more than

64% of petroleum; 55% of copper; 43% of phosphate; 42% of sulphur; 38% of coal; 37% of zinc; 35% of iron; 34% of lead; 30% of silver; 19% of gold and 20% of salt. We have timber in abundance and an adequate supply of agricultural products to make us in a great measure independent. With respect to nickel, platinum, tin and a few other minerals, there is not much likelihood of our country being self-supporting. We are deficient in potash and certain other minerals essential to our industries, but many of them can be supplied by a policy fostering their development. Such a policy may, in some instances, be well justified apart from economic considerations in view of the possible recurrence of conditions similar to those that existed during the war.

In the ten year period beginning in 1904 the export value of American goods was $18,692,400,442, against an import value of $13,826,293,032, showing a surplus in our favor of $4,866,107,410, or approximately $500,000,000 per annum. But from this favorable trade balance, between $400,000,000 and $500,000,000 must be deducted yearly on account of the so-called "invisible exports," *i. e.* the interest and dividends paid by us on $5,000,000,000 of loans and securities held by European investors: money spent by Americans abroad; remittances made by immigrants; and payment by American manufacturers and merchants for freight shipped in foreign bottoms.

During this period we were compelled either to provide a favorable trade balance to the extent of approximately $500,000,000 a year to thus off-set the invisible exports, or to sell additional American securities to foreign investors. Payment in gold would have depleted our gold reserve. The financial condition of this country at the outbreak of the war was serious, owing to the fact that under the present tariff, the value of the imports actually exceeded that of the exports. Fortunately, the effect of the war was to create what was tantamount to a protective tariff, by reason of the incident restriction of exports to this country from the belligerent nations, thus averting a great national calamity, financial and industrial.

It is estimated that, prior to the War, upwards of 90% of the products of our national industries were absorbed by our own market, and amounted to more than twice the export trade of the whole world. It is not generally known

that New York alone had, before the War, a yearly output of 2¼ billions of dollars of manufactures, approximately equal to the entire export trade of either Great Britain, Germany or the United States, and nearly three times the value of the total imports into South America from all sources. From these considerations, the conclusion would seem irresistible that the keynote of our industrial policy should be to preserve unimpaired this incomparable home market. Shall we dissipate this tremendous market, or shall we maintain it by the protection that can be accomplished through tariff legislation wisely administered? This is inherently an economic—not a political problem.

It is vital to the industrial peace, social contentment and prosperity of the nation that unemployment of labor be reduced to a minimum. This can be effected in a large measure by the restriction of immigration and by the development of foreign markets to insure uninterrupted operation of our industrial plants. The condition of the labor market in the near future is a subject upon which authorities disagree. Among the factors which will determine this condition are the future position of women in industry and the rate of immigration compared with that of emigration. Undoubtedly, there will be a large exodus of our wage earners to their native lands as soon as conditions admit of their departure, and, in all probability, many of these emigrants will not return to America. But, on the other hand, the higher wages and better living conditions here, coupled with the desire of leaving behind the scene of sad memories, will soon attract a large number to America and perhaps far more than off-set the loss through emigration.

A law restricting immigration should be of short duration and subject to suspension by a body of officials to whom Congress would delegate the authority. The quality of our immigration from all countries would be improved if the work of debarring undesirables was carried out abroad before their departure, instead of after their arrival here; in other words, the Ellis Islands should be established at the points of emigration. The number admitted should be based upon the record of naturalization among the various races during the decade previous to the War. Preference should be given to those nationalities which have evinced a disposition to become naturalized American citizens. It would be far better to suffer a temporary shortage of labor

than to have any considerable oversupply under normal industrial conditions.

We can dictate the types and numbers of our future immigrants. Shall we accept hordes of undesirables, or shall we accept the best that apply and in the number required?

After the period of reconstruction in Europe, America cannot depend on European markets to absorb her surplus products. If England permanently adopts and extends the principle of the protective tariff, as she surely will, as a basis of preferential tariffs with her colonies and dependencies, America will be deprived of her most important foreign market. In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, nearly 40% of our total exports were to the United Kingdom and Canada. This almost equalled the entire importations into South America from all nations. These comparative figures are instructive. Germany, also, will lose her best market, for in the year 1913, one-sixth of her entire exports, a large part of which were manufactures, went to England, in addition to her very considerable export trade with the British colonies.

There is a tendency in this country to over-estimate the disabilities under which the great commercial nations of the world will labor as a result of their war losses. Let us examine the facts. France unquestionably will require most of her strength and capital for some time to come to rebuild her devastated areas.

Japan undoubtedly will attempt to make great strides in South and Central America, and in many lines we cannot hope to compete with her under-paid labor.

Germany, driven from her old markets under the British flag will, and in fact already is attempting to regain and enlarge her sphere in Latin America. We shall meet her at every turn. Her unscrupulous agents will be found in every market and their activities will bear fruit. While England has paid a tremendous price to carry on the war, it has not all been lost to her. As a result of the war, her industry has been modernized and she is now far better equipped than ever before to compete for world trade.

It is to the so-called "backward nations," of South America, Africa, Asia and to Russia that America must look for her future markets. These countries possess enormous natural resources, as yet undeveloped, and conse-

quently of no present value. Their people lack purchasing power, and because of the low standards of living there is but little demand for foreign goods. The exploitation of these countries would involve the expenditure of colossal sums of money. Where is the money to come from? Obviously, European financial centers can no longer provide capital, and it is to the United States that they must look for financial assistance. In developing new fields of industrial activity, we shall not only create markets for American products but for the exports of Europe as well. In that way we shall profit by enhancing the value of the securities which we now hold. Our Allies cannot repay these loans in gold—that would be impossible, even if it were desirable,—and to receive payment in their industrial products would seriously affect our own industries. Therefore they must repay us by securities we help them to create.

Before the war, England, Germany and France were the great bankers of the world. Indeed, many of our own most important industries were financed by foreign capital. England's investments abroad were estimated in 1914 at upwards of 20 billions of dollars, from which she received an annual income of one billion dollars. In Latin-America alone England has invested 5 billions of dollars. Both England and Germany have encouraged the investment of the capital of their nationals abroad in order to control the trade resulting from the industries developed. The investment of capital in the development of a country is the " open sesame " to trade with that counttry.

In international investments, what the borrowing nation requires is cheap money; what the lending nation demands is good security. Under present conditions, good security is what the so-called " backward nations " find most difficult to furnish. It is not only that all business arrangements may at any time be disrupted by political disturbances, but where a dispute arises between the foreign investor and the local interests, the matter is decided by a biased local court or by executive decree, from either of which the only appeal in practice is to diplomatic intervention. Whichever way the case is finally decided, the course of procedure creates bad feeling on both sides. For this reason, I advocate the creation of a High Court of Equity to hear and determine cases solely in the category to which I have referred.

The authority of such a Court would be enormous. Its decisions, published all over the world, would constitute a powerful deterrent to dishonest practice; and its influence would extend over the whole field of international business. For the plaintiff or defendant, as the case might be, would not be called upon to accept the decision of a foreign judge and jury whom he would suspect of bias against him. It is not suggested, of course, that every dispute should be taken to the High Court of Equity, and jurisdiction might be fixed by a minimum sum as the amount to be involved in the suit.

If we wish to induce the investment of American money abroad, our Government must change its attitude towards American investors in foreign countries. Heretofore, no attempt has been made to distinguish between legitimate undertaking by Americans, founded upon the purchase for cash of land, mining rights, etc., and those schemes, fortunately few in number, which are based entirely upon concessions extorted without valuable consideration. The view has been that there is something base and sordid in any American business enterprise conducted in a foreign country. The fact is that the opposition to the legitimate investment of American capital abroad usually rests upon complete ignorance of the circumstances.

Anyone who is familiar with the conditions in Latin-America, in Africa, in the West Indies, for example, knows that whatever measure of prosperity and civilization exists among the natives has been developed by the activities of foreign capital in those regions. What may very properly be asked of a man who invests his capital in a so-called "backward country" is: "Are the inhabitants of this country better off or worse off because you have gone among them to do business?" and by the answer to this question any foreign enterprise should be approved or condemned. In modern times there are few instances in which native races have not secured great benefits both moral and material from the establishment among them of foreign enterprises.

The foreigner, acting for his own selfish interest, will do everything he can to maintain law and order and to avert internal warfare. He will build hospitals, import physicians and surgeons, improve the sanitary conditions, develop means of transportation and communication, and

encourage local industry. In the actual conduct of his business, he will bring capital to the country, give employment to labor and elevate the standard of living. Through the taxation of his enterprises, the government of the country will increase its revenues and find it easier to borrow money for its own purposes. The foreign investor invariably pays a higher rate of wages than native employers, and his business always stimulates the development of whatever resources the country possesses.

It would be manifestly impossible to discuss all the phases of foreign trade policy in a paper of this scope. I have dwelt only on those which I deem to be of major importance. It seems almost unnecessary to remind even the most casual observer of the necessity for improving our financial facilities abroad and of strengthening our diplomatic and consular agencies.

I have emphasized the essentiality of fostering our incomparable home markets as the basis of all our prosperity and the natural foundation of a great foreign trade. If we are to build on such a foundation, then our foreign trade policy should embrace:

(1) A tariff based upon the recommendation of tariff experts to protect our home markets from the dumpings of Europe and Asia and, also, to secure reciprocal trade advantages with other countries.

(2) Legislation supplementing the Webb-Pomerene Law to promote efficiency in our home industries by eliminating uneconomic and unessential features of the Sherman Law.

(3) The creation of an immigration board which shall regulate immigration to meet economic demands.

(4) The development of a great American Merchant Marine, privately owned and privately operated, with such governmental assistance as is accorded the nationals of our maritime competitors.

(5) The creation of a High Court of Equity which shall adjudicate commercial disputes between Americans and nationals of countries in which they invest or seek to invest.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

GREECE, BULGARIA AND THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITY

BY A. ANDREADES

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I.

EASTERN peoples delight in didactic tales. Two such, generally known in the Balkans, give a graphic picture of the Bulgarians.

According to the first, God said to a Bulgarian one day, "Ask of me whatever you wish, and I will do it for you; but I shall do twice as much for your neighbor." The Bulgarian, without hesitation, put out one of his own eyes.

This anecdote was repeated in 1895 by a Bulgarian Cabinet Minister to the well-known French sociologist, Alfred Berl, who in his turn narrated it recently, saying that Bulgaria preferred to ally herself with the empires of prey in the hope of bringing about the destruction of Serbia and Greece rather than join the Entente whose victory would have brought, to be sure, much profit to Bulgaria, but even more to Serbia and to Greece.

The second tale runs as follows: Once a Bulgarian and a Greek entered into a partnership. They acquired three lambs. When the time came to divide up, the Bulgarian said: "The first lamb belongs to me by right; the second you will give me because I am your partner and you love me; and the third I take away from you because I am stronger."

This anecdote was time and again told by the Greeks among themselves in the Spring of 1913, between the first and second Balkan Wars, when the Bulgarians were advancing their claims upon Central Macedonia on the ground of nationality; upon Southern Macedonia for commercial reasons; and upon Thrace by virtue of their victories at Loule-Bourgas.

There was a special argument invented for Saloniki—one of a religious nature.

This metropolis had reared the Greek orthodox monks Cyril and Methodius, who gave Christianity to the Bulgarians. Ex-King Ferdinand, himself a Roman Catholic, did not hestitate to make capital of this argument. At a dinner given by the late King George in Saloniki he said to Queen Olga, the consort of his host, "Madam, Saloniki is the Mecca of the Bulgarians." Now, in this modern Mecca, the number of the Faithful was not even half of one per cent. Imagine Greece claiming Tarsus on the ground that Saint Paul, who evangelized the Greeks, came from there!

The tale of the three lambs constantly recurs to my mind as I become conversant with the arguments put forth by the Bulgarian propagandists who are active in this country.

The basis of all pro-Bulgar activity here is the contention that the Treaty of Bucharest was a violation of the principle of nationality, especially so in having awarded to Serbia the districts of Ochrida, Veles and Ishtip, in Central Macedonia.

The Serbians and their friends have retorted that this population is Slav, and Serbian rather than Bulgarian, in language as well as in customs, and that if a generation ago it adhered to the Bulgarian exarchate, it did so on orders from Russia, then the Great Slav Power, whose policy aimed at the creation of a Greater Bulgaria.

It is curious to note that the Serbs have failed to bring out the inconsistency of the Bulgarians, who while complaining that the Treaty of Bucharest violates the principle of nationality by surrendering to Serbia what they call Bulgarian populations, have, nevertheless, in utter disregard of this principle, occupied, under provisions of the same treaty, lands inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks and Turks.

The Greeks have been laboring under the error of thinking that the whole world was following closely the events in the East. They have not, therefore, tried to show that the Treaty of Bucharest, far from having given them more than they were entitled to on the principle of nationality, imposed upon them the obligation of yielding Gre-

cian territories which they had liberated with their own sword.

II.

The Bulgarian propagandists, when speaking of Greek Macedonia, artfully conceal the fact that Greece was not given Macedonia in its entirety, but only its southern parts. In fact, at some places, as in the region north of Saloniki, the Greek boundaries run only a few tens of miles from the sea. Now, in the course of long centuries of struggle between Greeks and Bulgarians, the latter never took Saloniki, nor did they ever succeed in establishing themselves firmly in Southern Macedonia. For this reason, in Greek Macedonia Bulgarians are either altogether absent, or found in trifling minorities.

On the other hand, for centuries, the Greeks had control of Central Macedonia. This explains the Greek character of many cities such as Monastir, Krushevon, Stromnitsa, Melnikon, which are today under either Serbian or under Bulgarian rule.

In January, 1915, Mr. Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Premier, declared officially to Sir Alfred Sharp that Bulgaria asks from Greece the Eastern Departments of Serres, Drama and Kavalla. This statement is interesting insofar as Bulgarians recognize that they are not entitled to the rest of Greek Macedonia, although it does not indicate the grounds on which the Bulgarian title to Eastern Macedonia is established.

Mr. J. D. Bourchier, who with Mr. Brailsford is the usual mouthpiece of Bulgarian claims before the English-speaking public, was so good as to explain in a recent magazine article that Kavalla should have gone to Bulgaria "for commercial reasons." He does not state, however, what those "commercial reasons" are.

That the principle of nationality is dropped in the case of Eastern Macedonia is easily explained by the well-known fact that in the districts of Drama-Kavalla, Bulgarian nationality may be said not to exist (the Bulgarians constitute one and one-half per cent. of the whole population).

Neither Mr. Radoslavoff, however, nor Mr. Bourchier favors us with an explanation of the grounds on which

Serres is claimed. Surely, it is not on commercial grounds? Is it on ethnological grounds then? If so, how can we explain the burning of Serres by the Bulgarians in 1913, and the almost complete extermination of its inhabitants between the years 1916-1918? The report of the investigation by the University of Athens proves, on the basis of official documents, that when the Bulgarians entered Serres (August, 1916), the population was between 22,000 and 24,000, and that when they fled after their recent defeat (September, 1918), the population had decreased to 3,500. The population which had disappeared died either of starvation, or was deported to Bulgaria where it was decimated by hunger and exhaustion.

The investigation shows that what happened at Serres took place throughout Eastern Macedonia. A great London morning paper summing up the situation declared that the Bulgarians have "outhunned the Huns;" it might have said that they have *outhamided* Sultan Abdul Hamid.

It is not my purpose to enlarge here on the unspeakable Bulgarian atrocities. Americans who wish to learn details may apply to the Interallied International Commission, which has just finished its investigation, or to the members of the American Red Cross Committee, who have been on the spot since the retreat of the Bulgarian army and who have done so much to relieve the terrible sufferings of the unfortunate population.

All that I want to show is that the behavior of the Bulgarians would have been different in Eastern Macedonia if this province had been Bulgarian.

III.

On the eve of the Treaty of Bucharest, the victorious Greek forces were holding Central Macedonia, east of the Axios (Vardar), and the Aegean coasts of Thrace.

Always loyal to the principle of nationality, Mr. Venizelos declared that he was ready to evacuate Central Macedonia but insisted on keeping Thrace.

In his Memorandum to the Peace Congress of 1919, he states that he was compelled to drop his claim for this province, owing to "strong pressure." This alludes mainly to Russia, which was anxious to keep Greece away from Constantinople, and to Austria, which had already concluded

an alliance with Bulgaria.[1] This explains why, now that Austria and Russia have disappeared, the Congress at Paris has not opposed the Greek claims upon Thrace. The *London Times* was able, as early as the sixth of April, 1919, to announce, on official authority, that the Peace Congress had accepted the boundary proposed by Mr. Venizelos which gives to Greece Thrace, south of the River Arda, on condition that a commercial outlet be given on the Aegean.

If I were aiming only at supporting the claims of my country to this province, it would be unnecessary for me to add anything more, now, when Greece has been given satisfaction on this point. I desire, however, to show that by the Treaty of Bucharest Greece and not Bulgaria was wronged.

According to the official census, in Thrace, where there is a total population of 2,200,646, there are only 112,000 Bulgarians, who are inferior in number not only to the Greeks and the Turks but even to the Armenians. (183, 253). The only regions in which they are somewhat more compact are those north of the River Arda, upon which Greece lays no claim. In the other regions, they are an infinitesimal part (69,000 or three per cent) of the total population.

This numerical weakness the Bulgarians officially admitted in 1912. At that time it became necessary to cooperate, in view of the elections against the Ottomanizing programme of the Committee of Union and Progress. It was agreed between the Greeks and the Bulgarians, under the auspices of the Oecumenical Patriarchate, and the Bulgarian Exarchate, that their coalition in Thrace would support seven Greek candidates as against only one Bulgarian candidate.

The single Bulgarian Deputy provided by the Treaty was to sit for the Northern district. In the region south of the Arda the Bulgarians are numerically so weak that, despite their occupation since 1913, all its deputies to the Sobranie have been Turks. These gentlemen, sixteen in number, on the 31st of December 1919 signed an address to General Franchet d'Esperey, Commander-in-Chief of

[1] The text of the treaty was published recently (March 1919) by the *Journal des Débats*, the leading Paris newspaper. It was signed on September 1913. Yet the Entente was credulous enough to believe until September 1915 that Bulgaria would not attack Serbia!

the Allied armies in the Near East, which may be summarized as follows:

The Mussulman deputies begin by observing "that western Thrace is peopled by Mussulman Turks, a Greek minority *and some Bulgars.*" They declare that "it is impossible for their compatriots to live under Bulgarian rule, in view of the entire lack of tolerance on the part of the Bulgars towards all those among their subjects who are not of their own race, and the frequent abuses and vexations practised by the Bulgars which are unworthy of a civilized nation." They indicate that their protests to the Sobranie have but "served to bring about the demolition of the only Turkish mosque which existed in Sofia;" and that, "if the abuses continue and increase, it is not impossible that the latent irritation which is felt in Thrace will break out against the oppressors." Under these circumstances the deputies demand an occupation by Allied troops. They add:

> It is desirable that Hellenic troops should participate in this occupation, seeing that the Greeks of Trace have experienced the same vexations as ourselves; *that the Hellenes have always shown themselves generous towards us, that theirs is a nation with whom we can live on very good terms,* and that they could, at the same time as their allies, protect us from the oppression of the Bulgars.

In a letter of the same date (December 31, 1918) the Turkish deputies ask Mr. Venizelos "to intervene in their behalf in the manner they indicate."

This document proving the Bulgarians accorded no better treatment to the Turks than to the Greeks, had no little influence on the decision by which, in Paris, the Greek claims to Thrace were recognized.

But it must be pointed out that military consideration also, and the desire to avoid new wars in the future, have pleaded in favor of Greece.

Bulgaria's presence in the littoral of Thrace has ever meant the splitting of Hellenism in two, since, by the development of the submarine, the presence of Bulgaria in the Aegean might paralyze Greek mobilization.

It is argued that Thrace should be given to Bulgaria in order to prevent another war. Such a concession will, in fact, be the cause of new conflicts. Let us overlook, for a moment, the persecution of the Greek element under the Bulgarians, and the constant irritation of the Greeks on

this account. Can we also overlook the fact that Hellenism, cut in two, will tend to reunite? Even if the Greeks should give up their rights, the Bulgarians, feeling that their submarines could easily paralyze Greek mobilization, would not resist the temptation to let loose a war in which the initial advantages would all be on their side. None who knows the way Bulgaria entered the war in 1913 and in 1915, will doubt this. The danger of Bulgarian submarines in the Aegean is even greater when we consider that the Bulgarians are in the habit of launching attacks by irregulars, for whose actions they can readily deny all responsibility.[1] A dozen or so submarines, run by *comitadjis,* would be enough to spread disorder in the Greek seas.

Against our overwhelming ethnological strategic and diplomatic arguments, the Bulgarians have been able to oppose only what Mr. Bourchier calls "commercial necessity." But to this ample satisfaction has been given by the offering of a commercial outlet under the auspices of the League of Nations, as mentioned above. Mr. Venizelos, always over-anxious to conciliate the Bulgarians, did not hesitate to give them for such an outlet the choice of Dedeagatch, Kavalla or Saloniki.

A statesman of a less conciliatory temper would have observed that Roumania, a friend and practically an ally of Greece, has not claimed such an outlet, although the Roumanian coast on the Black Sea is one-third as extensive as the Bulgarian one.

He would, moreover, have reminded the Conferences that Bulgaria came into the possession of that stretch of land on the Black Sea, at the expense of Hellenism, as, when it was granted to Bulgaria, it was inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks, to whom the Great Powers then guaranteed special religious and educational autonomy.

This fact is of some importance. The Bulgarians always speak to foreigners of their kinsmen in the Roumanian Dobrudja. But they avoid every reference to the Greeks of the Euxine, included in Bulgaria by the Treaty of Berlin. Their silence on this subject is certainly not to be attributed to their ignorance of the facts. This

[1] In this fashion have they fought the Turks, attacked the Greek army at Pargaeon in May 1913, and blown up the bridges on the Vardar (November 1914). This last action coincided with the first great Austrian offensive and was aimed at preventing Greek guns and ammunitions from going to the Serbs. Fortunately the explosion was late.

is how, in December of 1904, a Bulgarian newspaper (*The Coast*) described the situation. I quote from a translation of it which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* of London (September 1905, p. 386):

> From the Rumanian to the Turkish frontier, one finds on the coast of the Black Sea but three Bulgarian settlements: Siavla, St. Nicolas and Kioprou; even the inhabitants of these villages are emigrants from Turkey.
>
> For the rest, the coast is inhabited from Kavarna to Varna by Greeks speaking Turkish, but nonetheless fanatic and ready to volunteer for the Hellenic navy. From Varna to Pyrgos the littoral is Greek, with the exclusion of Galata, which is a Turkish village. Messivria and Anchialos are purely Greek cities. The Bulgarian schools of Anchialos cost 25,000 francs per annum and contain five pupils. The remainder of the coast from Pyrgos to the Turkish frontier, again with the exception of some Mussulman settlements, contains a population which is Greek and fanatic.

Of course, these Greek populations, which, by the way, suffered so dreadfully in August of 1906, when Anchialos was burned to the ground, are lost forever to Greece. But their loss confirms what I have said before, that in the case of Greece versus Bulgaria, it is Greece that has a right to complain of the non-application of the principle of nationality.

IV.

The conclusion is obvious. Bulgaria has no ground for complaint. Her conduct in 1915-1918 deserves very severe punishment. She has escaped, however, practically unscathed. In spite of the fact that Greece has twice defeated Bulgaria, more Greeks will be included in Bulgaria than Bulgarians in Greece.

It is true that the Bulgaria of tomorrow will be smaller than Roumania, Serbia or Greece. But no injustice is done, the Bulgarians being numerically smaller than any other Christian Balkan people. The entire Bulgarian race consists of from four and a half to five millions, whereas the Roumanian race numbers fifteen millions, the Serbian twelve, and the Greek eight-and-a-half millions.

With the break-up of Turkey and Austria, Greece and Serbia obtain territorial enlargements proportionate to the numbers of their respective peoples. Bulgaria will become a third-rate state in the Near East. This is a situation

which she has not as yet been able to stomach. Every satisfaction given to the just claims of the other Christian Balkan States appears to Bulgaria as an injustice done to her. Hence, the treacherous attacks of 1913 and 1915. As an offsetting circumstance, however, it should be noticed here that the "boundless ambition" of Bulgaria, which for the last forty years has been the stumbling block to a Balkan Federation, is partly the outcome of Russian diplomacy. The Czars would have won immortal glory and permanent influence, if they had aimed at the liberation of all the Eastern Christian races. But the blind Russian autocracy, indifferent to moral influence, sought territorial expansion, and especially Constantinople. It was suspicious both of the Serbs and of the Greeks, peoples comparatively numerous, who had shown their spirit of independence by continual uprisings against the Turks.

Hence, the Treaty of San Stephano created an exaggerated Bulgaria, at the expense of the other Christians in the Balkans.

Beaconsfield and Bismarck, instead of righting this wrong, endeavored only to save the Sultan. That is why both the Treaties of San Stephano and of Berlin have been styled great political crimes. Nearly all the Bulgarians were emancipated, while only a small portion of the Greek and Serbian races were made free. And thus, for many decades, although the Bulgarian race is equal to one-half the Greek race, and to one-third the Serbian, the Bulgarian Kingdom was nearly double that of Greece, as well as of Serbia.

Now, if we want justice and peace to reign in the Balkans, Sofia must be made to understand that the traditions of Russian and Austrian diplomacy have been wiped out, and that the Great Democratic nations cannot befriend Bulgaria at the expense of the legitimate rights of their Balkan allies.

A. ANDREADES.

FULLER LIBERTY FOR INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

IN the days when I was Assistant Magistrate in Murshidabad, I remember a certain camping ground in the cool heart of a mango grove. The lucid air was full of the cooing of turtle doves; golden orioles flashed through the dense green of the branches; gray squirrels chattered like Bengali schoolboys. Our tents, white pyramids mottled with deep shadows, had come to that remote outland in order that I might hold elections for the District Board.

After a ride in the cool of dewy morn, a soul-refreshing shower bath, and tea and toast served by my scarlet-turbaned butler, I drove along a road already blistered by the sunshine to the neighboring thana—that is, a rural police headquarters—where the elections were to be held. A crowd was already there, squatted in Oriental fashion in the blots of shadow beneath the trees of the thana garden; dark brown cultivators, almost black—for there is a great deal of Dravidian blood in East Bengal—girt about the loins with a strip of cotton, smoking their clay hookahs in supreme content. Seated on the veranda of the thana was a little group of "bhadra lok," Bengali gentlemen, as they love to call themselves, who rose and greeted me with some ceremony:

"Your Honor's body how is?" That is the correct thing in high Bengali; my Honor's soul being presumed to be in a state of grace. The cultivators, who had promptly risen to their feet, in their greeting, with profuse bows, applied to me such flattering terms as "Umbrella of the Poor! Incarnation of Virtue!"

Standing on the well shaded veranda, with the Bengali gentlemen at my right and the Police Sub-Inspector at my left, I made the assembled voters a little speech in my best Bengali, beginning with the equivalent for "Gentle-

men! . . ." at which the cultivators nudged each other in some perturbation; I doubt whether the "bhadra lok" were altogether pleased.

I told them that the Government—which they still call "The Company," though the East India Company has been dead these sixty years—solicitous for their welfare, and eager to bestow upon them a larger measure of self-government, had decreed the organization of an elected Board for every District—that is, for some million or so of dusky souls—and that they had been summoned, on that November morning, to select, of their own free choice, some one of themselves, in whom they had confidence, to represent their group of villages upon that Board. Other groups of villages would do the like; then the elected personages, meeting together at the Sudder Station—the District metropolis at Berhampore—would assume control of certain things throughout the District: such as roads and bridges, hospitals and schools, levying, for that purpose, a light tax, according to their discretion, to pay the bills.

There was much concerned whispering among the assembled rice-growers. Finally a spokesman came forward with a profound obeisance, which signified that his neck was beneath my instep. We deprecate that sort of thing, but it is bred in the Oriental bone; you might as well try to stop the Ganges.

"Whom does your Honor wish us to elect?" The spokesman came to the point at once, while the "bhadra lok" cast their eyes down in conscious merit.

I explained, in such Bengali as was available for so un-Oriental an expression, that that was up to them. The Government, in its benign wisdom, wished them to choose according to their liking. It was to be a genuine election, wholly uncontrolled. Then I sat down and left them to think it over.

The "bhadra lok" also sat down, after a courteous interval, and Bhangshi Babu, on my immediate right, opened a flowery conversation about the weather, the prospects of the rice crop, the flood that had recently swamped the District. Bhangshi Babu was a Brahman with fine Roman features, and owner of a large patchwork estate dappled over a score of villages—the outcome of their inheritance laws. There was a thread of self-consciousness running through his talk, the meaning of which was presently re-

vealed. For, after much whispered consultation among dusky groups, where sluggish mental action was stimulated by much hookah smoking, till the air was full of acrid fumes, the spokesman came forward again with another salaam:

"May we elect Bhangshi Babu, Protector of the Poor?" And that Bengali gentleman looked down, but there was the wraith of a smile in his fine Brahmanic eyes.

I was not there to electioneer for him or anyone, even though of quintessential Brahman blood, so I explained that they could choose whom they pleased, whether Bhangshi Babu or another. I do not think the Bengali gentleman was quite pleased. But he said:

"I can understand! Such a sentiment is acceptable—between friends!"

After a few more words of consultation, interrupted by "Ha!" the Bengali equivalent of "Yes!" the spokesman returned:

"We think we had better choose Bhangshi Babu, Protector of the Poor!"

So I shook hands with the successful candidate, and the thing was done.

There is the rub, when it comes to self-government for India. The danger, and every Anglo-Indian recognizes it, is, that we may put back into power the Brahmanical hierarchy which, by all the wiles of priestcraft, by organizing aboriginal idol-worship and blood-sacrifices, by astrology and "miracles," has held the lowlier races of India enslaved, body and soul, these three thousand years. Even the English-speaking Masters of Art of Calcutta University, after their graduation, go back to temples reeking with the blood of bulls and goats, and chant Vedic mantras before hideous idols. Exactly so far does their study of Mill and Huxley emancipate them. And this, in flat defiance of the fact that all the best of their sacred books sternly condemn this evil ambition and its instruments, black superstition and idolatry, the things against which the Buddha made his heroic protest. But long centuries ago, the dark Brahmanical reaction drove the Buddha's followers out of India.

Nevertheless the British trustees for the welfare of India continue to do all things in their power to advance the natives of that many-colored congeries of peoples along the

path of real liberty. Beginning with the village-community, oldest of all political institutions, the British have carefully fostered what there is in it of self-government. The people of these clustered mud huts thatched with reeds, that are dotted over the vast immensity of the rice-fields, are encouraged to elect their Commissions of Five, their Panchayets, for the conservation of village law and order; the five must choose, equip, drill and pay the chowkidars—the village watchmen—who, with aboriginal boar-spears not changed at all in shape since the age of bronze, police the dust or mud by-ways of the villages. It was one of my duties, while out in camp, to assemble and review these blue-clad chowkidars and, a vital thing for them, to ascertain, from the little note-book that each of them carried, that they were promptly and regularly paid. The organization of the District Board I have already outlined. In the main, it works well, though it is wholly in the hands of the " bhadra lok." And there is a like organization, on a smaller scale, for the Sub-divisions, some half-dozen of which make up the District. In general, the chief official of the Sub-division is a native magistrate, a Bengali gentleman, who has had his training at the Sudder Station; but I suppose every Covenanted Civilian in India has had an apprenticeship in a Sub-division also; I among them,—having sole responsibility for some 300,000 dusky souls, keeping the peace among them, settling their feuds, gathering taxes distributed in the main for their benefit, and clapping the disorderly in jail.

The next self-governing unit is the municipality, the larger or smaller town. Of these there are, I believe, some 700,000 in India, with a population of eighteen or twenty millions. And in every municipal council, without exception, the majority consists of natives of India, freely elected; in many, all the members are natives. To realize how far this great reform goes, we must keep in mind that these municipalities include the Civil Stations, the houses of the British officials and European residents, who thus freely put into the hands of the natives the care of their own health and lives and, what counts far more, the health of their wives and children, in that exceedingly menacing climate. But it goes without saying that the municipal councilmen have the good sense to recognize that western modes of sanitation are better than their own, and, in gen-

eral, they carefully apply them. Generally; not invariably. When I was in charge at Kandi Sub-division, we had an epidemic of cholera. A deputation of the "bhadra lok"—it is always the "bhadra lok"; the great multitude of "chota lok," lesser people, are wholly inarticulate—well, the "bhadra lok" came to me, asking me to set a police guard about a certain little tank, dotted with blue water-lilies, from which they draw their drinking water, to keep it from pollution; for cholera is always spread by bad drinking water. This I did—and then discovered that these same "bhadra lok" were bribing my policemen, to let them bathe in that secluded tank, from which they then proceeded to drink. So there befell what is called, in more favored lands, a shake-up in the police force . . . But that, I think, was a rare exception.

The municipalities, like the District Boards, work fairly well, but—absolutely all power remains in the hands of the oligarchy; through deeply ingrained psychological causes, so far as the lowly masses are concerned freedom of election is a dead letter. To change that, you must change the souls of 300,000,000; and High Heaven has not accomplished that in all these millenniums. But the British in India continue to hope, and to try.

We have considered the District, with its population averaging, perhaps, a million souls. These Districts are largely administered by well-paid native officials, under British control; in the courts and offices at the Sudder Station, there are, perhaps, fifty natives for each British official; and, in general, they do their work with honest effectiveness, though there are some great rascals among the native police. Every little while are disclosed ugly police "extortion cases," and "torture cases." But these again, I think, are the exception. The Districts, each with its million inhabitants and its little metropolis at the Sudder Station, are gathered in groups of ten, to form a Division, under a Commissioner. Five or six of these Divisions make up a Province, or, as the more venerable Provinces are called, a Presidency, under a Governor or a Lieutenant-Governor. Some dozen Provinces make up the whole of British India—that is, the part of India under immediate British rule. Its area is just over a million square miles. Before we consider the degree to which Home Rule already exists in these larger

aggregates of Districts, let us, in order to illustrate one of the difficulties of Indian Government, an almost insuperable difficulty in the way of applying representative institutions—let us draw a comparison:

The Indian Empire—British and native India taken together—covers about 1,800,000 square miles; say, an area equal to that of the United States, if we omit the eight largest States. Our remaining forty States, then, have just the area of the Indian Empire, though India has nearly four times their total population. Now let us imagine that each of these forty States had a distinct language of its own, as widely separated, some of them, as ancient Hebrew is from English, or as Finnish is from Italian, and each of these forty tongues representing, in the last analysis, a difference of race, of history, of tradition; we should have something like the real situation in India. A Parliament genuinely representing these forty mutually unintelligible tongues would make Babel mere child's play. Yet that is just what a general Parliament in India, if it were genuinely representative, would have to face.

I have spoken of forty races in India. Again, let me try to illustrate. Take the four extreme types we know here: American, Red Indian, Chinese, Negro. They would only be four dots along the line of Indian races; for the Brahmans are of the same Aryan racestock as the Americans; the Red Rajputs—the lordliest race in India, and one of the finest races in the world—are remote cousins of the higher tribes of Red Men, like the Arapaho or the Cheyenne; the so-called Kolarian races in India are close to the Chinese; while all the Dravidian races, totalling 60,000,000 are black. But America at once meets obstacles, when it is a question of representing only one-fourth that number of the black race; while tribal Red Indians have no political rights among us, and Chinamen can have no rights; a reminder of the complexity of our own problem, which is infinitely simpler than India's problem. To make the picture more complete, I should add, to yawning chasms of race, a half-dozen jealous religions, and the dead weight of the caste system, which rests, ultimately, upon age-old difference of race. One sometimes hears Americans ask why the British trustees for India do not abolish caste. The answer is, first, that this would be a violation of a cardinal principle of the British trusteeship: never to

interfere in matters of religion, except where, as in widow-burning, these violate the criminal law. But there is a far deeper reason: I have spoken of four race types, white, red, yellow, black, in India. But these are the original "Four Castes," which are called, in Sanskrit, the "Four Colors." And I do not think that anyone has found a way to abolish difference of color—or the far deeper psychological, moral and mental differences which difference of color covers.

If the men of these many hues were exact equivalents of each other in wisdom, force, aggressiveness, power of self-defence, there would be no great obstacle in the way of a chequered Parliament, odd and picturesque as it would unquestionably look. But the trouble in India—and it is the real justification for the British trusteeship—is, that the Indian races are not anything like equal, most of all in the power of self-protection. There is, on the one hand, the Brahman oligarchy, as determined as ever to enslave all India, and, on the other, a small group of conquering races, like the Mahometan invaders (Arabs, Persians, Afghans, Mongols), or like the predatory Mahrattas of the central hills. If Britain abandoned India, to-morrow, the Brahman oligarchy would be back in power the day after; but, on the third day, the Mahometan and Mahratta warriors would be slitting Brahmanical throats; on the fourth day, they would try to cut each others' throats—exactly as they were doing, when the British came. Or, if their manners are now more mild, this simply marks what the British trusteeship has accomplished since Plassey, in 1757.

When we come to the larger aggregates, the Provinces and Presidencies, and the question of representative institutions for them, this race question instantly leaps into high relief. And the British administrators have been seeking a way for its solution, ever since the old East India Company was superseded. Some ten years ago, a definite stage of the way was marked by the Indian Councils Act of 1909 which, like the Constitutions of the Dominions, is an act of the British Parliament. This act gives each of the larger Provinces (I include the three older Presidencies) two Councils, in a way corresponding to our two Houses of Congress. The smaller is an Executive Council, which always includes native members; the larger is a Legislative Council, averaging 50 members; the majority, in each of these, is unofficial, and most of the unofficial members are

natives of India. But, precisely to safeguard the rights of minorities—of the lesser peoples and the lower castes—these native Members of Council are appointed, not elected. If they were all elected, they would all be chosen from the Brahman oligarchy; and their counsels, to say the least, would not be favorable to men of other faiths and castes. So the British method is in reality far fairer, far more genuinely representative. I believe that the wish of the Government to extend the native membership of the Legislative Councils, and, perhaps, to make some of them elective, was the motive of the recent journey of the Secretary for India to the East. To complete this part of my theme, I need only add that the Governor General has likewise his two Councils, for all British India; natives sit on both; and, in the larger, the Legislative Council of some 70 members, special care is given to the equitable representation of native minorities. Here, as at every point in India, the danger is that, in the name of freedom, we may injure the reality of freedom. And visitors to India are under the risk of real deception here. In India, only one in every thousand speaks English, and this minute minority belongs almost wholly to the old oligarchies. But the visitor can talk only to these, who have their own purposes to serve, and who, for these purposes, are apt in the use of phrases like "Home Rule." What they really want, I am afraid, is—the rule of India by themselves, strongly entrenched by the superstition of the masses, who would find themselves once more the slaves of the strongest and subtlest priestcraft in the world. Therefore the British trustees are justified in going slow. . . .

I have given two discrepant figures for the area of India: 1,000,000 and 1,800,000 square miles. The first is the area of British India, directly administered by the Covenanted Civil Service; the second includes the whole Indian Empire. With the difference, some 800,000 square miles, we have now very briefly to deal. It contains the Native States, which are, in their way, a signal victory of administrative skill and a striking illustration of the genius for conservation, which so marks the Indian Empire. In these Native States, the trustees of India have applied this principle: to conserve the genius, the historical tradition, the indigenous institutions as perfectly as possible, while removing certain abuses and assuring public and private

security. And the treatment has been different in every State.

Let us again make a comparison: The total area of these Native States is roughly equal to the area of the United States east of the Mississippi. If each of the States between the Mississippi and the Atlantic were divided into two, we should have about the number of India's Native States, which range in size from one-half larger than Georgia to one-quarter of Rhode Island. And each has its own indigenous Government, most have their own language. Take such a State as Hyderabad in Southern India, as large as Great Britain. It is a fragment of the old Mogul Empire, with a Mahometan ruling house, though most of the inhabitants are Hindus. Kashmir, just the same size, has a largely Mahometan population, with a Hindu ruling house. Mysore, south of Hyderabad, is the most Brahmanical State in India, the center of the tradition of Shankaracharya and the Vedanta. And Shankaracharya, a competent critic has said, is the intellectual equal of Plato or Kant, with all of Kant's closeknit reason, and with much of Plato's artistic grace; one of the greatest intellects, therefore, that humanity has ever produced. If you seek a State moulded on his ideals, you will find it in Mysore. Then there are the ancient Rajput houses, going back almost to Homeric times, and now safeguarded and preserved by the same administrative principle. And, in sharp contrast, the modern Mahratta princes, who sprang into power just before the English came. They too have been conserved. And just these Native States have shown what they think of the British trusteeship, by raising and equipping fine forces for the Allied cause.

No one will say that the present rulers of India have not made mistakes. No one will say that their motives have been invariably right. But this one may say: on the whole, they have gained a magnificent success; on the whole, they have maintained a high ideal of justice and of honor.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN THE COLLEGES

BY T. J. BAKER

WERE the noted foreign writers who recently came to this country to do homage to the great spirit of Lowell on the occasion of the centennial of his birth, to be told that in his own country this typically American poet was not considered worth the serious attention of the college undergraduate they would be not a little surprised and puzzled. Yet such is the case. In our leading universities not only Lowell but other American writers are quite neglected, or at best are given secondary consideration. The youth who wishes to imbibe the spirit of Poe or Whittier, or Emerson or Bryant must interpret for himself the writings of these exponents of the nation's life and history, for in his college work he will find them brushed aside for the study of more favored foreign writers.

In one of our best known universities, an institution whose Faculty contains one of the foremost living American men of letters, there is offered no course whatsoever, graduate or undergraduate, upon the literature of this country. Were it not for the cursory study of a few favored Americans in courses upon the general field of letters, this college would seem to be oblivious to the very existence of a national literature. Of the hundreds of splendid young men who leave its halls each year to take their places in the life of the nation, few indeed are acquainted with the *Biglow Papers, Leaves of Grass,* the *Commemoration Ode* or other great works inextricably interwoven with the spirit and history of America.

Everywhere the story is the same; our own authors are neglected for the minute study of foreign writers. In a prominent New England university, which numbers its matriculates by the thousand, there is given but one course

upon the field of American letters, a two hour course, "omitted in 1917-1918," which begins with Franklin and concludes with the writers of today. Another institution which feels it unnecessary to offer more than two general half-term courses on the national literature, gives its students the opportunity of devoting their attention to such offerings as the Arthurian Legends, Dante in English, Early English Literary Types, Layamon's *Brut*.

An examination of the catalogues of all the large Eastern colleges reveals not one course on the American poets, not one on the American novelists, not one on American essayists. Although courses on Chaucer, Wordsworth, Spencer and Milton are common, apparently Emerson, to whom Professor Bliss Perry devotes a half term at Harvard, is the only American deemed worthy of careful study.

This unfortunate state of affairs is in large part accounted for by the common misconception that American literature is a part of English literature, and must always and inevitably continue to be so. "Of course," says one critic, "when we consider it carefully we cannot fail to see that the literature of a language is one and indivisible and that the nativity or the domicile of those who make it matters nothing. Just as Alexandrian literature is Greek, so American literature is English; and as Theocritus demands inclusion in any account of Greek literature, so Thoreau cannot be omitted from any history of English literature as a whole."

It needs no deep analysis to see that this is a mere quibble. Surely it should not be necessary to point out that writing in English does not necessarily make one an English writer. If by English literature is meant all works written in the English language, then one must include in it the productions of Whitman and Mark Twain and Hawthorne and Emerson. If our conception of literature is confined to the vehicle of expression, to words and sentences, then American literature has no existence and our colleges are quite right in devoting their attention to the most noted writers in English, irrespective of their domicile or of the theme of their works.

But if we accept as correct the point of view which defines literature as the reflection and the reproduction of the life of a people, there is an American literature, distinct and apart from the literature of England, and worthy of our

attention and study. If the life of the American people is worth understanding, the exponents of that life cannot be neglected in our centers of culture and education. If the simple heart of old New England, with its devoutness, its frugality, its wholesomeness is still a matter of interest to the nation which owes so much to it, one cannot relegate to obscurity the writings of Whittier and Holmes and Howells and Lowell; if we are to understand the spirit of the old South, the spirit which gave us Washington and Madison, we must know Timrod and Lanier and Thomas Nelson Page.

In colonial days, when as a part of the great British Empire, we looked to London for our spiritual as well as our political leadership, it may properly be said that we had no distinctive literature. In a very true sense we were not Americans, but Englishmen living in America. Great significance, and not a little pathos, attaches to the fact that far into the Eighteenth Century our forefathers invariably referred to the mother country as home. To England they looked for political direction and for military defense, from England came the books they read, the clothing they wore, often the very furniture of their houses. For them London was the center of refinement and culture and learning, the great sun in the Anglo-Saxon planetary system which gave life and light to the lesser colonial bodies. There can be no surprise then that so long as we remained a part of the British Empire we should fail to develop a literature that we could call our own. In a very real sense there was no America; how could there be an American literature?

But the colonial period has long since past. For a century and a half we have been an independent nation, a nation different from England, a nation with its own distinctive characteristics. It is absurd to contend that England and America have had parallel growths since the signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1783, that our common ancestry and the use of a common language have preserved in the two peoples identical feelings and ideals and passions and aspirations, that, in short, the literature of the one people could suffice to interpret and reflect the life of the other.

The great throbbing civilization to which we belong is a thing apart from that of any other nation. It is born not alone of our English descent, of our English institutions

and traditions, our English language, but of the unique conditions which surround us here upon this continent, of the frontier life through which our fathers passed, of the New England farm, of the Southern plantation, of the civil strife which rent us, of the vast industrial development of the past century, of the great stream of immigrants that beats upon our shores, of the ideals of liberty that were embodied in our Constitution and perfected in the political growth of the nation. All these have made us a separate people, have given birth to that thing indefinable but perfectly distinct, the American spirit. Our idealism, our love of liberty, our overpowering vitality, our directness, some would say our rudeness, are not British, they are American, the product of our own life and development.

Were this American spirit a thing unworthy of the attention of other peoples, were it incapable of exercising a deep influence upon the world at large, were it dull, uninteresting, unprogressive, colorless, still it would be our own, and so deserving our study. The first duty of any people is to know themselves.

But the American spirit is not dull or reactionary, it is not entirely local in its influence. It is a mighty thing which fills our own land with life irrepressible and bubbles over to lend itself to all the nations of the world. The American spirit is today a mighty force. What was it but this spirit which brought us into the war upon the side of liberty and justice? What but this that sent 2,000,000 men across the ocean to strike the deciding blow in the greatest conflict of all history? What is it but this that has made America today undisputed leader among the nations; that makes one speak of the Americanizing of Europe, of the future as the American age?

In the field of history and politics and economics there has been no neglect in our colleges of things American. The teacher of these subjects apparently has had a better understanding of his opportunities. He has without apology directed the mind of the student to the development of his own country, and emphasized its importance both for him and for the world. He dwells upon the rich field of American political growth, upon the development of those vast industrial forces which have made us so powerful and rich, upon the transformation of a provincial people into a great world Power.

But the teacher of literature is beset with inexplicable timidity. Before his mind are always the overshadowing figures of Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer. He dares not make his declaration of independence, dares not proclaim aloud his allegiance to American literature because it is American. He does not realize that he may acknowledge frankly his country's good fortune in sharing in the rich literary heritage that our English forefathers have left us, and yet emphasize the existence, in fact the vital importance, of a literature of our own.

We fancy that this universal neglect of our own writers which finds its reflection in the college curricula is not a little the result of the whims of that creature whom we call the intellectual snob. The good gray poets of New England have been in the past too much the common property of all to suit his fancy. He could earn no especial distinction by an acquaintance with writers known to every schoolboy, writers whose faces adorned the walls of every humble American home. His superior intellect, finding food only in the music of Swinburne or the beauties of Rossetti, scorned the shallow offerings of Longfellow and Bryant and Holmes. The pernicious results of this movement, for it has assumed the proportions of a movement, have been destructive to the prestige of American literature. Two decades ago no educated American was unacquainted with the great American writers; one who reads and loves them today is the object of condescending pity.

What we need in this matter is a breath of wholesome common sense. We must know American literature, not to garner material for displays of superior culture, not even to garner the beauties which it undoubtedly contains, but in order to know ourselves. If the proper study of mankind is man, the proper study of Americans is America. Unless our universities rise to a clear understanding of this truth, they will fail signally in their duty to the nation and to the youth who enter their doors.

T. J. BAKER.

DEMOBILIZATION AND STATE POLICE

BY KATHERINE MAYO

"WHAT do you think? Have you heard how it is over there? Say, will there be jobs for us when we get home?"

These are the invariable questions fired at any civilian newcomer to the A. E. F. Embarkation Camps in France. Yet, give the eager-eyed lads who put them a moment more, and almost as invariably they will add:

"But I don't want my old job back, though."

"Why not?"

"Oh—I don't just know—But I don't. And indoor work would kill me for fair."

They don't want "the same old job." They want, they don't know what, but something new, something free, something alive with the savor of life.

It is simply the normal reaction of the hour. Our Civil War bore the same fruit in hosts of young men whose first essay into the world had been so highly emotionalized —so crammed with strange, extreme experience as to make all former channels of activity seem blank and dead. Some had the grit to see and overcome their crisis. Some lounged aimlessly through the rest of life. Some spent a costly interval eating husks with swine. And not a few went utterly to the bad for lack of that protection that a wiser State might have thrown about their paths.

Week by week, now, day by day, the human flood is sweeping back upon America. The old order has passed, though some of us will never find it out while yet its shrivelled corpse knocks about, unburied, in the road. What do we mean to do for the young men that come home to us? Give them a welcoming parade or two and then a chance to drop back into ancient harness? Unsettled as they are, in reaction, mental and nervous, from the long

strain so gallantly endured, do we toss them blindly into the old life and leave them to drift as luck may guide? Those who have been with the colors overseas know all too well what such a course will cost in wasted life—in delayed restoration of the civic equilibrium.

"I don't want the same old job!" says the lad. No doubt the day will come when that same old job will look good to him. But meantime, through no fault or choice of his own, his thoughts stray, groping. And meantime the Bolsheviks in the land, striped every kind of yellow, make their hideous secret war upon him. Vice in every form, under every mask, goes hunting him. And this in his own home—in the house of his friends.

"But," it is urged, "the returning soldier is no weakling, to be coddled. He will stand on his own two feet, protected by the law that protects us all alike."

That depends entirely on where his two feet rest. Laws protect nobody unless they are enforced. Certain States in the Union, honorably accepting their duty, have equipped themselves with means to carry the respect and protection of the law throughout their territory, even to the remotest parts. In our remaining Commonwealths, however, no such thing exists as a law everywhere equally enforced—a law that equally protects all people.

As applied to such governments, the term "Sovereign State" is grandiose nonsense. A State that continues to enact laws, yet provides for itself no sufficient means to exact obedience thereto, is like some old gabbler crone scolding unheeded in the corner, mumbling toothless jaws.

Pennsylvania, fourteen years ago, earned the respect and gratitude of the nation by the creation of a State Police Force whose spotless record through succeeding years not only has won it world-wide fame but has established the priceless truth that a fearless, close-knit, single-purposed and incorruptible body of men may attain, as public servants, practical perfection.

New York, after long and careful study of Pennsylvania's example, demanded of her legislators the same service that her sister State enjoys. And in 1917 New York's creative act, almost exactly copied from that of Pennsylvania, became law. Since that time five Western and Southern States have followed the two great Eastern leaders, making a total of eleven States now possessing

State Police Forces. In ten other States the establishment of State Police Departments is under active consideration.

Michigan, it is interesting to observe, created her Department as a War measure. But so essential has its work proved to the general welfare that the State Legislature of 1919 has now erected Michigan's State Police into a permanency.

On March 22, 1919, Tennessee papers printed an appeal to the Governor and Legislature of Tennessee that their State Police Bill, then pending, be made law. This appeal was presented by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Says one journal, in referring to it:

> It is stated in the memorial that lynching in the South has reached a climax; that it would appear that the law had lost its sanctity; and it charges that the confession of the citizens that lynching cannot be prevented is but to say that the people are incapable of self-government. The memorial concludes by appealing to Governor Roberts to give his support to the Police Bill.

The appeal is made in the name of 200,000 black people of Tennessee, "in the name of righteousness, justice and fair play; in the name of the honor of the State, and in the name of the soldiers who bled and died to make the world a better place to live in."

That the State provided with an efficient State Police is a better place for the returning soldier to live in, as well as a safer place in which to leave his family while he serves his country overseas, may safely be deduced from the mere arrest figures of the New York State Troopers as shown in the annual tables for 1918. The New York State Troopers, having taken the field only in September, 1917, are, as an organization, yet in the formative period. And they number only four troops, or two hundred and thirty-two men. Yet their records for the year ending with December, 1918, show 3,750 arrests, for 67 types of offense, with 84 per cent convictions, 10 per cent of the cases pending, and only 6 per cent discharges.

While the creation of the New York Department of Police was still a matter of debate, much contemptuous humor found voice, here and there, as to the possible usefulness of two hundred and twenty-odd mounted patrolmen spread over a State 47,620 miles square. Such humor

will scarcely again raise a laugh. Even in the great areas of the Empire Commonwealth, 3,750 arrests for offenses against the law, almost all of which were committed outside of any city or borough jurisdiction, can be no indifferent matter. And when these offenses include ninety-nine cases of assault, fifty-eight of burglary, twenty-five of carrying dangerous and concealed weapons, one hundred and thirty-six of common gambling, thirty-five of malicious mischief, eighty-three violations of the Agricultural Law, and two hundred and thirty-three cases of larceny, it will be seen that the State Troopers know no favorites among their only logical opponents.

The Pennsylvania State Police, the pioneers, although originally of the same number as the New York Force of today, were increased, by act of the Legislature of 1917, to number 330 men. During 1918, however, the Force lacked from fifty to seventy men of the full quota, owing to the difficulty of recruiting material of the Pennsylvania calibre during a war-period. As a matter of fact, a perilously high percentage of the Pennsylvania Force, old soldiers as they were, harked to the voice of the trumpets and went to France. And their immediate appreciation by the Army may be measured by the fact that, of the first five privates who signed up from one troop, four presently sailed as Regular Army Captains and the fifth as a First Lieutenant. And the Captain of that same troop was to earn a regular army majority for distinguished service rendered as Provost Marshal of the City of Paris.

Meantime, the organizing and administrative skill of Colonel John C. Groome, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Police, had been demanded by the High Command in France for a succession of problems greatly differing in their difficulties. From straightening a colossal tangle in an intelligence department to the elevation of the Prisoners of War scheme to a fine working system, from the setting of the Provost Marshal General's Department, with its Military Police pendant, in such order that anyone with wit enough to leave it alone could thereafter have successfully run it; from housing some thousands of officers daily in Paris to another task which may not yet be made known, Colonel Groome's achievement in France has been worthy of his fame and Pennsylvania may feel that she has given a rich gift in loaning him to his country.

Meantime, that half of the Pennsylvania State Police officers and men who stayed at home, gritting their teeth to do it, performed a patriotic service beyond all computing. Filling with something of their own fires the new recruits added to them, they faced a battle stiffer, in its way, than any that in all their stern career had before confronted them. Pennsylvania during the War was one huge manufactory of munitions, one huge depot of steel, iron, fuel, the very bone and sinews of the Allied armies in France. A bridge blown up, a track wrecked, a chain of mines or factories destroyed, and the vital stream of supplies of men and guns—of support to the front line trenches—would choke at its very source. The State teemed with spies and secret agents, and its towns and mining patches swarmed with alien peoples easily worked upon by those who spoke their tongues to deceive them. One power alone they feared, whether spy or agent or hostile alien—one power they respected—dared not defy—the Pennsylvania State Police. Twelve years of unvarying experience had taught them that, till they felt it all through their shivering souls.

So once more the Pennsylvania State Police, shoulder to shoulder, faced the people's enemies—a tiny handful against a great and sinister horde. It was a giant task, admitting, man by man, not a moment's lapse of vigilance, not an instant's lapse of wit. But—" they can do it," their commander had said, when his own call came from across the sea. " My men can do the job. Why, *they never learned how to fail!*"

Did they fail? They made 10,017 arrests in this one last year, the little handful of them. And they secured therefrom 90.4 per cent of convictions. They held down the enemies of the Nation by the throat. They saved the industries of the State, which were the very blood of the army in France. And they preserved the lives, the peace, the liberty and happiness of the 8,000,000 people of Pennsylvania.

The whole A. E. F. knows about the State Police Forces of the two great Eastern commonwealths. " I am making all my day-dreams center on the Pennsylvania State Troopers," runs the recent letter of a Sergeant in khaki now " somewhere east of Berlin." " This life has plenty of thrills, but I am very anxious to get back to the States

and try myself out in what I believe is the best body of the men in the world. Do you think I can make it?"

And the growing lure of the New York State service casts its spell, too, upon the minds of the boys "over there." To feel a horse between your legs, to take the open road over the hills, to watch like a poised hawk over all the countryside for chances to help in every sort of way where help is due, for chances to pounce where harm is meant; to live in the pride of military discipline, yet free because "obedience to law is freedom"; to know that all good men and women will respect and welcome you so long as you make good, because you bring to their defense a willing arm, a quick, true mind and the whole power of the State; and to realize with it all, that many-masked adventure, taxing all your wit and nerve and will, lurks always just ahead—all this appeals as few things could to the young soldier so lately a world crusader, whose brain is as full of restless thought as his body is full of health and vigor.

Both will find expression—both mental and physical energy. Give the lad means for a right, natural and sufficient expression or, through no fault of his own, he will give himself, the world and you much costly trouble. He is no jinn, stay corked down in the bottle.

Both the eastern State Police Forces have long waiting-lists of demobilized soldiers. Both have their pick of the best men back from France. And the other commonwealths that have adopted or are so actively urging the adoption of the State Police principle will have no difficulty in selecting superb personnel.

Meantime, what have the State Police done for the soldiers? Speaking from personal observation, the mere knowledge of their existence has been an invaluable reassurance to our men in the service overseas. From rural homes the vast majority of the Army was drawn. Mails have been very slow, irregular, sometimes shut off. Especially during the influenza epidemic men's minds turned with devouring anxiety toward the lonely farmhouse or the little wayside cottage whence no word came. And soldier citizens of such States as have had a care for those little homes knew a comfort impossible to the rest.

The Pennsylvanians "over there" spoke with deep appreciation of the tried and trusty defenders of their own

homes. "*I'll* say so," they cried, when the newspapers of their State brought them tidings and praise of the tireless devotion of the "Black Hussars" to the needs of the plain people.

An article in the Philadelphia *Ledger* said:

"Since the beginning of the war these men have been in active cooperation with the Department of Justice, the Military Intelligence Bureau, the United States Attorney and Marshals. But no cessation of the regular police work of detecting and arresting criminals has been permitted while carrying on the business, the depleted ranks having worked only the harder. The men have declined their leaves of absence and stuck fast to the task in hand * * * During the influenza epidemic they have been in the thick of the fray in the worst pest holes in the State * * * Saloons have been cleared of sodden foreigners in the settlements where the law has been openly defied * * * The State Police have driven ambulances for emergency hospitals and rushed doctors about from place to place in an effort to save more lives, and in many cases have remained with the sick, administering medicine and acting as nurses."

Federal officers of the various departments added their public acknowledgments of peace and order brought out of panic, of obedience to sanitary laws, otherwise dead, enforced; of drug and vice holes wiped out; of illicit liquor dens abolished.

Meanwhile in France, in England, in Scotland, on the Rhine, New York men were insisting that their State Force, young though it was, was already as good as the famous Pennsylvania model,—that the rural homes of New York had champions second to none.

Meanwhile, too, in New York State, the Troopers were hard at work, steadily broadening and strengthening their record. They, too, drove ambulances, sought out the helpless, hidden sick, brought doctors and enforced the health laws everywhere in the rural State. They, too, with a vigor, rapidity, justice and fearless disregard of persons hitherto unimagined as a possibility by the people whom they served, weeded out from the communities and the countrysides every unlawful evil thing that their sharpening eyes and wits could detect. Their patrols, too, fought fires that must otherwise have meant grave loss, yet which none but the far-reaching patrol would have discovered in time. They, too, stopped on the road to chock up a hole that might wrench some horse's leg or to patch a broken bridge that might ditch a wagon.

And the Acting Director of Military Intelligence of the Chief of Staff, Col. John M. Dunn, taking occasion under date of December 21st, 1918, to thank the Superintendent of the New York State Troopers for constant cooperation and for the able assistance rendered the Government in the work of locating and investigating enemy suspects in the State of New York, added that "the aid thus given has had no negligible part in the successful prosecution of the war."

All the State well knew not only this but many other things beside. So that when, early in January of the current year, a public suggestion was made to abolish the New York State Police Force on the ground that its usefulness did not balance the expense involved, such an outcry of spontaneous protest rang forth from every quarter of the State as to set completely at rest any doubt of the real mind of the people.

From the great dailies of New York, from those of the up-State cities and from the smallest of the country papers, far and wide, rose the warning, "Hands off our State Police!" The State Grange defended it. The State Agricultural Society came out for it. The State Motor Federation took aggressive ground. The Rochester Chamber of Commerce summoned all its allied organizations to an organized defense. An important up-State newspaper syndicate served public notice that it would fight. And finally, most significant of all, the country women all over the State, whether by their clubs, by letters to their legislators or to the press, or even by personal visits to Albany, showed that they knew the cause of the State Police to be their very own.

But other elements enter into the relation of the State Police to the soldier. In a conscript Army, we took some very able natural rascals to France. These, not always the tamer for the experience, and somewhat quicker in the use of weapons than before, are now being brought home and turned loose upon the land. Further, our breakdown in keeping our soldiers paid, often for many months on end, has practically forced upon thousands of honest men a habit of looking to dubious means for necessary funds.

Cut a man off from any possible way of earning money; take him to a far, strange land; shut off his mail from home, together with any possible relief that might have

reached him through that avenue; and then keep him a half-year, more or less, without one cent of pay,—and what do you produce?

We are going to have an epidemic of tramps, of thieving, and of crime, as demobilization goes on.

Already the State Police Force of New York, the great debarkation area, has met this development. Already an intense vigilance on its part, both separately and in stimulation of, or assistance to local police officers, is the price of continued security in the rural parts. Already their accomplished action in sweeping away haunts of vice impregnable to pre-existing powers, has powerfully protected the wandering demobilized soldier from dangers and temptations specially designed to fleece and ruin him or to start him amuck.

Every Trooper riding his patrol on country roads and byways with the knowledge in his mind that experience has brought, examines the casual wayfarer on foot or on wheel with a trained and critical eye. He may mean mischief: the Trooper forestalls him. He may have done mischief; the Trooper, whether suspecting or knowing it, gathers him in. He may want work; the Trooper, who knows all the countryside, knows what work needs doing, and where. He may be sick, or broke, or helpless—he may need a friend; and then the Trooper comes into his very own. For that is his long suit—never to turn a real need down, never to be duped, and yet to be, first and last and all the time, the friend indeed of all the world.

KATHERINE MAYO.

THE LYNCHING OF PUBLIC OPINION

BY GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN

A SUBSERVIENT press can prosper only under personal government, and it survives and flourishes then only when the manipulators of one-man power confuse the public mind with the dangerous doctrine that loyalty to an individual is synonymous with loyalty to the country. This cult can be maintained and spread only by a constant policing of public opinion, principally through the press.

During the past year and a half, there has been apparent at the fountain-head of government an autocratic assumption of responsibility for public opinion, so that we have come at last to the inevitable consequence—government by organized opinion. As a result of this system the American people today are generally in ignorance as to the conduct of the war, which they fought and for which they paid an extravagant price.

The lowering of the American press to idealize an individual, cloud an issue, and befog opinion, has been, from the point of view of American institutions of liberty, the most sinister development of the war. It has bred subserviency, disguised failure, and has clothed incompetency with the borrowed plumage of efficiency. Behind the wall of secrecy and deceit reared by the agile manipulators of public opinion throughout the war, blunders were made without exposure, and repeated at frightful cost because of that very lack; gold was dissipated without detection, fictitious personages were created out of nothingness and pigmies magnified to the stature of giants.

To understand what happened to the newspaper press of the country after our entrance into the war it is necessary to consider the state of public mind both before and after that date. With the outbreak of the war in Europe American public opinion was divided into three classes. There was a powerful minority opinion, clear-eyed as to the funda-

mental issue that had been raised between right and wrong. It was enlightened, militant, vigorously American, and strongly pro-Ally. Eventually it forced a reluctant Executive, of narrow horizon and limited world vision, to take a step in 1917, after an election had been fought and won on the platform, "He kept us out of war," that should have been taken when the German submarines challenged our right to use our own ocean highway.

There was, on the other hand, a noisy, unscrupulous, determined and abundantly-financed class that was viciously pro-German. In this class were those who excused the rape of Belgium, had no sympathy for France, hated England, were indifferent to America, and were so devoid of patriotic instincts that they openly rejoiced over the *Lusitania* murders.

Between these two classes was a third, composed of persons who knew nothing about the issues raised by the assault of the German people upon the peace and quiet of the world, and cared less. These were known as "neutrals." They inspired timid statesmanship with a ballot-box fear.

During the early stages of the war they encouraged the openly German element in our population to acts of outrageous defiance of the Government, and the courting of this pacifist element, which was largely German, had for months prevented the United States Government from taking measures to get the nation into readiness for war. That is one of the things that the manipulators of public opinion have thus far prevented from becoming known. We had an army—such as it was—on the Mexican border, but it was not permitted to study those methods of modern war that had been developed on the battlefields in France and Flanders. We organized no staff. We had no plans for participating in the war in Europe, which so many thoughtful men saw was inevitable. We actually waited until after we had troops in France to invent and perfect an army shoe suitable for service overseas. No courageous and alert press investigated these things, and sounded a warning.

Thus we deliberately permitted to develop a situation so dangerous, with respect to the treasonable element in our midst, that we were brought face to face with a problem at home as serious as that which awaited us across the water. It was felt to be necessary to deal with it by drastic methods. But the newspapers found themselves already shackled.

They learned of dangerous things going on beneath the outwardly placid surface, but they dared not print them. They quietly pushed their investigations here and there, or information was secretly brought to them.

It was well-nigh impossible to use facts in a way that would have benefitted the country by speeding up the war. The newspapers, by assisting in the lynching of public opinion, had created such a disordered state of mind in the country that if they themselves had raised their voices to full strength in protest against inefficiency they would have been denounced as "pro-German." That fear hung over the head of everybody. The very incompetents who should have been shown up and thrown out sought refuge behind this psychological barrier. Newspapers above all things dreaded that German propaganda charge, and rightly. The country was so worked up that any newspaper might have been ruined by falling under that suspicion, however, baseless. The trouble was that the public, that was getting its denatured news from the Government news factories, had nothing upon which to base an intelligent and honest opinion. Congress itself was all but terrorized. Statesmen feared to criticise lest the newspapers accuse them of being pro-German, and the newspapers halted and floundered lest their efforts to help things along should be wrongly construed. How the newspaper press could escape from this situation became the concern of some enlightened editors, and an agreement by which certain newspapers, and certain public men might aid one another in shaking off some of the fetters was at one time almost reached.

What did much to restore and encourage, for a time at least, freedom of speech and of the printing press, was the courageous stand taken by Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, in his New York speech, wherein he charged that in some branches the War Department had almost ceased to function, and in the investigation of the war which he conducted, and which did so much to speed up the war. The breach between the Oregon Senator and the head of his own party, as a result of this patriotic boldness, served notice to others who might wish to attempt the same thing of what they might expect if they did.

So Congress—which had no press agent—became dumb. It seemed to lie helpless at the feet of one man, who gathered into his own hands all the powers of press and legislature, and parcelled them out at his pleasure to bureaus and extra-governmental boards and commissions. These boards grew like mushrooms. In a few months after the war had got haltingly under way Washington had to be rebuilt to house them, and their complexities had become so bewilderingly intricate that the heads of them, unable to keep track of what was going on, in turn passed many important functions over to subordinates with whose manifold activities by the very nature of things they could not always be in touch.

From this concentration of power in the hands of one, which in turn necessitated the delegation of that power to creatures of the Executive, sprang two institutions fatal to a free printing press—the press agent, and its inevitable corollary, the "official denial." Where one is, there shall the other be found also. With Congress doing the legislating there are five hundred public men whom the newspaper correspondents, standing between the people and their public servants as common carriers of information, may see, interview, and ply with confidential questions. When law-making passes into the hands of one man there is but a single individual who may be seen with any degree of authority, and no one man has the time to be a source of news. Hence the excuse for the press agent. There had been press agents in some of the Government departments prior to the war. The institution was known to be pernicious. It developed during the war into something the like of which this country had never known before. Hand in hand with the press agent went the "denial," for the "denial" is as essential to Government-owned "publicity" as is the press agent himself. The "denial" is for the hardy rebel who ventures out of the realms of official fiction to invade the forbidden fields of ascertained fact.

Whether by accident or design, "publicity" in war-time Washington developed along a new and original line. It became a censorship that accomplished its purpose not by starvation, but by over-feeding. The floods of publicity poured out of the Government bureaus and boards in Washington, each with its busy press agent, fairly overwhelmed

the newspapers. Most of the Washington correspondents speedily became intellectually devitalized. These scouts and sentinels of the American people at their Capital had for generations performed an honorable and a useful service to the country. With a few exceptions they followed the example of Congress, surrendered to the inevitable, and wrote what they were told, all from the loftiest of motives and in the name of patriotism.

The capitulation of the press, I take it, was none less abject and deplorable because the ideals which inspired it were commendable. The press, meaning both publishers and news gatherers, conceived it to be a duty to the country to close their eyes to what was obviously going on only a little beneath the surface. They accepted the output of the official "news" factories and sent it broadcast, accepting the theory that in so doing they were performing a conscientious duty.

The reaction on the people was natural and inevitable. Being deprived of fact they formed erroneous conclusions upon misinformation. The lynching of public opinion was complete and freedom of thought for the first time in American history was about suppressed. In accord with the same theory, Congress passed drastic laws which made the expression of an honest conviction about the conduct of the war a thing to be done with fear and trembling. Only a few brave voices were heard here and there in the land. To its eternal credit Congress refused to enact the drastic censorship law which was sought, but an absolute censorship was not really essential, for it had been achieved in effect by natural processes; while across the seas a remorseless military censorship, controlled by the political power, was master of every word sent by mail or cable. This censorship was designed, not merely to prevent information of value to the enemy from falling into the hands of Germany, which was a legitimate function of the military authority, but to prevent information of value to the American people from reaching the American public. This censorship kept from the American people, at a critical time, the failures made by those same incompetent officials who enforced the censorship which protected them. During the war period the public was treated as an infant. It was supposed, for example, after the armistice had been signed, and the war was over, that the American people could not stand

the truth about our battle casualties, which were shockingly uneconomic; and so Washington gave out that the total losses would not exceed 100,000, at a time when it was well known that they would go above 250,000.

This is the system, of which the corner-stone is denatured news, which bent professional news-gatherers, men of a noble and highly responsible calling, to the will of incompetent or head-strong officials. It was this system which led people to accept as an historical fact the absurd story of a marvellous sea battle which was never fought and made possible the Liberty Motor hoax. The Liberty motor was in process of reconstruction and perfection for months after that falsehood was put forth. Heaven knows how many lives it cost, the lives of ill-trained, half-equipped, poorly-led American soldiers, fighting hand to hand with the trained veterans of the German armies in the dark forests of the Argonne, looking anxiously overhead for the fleets of Yankee airplanes, which they had read about in every deceived American journal, but which never came to their aid for the most excellent reason that they were not in existence.

What strong-arm methods were employed to keep fearless and independent newspapers from publishing the news of their own getting, in preference to the denatured news thrust upon them, only time will disclose. At times the press agents in Washington grew bold, and seeing in some paper more fearless than the rest a displeasing item, would write haughtily to the editor, saying, " Please make a correction, and send us a copy of the paper containing it!" Such were the arrogant methods actually applied to American newspapers and to which American newspapers out of sheer patriotism submitted.

The few Washington correspondents who, during the war, revolted at the surrender of what had been a noble profession, and who undertook to write fearlessly and frankly the truth as they could find it in the rare undefiled channels of news remaining open, were brow-beaten, threatened and insulted. They would obtain confidentially from one member of the Cabinet information of importance to the country, only to have its publication denounced by another who did not know the facts.

In consequence of this the Washington correspondents during the war steadily declined in morale. Their environ-

ment was too much for them. From diligently searching for the truth alone they came to hunt, not merely in couples, but in flocks and droves. Their conferences with responsible heads of Government departments degenerated into farces. Their vision being restricted by reason of the fact that they had nothing to go upon except the doctored news which was their daily mental diet, their inquiries of these public servants rarely rose above the trivial. The correspondents who had once been proud of their profession lost that pride, and all but lost their self-respect.

Although Congress some years before, in recognition of the growing peril of the Government press agent, had included in an appropriation bill a clause to prevent the use of any of the money thus appropriated from being expended on fabricated news (an act of Congress never effective), the official press agent flourished as though expressly authorized by the law-making body. The situation became so bad in Washington, especially during the war period, that every little minor official had a press agent of his own, to serve his own selfish ends and enhance his own prestige. In some departments responsible officials were prohibited from making public any information, even of a routine and trivial character, except through the medium of the press agent. Thus the distribution of news—the property of the people—was controlled by the few, and information, to which the taxpayers were entitled, because they were paying for the up-keep of the Government agencies which were creating it by their official acts, was colored and distorted at its source of origin. Even press associations "handled" this official stuff and would send out to the country over their own wires, to their clients, official agents' statements so used as to indicate their own responsibility for the "news" contained therein.

The surrender of Congress with the coming of war speedily resulted in Senators and Congressmen themselves becoming as ignorant of what was going on as anyone else. The only real source of news was an inaccessible figure who terminated his intercourse with newspaper men shortly after proclaiming the policy of "pitiless publicity," and who did not resume those relations, which had long existed between the correspondents and the President, until he returned from Paris to find Congress and the country in an uproar over the League of Nations.

The White House conference upon that subject between the President and members of the Congressional Committees on Foreign Affairs was of transcendent news value, and the correspondents, deprived of opportunity to learn from the President what had occurred, were compelled to obtain that information elsewhere, piecemeal. The New York *Sun's* frank exposure of what happened at the famous dinner, especially with respect to the absorbing topic of Ireland and the League of Nations, was a public service of high order. The *Sun's* exposure also focused attention upon the "official denial," which it was the means of brilliantly illuminating.

The wide publicity that is being given to Mr. Taft's advocacy of the League of Nations, through recognized independent news channels, is a case in point. Mr. Taft, although long a private citizen, is enjoying today in advocacy of the President's programme, a wider use of the newspaper columns than he could obtain, except in interviews and signed statements, when he was President of the United States and a candidate for re-election.

President Roosevelt looked upon the Fourth Estate as the eyes of the people. He made use of the Washington correspondents in preparing public opinion for the adoption of his progressive policies, but in doing this, like the master of men that he was, he did not degrade the writers—he lifted them up. There was a decided intellectual renaissance in Washington journalism under Roosevelt. The newspaper men of Washington were richer for their contact with Theodore Roosevelt, although many newspaper men cordially hated him and were slow to acknowledge the debt they owed him. The newspaper men of Washington are the poorer for President Wilson, who has given them nothing.

GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN.

THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—V

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY, RETIRED

BEFORE proceeding to a further analysis of the strategy of the operations on the Western Front, a brief reference to the numbers of the opposing armies will not be out of place.

On March 21, 1918, the fighting strength of the Germans probably outnumbered that of the Allies by about three hundred thousand men; but as the weeks and months went by and more and more American troops were made ready and brought into the firing line, this inequality between them was overcome; and by July 18, 1918, when Foch began his great counter-offensive, the fighting strength of the Allies on the Western Front probably exceeded that of the Germans as much as that of the Germans had exceeded that of the Allies on March 21.

But it should be constantly borne in mind that a preponderance of fighting forces on either side was not necessary to the carrying out of Napoleon's principle of bringing superior forces against the enemy at the point of attack; for by surprise, or by swifter concentration, or by greater skill in maneuvering, an expert commander will not infrequently be able to accomplish this, regardless of whether his own or his adversary's forces are numerically superior within the theater of operations.

Right here, perhaps, is a good place for pointing out the fact that during more than four years of fierce and bloody fighting on the Western Front, the constant purpose of the commanding generals on both sides, whether they aimed a blow at some weak point of the enemy's line, or struck fiercely at the bases of his salients, or attempted to break through his line on a wide front and resume a war of movement, was to bring outnumbering and greatly su-

perior forces upon their chosen objectives, the immediate battlefields.

After a week's bitter fighting the onrush of the Germans in their great thrust towards Amiens, which began on March 21, 1918, was finally checked by the French reserves who were hurried to that front mainly from Champagne; and the first day after General Foch assumed supreme command of the Allied armies, he announced that Amiens was safe.[1]

Then, after a pause of eleven days, the Germans, on April 9, 1918, began their great thrust south of Ypres; and it was continued with hard fighting and varying success until their final effort on April 29, which, resulting in extremely heavy losses, caused them to abandon their attempts to break through the British line on that front. As at Amiens, so at Ypres, it was the arrival of the French reserves that turned the scale in favor of the British and enabled them to stop the Germans.

From April 29 to May 27, the Germans again paused in their efforts, in order to prepare for their third great thrust. The question was where would they strike? Would it be on the west side of the angular front somewhere between Montdidier and Ypres? or on the south side somewhere between Noyon and Verdun? There were several reasons why they would choose, and did choose, to strike on the south side:

First: The French reserves were along the west side, some as far north as Ypres, but mainly concentrated about Amiens, covering the point of junction of the British and French armies; and were being held there.

Second: The fact that the reserves were being held on the west side indicated that the French and British commanders expected the next attack on that side and were prepared for it.

Third: By making their break through on the south side and extending it between Paris and Nancy and beyond, they would not only separate the French right wing occupying Verdun and the line of the Vosges from the French left wing in front and northeast of Paris, but would sever the communications of the French right wing and be in an advantageous position to force its capture or destruction. Moreover, such a thrust as this would threaten

[1] Frank H. Simonds in *Review of Reviews*, June, 1918, p. 593.

the communications of the American forces between their camps south of the St. Mihiel salient and their ports of debarkation on the west and south coasts of France; and make it very difficult for them to fall back without abandoning a good part of the great collection of munitions and supplies which they had accumulated in that vicinity.

Thus we see that while a break through on either front would have given the Germans the opportunity to carry out that principle of strategy of defeating separately the divided forces of the enemy, by holding one with a containing force while they massed superior numbers against the other and crushed or captured it, and then concentrated their whole strength on the remaining force, it was only on the south front that the Germans could also at the same time carry out that other great principle of strategy of striking at the communications of the enemy without exposing their own to his attack.

Accordingly, on May 27, 1918, the Germans began their third great thrust against the Allied line on a front of about thirty miles, from the point where it crossed the Aisne, some ten or twelve miles north of Reims, to the point where it crossed the Soissons-Laon Railway, about seven miles northeast of Soissons.

The attack on this front was a great surprise to the Allies; and for awhile was remarkably successful. The French were literally swept from the Chemin-des-Dames, forced over the Aisne, and thence across the Vesle. Four French divisions were practically annihilated; and the British troops north of Reims, having their flank uncovered, were forced back towards that city. This practically left the way open to a further advance; and the Germans, taking immediate advantage of it, rushed forward almost unopposed. It was a serious time for General Foch; for he had only the wreck of the four French divisions and such local reserves as he could collect to stay the German advance.

The onrush continued for about a week. The Germans took Soissons, got possession of the Soissons-Chateau Thierry Railway, pushed south to Chateau Thierry and the north bank of the Marne, and even succeeded in cutting the Paris-Chateau Thierry-Chalons-Verdun Railway,

one of the important lines of communication of the French right wing with Paris.

But at Chateau Thierry and along the Marne they were finally checked by the French and American reserves that were rushed to the threatened front from other sections of the Allied line. Here at the bridge which crosses the Marne opposite Chateau Thierry, at Boursches, and in Belleau Wood, and at Vaux, the Third and Second American Divisions, by their superb fighting, helped to bring the extreme German advance to a standstill and gained for themselves an imperishable fame. Already the First American Division had distinguished itself by capturing Cantigny, near Montdidier, on May 28, the day following the beginning of this great thrust.

On the whole, this thrust was a success for the Germans. They had pushed back the Allied line a distance of thirty miles at its farthest point. But it was not the complete success that they had hoped for, since it was stopped before they broke completely through the line and resumed a war of movement. And what was of the utmost importance to the Allies was that the Germans did not succeed in pushing back the Allied line more than four or five miles westward of Soissons; or succeed in taking Reims or even the high ground about that city. As a consequence, they were left in possession of the long, narrow, dangerous Chateau Thierry salient. But it was not alone this salient that gave them concern. The Amiens salient was also long, narrow, and dangerous. Both were extremely vulnerable. Both offered the Allies a splendid opportunity for striking the Germans a telling blow.

In this precarious and dangerous situation the Germans saw that they must attempt to widen the bases of these two narrow salients and render them less vulnerable and dangerous before making any further attempt to break through on the south side. This could best be done by an attack in force from the Noyon-Montdidier section on the west side of the Oise River towards Compiegne; for, should this objective be reached, it would force the French to withdraw from the high ground and woods in the narrow salient, Compiegne-Noyon-Soissons, in the angle between the Oise and Aisne Rivers, and practically obliterate the Amiens and Chateau Thierry salients. Or, to speak more accurately, such an attack, if successful, would entirely oblit-

erate the Amiens salient and change the narrow Chateau Thierry salient into a much larger, broader, and less vulnerable one, whose general outline would run from Montdidier through Compiegne to Chateau Thierry on one side, and from Chateau Thierry to Reims on the other.

On June 9, 1918, just two weeks from the day the Germans began their thrust on Chateau Thierry, they struck with great force on the Noyon-Montdidier front. But the Allies were not surprised as they had been on May 27. Expecting the attack, they had reserves near at hand to meet it. Nevertheless, by desperate fighting and through the sacrifice of many men, the Germans met with some success. They drove the French from the environs of Noyon some five or six miles down the valley on the west side of the Oise; and this advance, by threatening the communications of the French on the east side of the river, made it necessary for them also to retire down the stream. But despite their most strenuous efforts the Germans failed to reach their objective. On June 13 they were still making slight advances here and there in the face of enormous losses; but by June 15 the fourth great German thrust had been practically brought to a halt, with the German advance lines still some six miles from Compiegne.

The total outcome of these seven days' fierce fighting was that the Germans had advanced their lines five or six miles between the two salients and had gained some valuable ground, but had fallen far short of reaching their objective; nevertheless, the advance in this portion of their front was of great importance to them, since it considerably widened the bases and diminished the vulnerability of the Amiens and Chateau Thierry salients.

Then there followed a pause of a month, in which the Germans prepared for their fifth great thrust, and the Allies were content to remain on the defensive, since every day's delay was adding, on an average, from seven to eight thousand men to the strength of the American Army in France.

There was no change in the general strategical situation. To break through the south front, push through between Paris and Nancy and sever the communications of the French right wing occupying the line of the Vosges, was still strategically the best plan, as it had been from the first. And since the German advance on Chateau

Thierry had created a French salient—although a broad one—with Reims as its apex, this was an additional reason for striking on this front; for it was evident to all that should the Germans break through between Reims and the Argonne Forest on one side of this salient, and between Reims and Chateau Thierry on the other side, they would cut or threaten the communications of the troops occupying it and force their capture or retirement. Moreover, such an attack would at the same time greatly widen the Chateau Thierry salient and make it much less vulnerable to an Allied attack.

Then again, with the French holding Reims, Foch could launch a counter attack from that city northward and westward and cut the roads and railways so vital to the existence of the German troops occupying the Chateau Thierry salient. A thrust northward to the Aisne would cut the Soissons-Neufchatel-Rethel-Mezieres Railway; a thrust westward to Fismes would cut the Chateau Thierry-Fismes Railway.

These reasons, evidently, were patent to the Allies; for they were expecting the Germans to make the thrust along these very lines; and, consequently, it did not take them by surprise as did the great thrust of May 27 on Chateau Thierry. Of equal importance, also, was the fact that the month's delay had given Foch time to prepare to meet the attack.

On July 15, 1918, the Germans launched their fifth and last great thrust against the Allied line on a front of about seventy-five miles, extending from the western edge of the Argonne Forest on their left, past Reims, to Chateau Thierry on their right; and as the action developed the front was extended northward from Chateau Thierry some twenty-five miles to Soissons.

From the start the Germans made but little headway between the Argonne Forest and Reims. General Gouraud who commanded this portion of the French line had ascertained only a few days previously just when the Germans would begin their attack, and he made his dispositions so skilfully to meet it that a good part of the German army in his front was practically annihilated. In repulsing the attack he was ably assisted by the Forty-second American Division which fought with great valor near Perthes.

Still, near the Reims salient on its east side, the Germans made a little advance. Here they captured Monronvilliers Heights; and, in the earlier rushes, even succeeded in reaching Prunay and in cutting the Reims-Chalons Railway at this point; but the French, realizing the importance of holding this line of railway, strongly counter attacked and retook the town. However, the Germans in this vicinity held most of their gains, their line having been advanced some three or four miles southwestward in the direction of Epernay; and this was of the utmost importance to them, since it was a thrust into the very base of the Reims salient.

Between Chateau Thierry and Reims the Germans made a better beginning. On the whole Marne front, they forced the crossing of the river, driving back the French, and a considerable American contingent of the Third Division which was on outpost duty a few miles east of Chateau Thierry. But the Americans by a brilliant series of counter attacks at Mezy and at the mouth of the Surmelin drove back the enemy and finally succeeded in reestablishing their line in their immediate front.[1]

But the Germans, despite these reverses and in the face of spirited French attacks, held their position on the south side of the Marne for five or six miles on either side of Dormans and began slowly to push forward up the valley of the Marne on a front of about twelve miles; and, by the evening of July 17, their advance was within eight miles of Epernay and extended northward to the western edge of the Mountain of Reims, just north of Epernay.

The situation had reached a critical period. Although the Germans had been successfully checked throughout a good portion of their long battle front, they had, by massing superior forces and making stupendous efforts on each side of the base of the Reims salient, met with considerable success. And it is evident that if they could have pushed forward a few miles farther up the Marne Valley, captured Epernay, and seized the Mountain of Reims, they would have gained possession of a considerable part of the Epernay Reims Railway, which would have forced the Allies to withdraw immediately from the Reims sal-

[1] "It was on this occasion," says General Pershing in his report to the Secretary of War, "that a single regiment of the Third wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals."

ient over the Reims-Chalons Railway; and this would have been attended with great difficulties, since the German line was very close to the railway in the vicinity of Prunay.

Then, a further advance of the Germans southward from the Argonne Forest-Reims front, and southeastward from the Epernay-Reims front up the Marne Valley to and beyond Chalons, would have severed or threatened the communications of the Allied troops occupying the Argonne Forest and the great Verdun salient and forced them either to surrender or retire. These operations, it is readily seen, would have wiped out the vulnerable German salients of Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel and left the Germans in a most favorable position for taking in reverse the Allied troops occupying the line of the Vosges. Thus, Germany's original intention of turning the Vosges and the French fortresses along that front would have been accomplished; not by the south, but by the north; not by passing through the Belfort gap, but by ironing out the Reims and Verdun salients.

Here, then, was the turning point of this great battle; for one more successful push up the valley of the Marne to Epernay would have changed the whole conduct of the campaign and most probably have produced astounding results.

Strategically and psychologically the time had arrived for Foch to strike.

First: Because there was every indication, every probability, that there would be left no vulnerable German salients to attack, should he delay a few days longer.

Second: Because the Germans in their fifth great thrust, although partially successful, had met with great discouragement and terrible losses. It was evident that they could no longer expect, even with a month's preparation, to break through the Allied line on an extended front and advance some thirty or thirty-five miles into the enemy's territory as they had done on March 21 and on May 27. And to win the war required them to do even more than this; for unless they could eventually break through the Allied line and resume a war of movement, there was no hope of final success.

Third: Because the French had been greatly encouraged by the fact that along the entire fighting line they had

been able, with the assistance of the Americans, to hold the Germans in their original positions, or to check them in the few places where they had bent in the Allied line. After months of falling back, after years of defensive fighting, to be able to check the onrush of the Germans in one of their great thrusts, and to take the offensive here and there and force them back, force *them* to retire, brought encouragement to every French heart and raised the spirits of the entire French army.

Fourth: Because the American troops, wherever employed in the fighting, had demonstrated their fitness and bravery. At Cantigny, at Chateau Thierry, at Boursches, in Belleau Wood, at Vaux, at Perthes, at Mezy and the mouth of the Surmelin, they had fought with extraordinary dash, determination, and courage. They were no longer untried troops. Foch knew from the way they had fought that they could be depended upon, that he could put them into the front line beside the veteran and indomitable French troops, and that they would not fail him. Young, enthusiastic, energetic, brave, and with their very souls yearning for the fray, there was no task too difficult for them, no veteran German troops whom they feared to face.

Just how General Foch, at this very crisis of the war, took advantage of the situation to strike the blow which stopped completely the onrush of the Germans and soon turned the tide of battle against them along their whole far-flung battleline will be described in our next article.

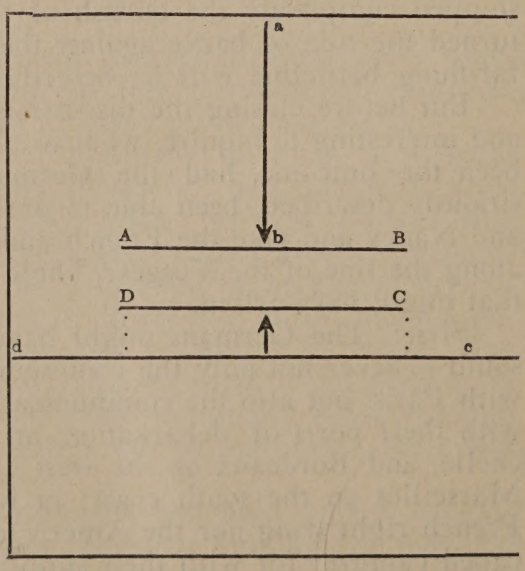
But before closing the discussion it will be instructive and interesting to inquire, what would most probably have been the outcome, had the Germans, as herein suppositiously described, been able to push south between Paris and Nancy and take the French and Americans in reverse along the line of the Vosges? There are two contingencies that might have arisen.

First: The Germans might have pushed far enough south to sever not only the communications of the French with Paris, but also the communications of the Americans with their ports of debarkation at St. Nazaire, La Rochelle, and Bordeaux on the west coast of France and at Marseilles on the south coast; in which case neither the French right wing nor the American army could have escaped capture; for with their supplies cut off, and a Ger-

man army closing in on their rear, while another was pressing them closely on their original front, there would have been no alternative but to surrender.

Had these events taken place, substantially as here outlined,—and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see that they could easily have happened—they might have led to the speedy ending of the war in Germany's favor; for with the greater part of the American army and a considerable part of the French army out of the fighting, the German armies in eastern France, with new communications established directly across the Vosges into South Germany, could have safely pushed forward and enveloped Paris and the French army defending it.

Second: The French and Americans along the Vosges from Verdun to Belfort might have seen sufficiently early the danger of losing their communications and have attempted a retirement to avoid the disaster which would have inevitably resulted from their loss. But with the Germans pushing south from Epernay and Chalons upon Troyes and Chaumont, this retirement along the roads and railways to Paris and the American ports of debarkation on the west coast of France would have been directly across the front of the German advance, which would have exposed them to a flank attack and compelled them to form front to a flank,[1] one of the most dangerous positions for



[1]An army *forms front to a flank* when it operates on a front parallel to the line communicating with its base.

To illustrate the danger of fighting a battle in this position: Suppose an army AB is marching south perpendicular to its communications ab, and the opposing army, which is marching west along its communications c.d., is forced to form front to a flank, CD, and engage AB in battle. Now it is evident that a single defeat of CD by AB would drive CD from its communications and disaster would follow; whereas, if AB is defeated by CD, AB can fall back and fight again and again, without any chance of losing its communications.

an army when it fights a battle. "Nothing," says Napoleon, "is so rash or contrary to principle as to make a flank march before an army in position." [1]

But let us take the most favorable view of the case for the Allies, and suppose that the retirement of their right wing could have been made past the front of the German army without any great loss or disaster, what would have been the outcome? Evidently the French and Americans of the Allied right wing could then have formed battle line, extending, say, approximately southward from Chateau Thierry to the Seine and thence along the upper stretches of that river toward Dijon, which would have covered directly their communications with Paris and the ports of American debarkation on the western coast of France, and which would have put a stop to any German envelopment of the Allied right wing and enabled the French and Americans to make a prolonged resistance; for, unless some unforeseen or unusual disaster had overtaken them, they could hardly have been conquered without first being driven entirely across North Central France to the ports of American debarkation.

But before leaving this phase of the discussion, there is another point worthy of attention. It will be remembered that one of the ports of debarkation for American troops was Marseilles, and that the line of railway running thence to the American Headquarters at Chaumont was an almost due north and south line; so that, had the German advance been such as to prevent the French and Americans from falling back towards Paris and the western coast of France, they might have retired towards Marseilles.

The establishment of Marseilles for a point of debarkation and an American base of operations may be looked upon, strategically, as a measure of safety taken against the worst that might have happened; since it is evident that, had Paris been taken and a large part of the French and English armies been cut off and captured, the American army, reinforced by a good part of the right wing of the French army, might have been able to fall back slowly along the railways towards its base of operations at Marseilles and, by fighting defensive and delaying battles,

[1] Napoleon's *Maxims of War*, p. 66.

have become a rallying point for all Allied troops that were able to escape capture or to free themselves from the clutch of the German armies in Northern France. And, perhaps, by this means, the Allies might have been able eventually to turn the tide of battle; for the uncertainty of war is proverbial, and so long as an army can maintain its communications and obtain food, ammunition, and equipments there is hope.

It is not the purpose here to carry this discussion further, however interesting it might be to point out some of the strategical problems that would have arisen had it been necessary for the Allies to take this course, but simply to say that the selection of Marseilles for a point of debarkation and an American base of operations was a wise choice; because no one could foresee what turn the campaign might take; and because it is always wise to consider all contingencies and provide for the worst. "In forming the plan of a campaign," says Napoleon, "it is requisite to foresee everything the enemy may do, and to be prepared with the necessary means to counteract it."[1] Again he says: "Reserve to yourself every possible chance of success."[2]

[1] *Napoleon's Maxims of War*, p. 6.
[2] *Napoleon's Maxims of War*, p. 68.

(*To be continued*)

SHALL THE LONG COLLEGE VACATION BE ABOLISHED?

BY ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN
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PERHAPS none of us in our college days understood the purpose—if there was a purpose—in the long vacation, the general abolition of which American educators are now considering seriously. Students merely followed the habit of students in this play time, which then began, as it still begins in many educational institutions, in the latter half of June and continued until the last week in September, accustoming themselves to a life wholly different from that spent in the college term.

It is not on record, I believe, that students have protested against the long vacation with any marked degree of vehemence. The beneficiaries have merely accepted it as a mysterious dispensation, which they have received with due gratitude.

One of the earlier conditions affecting the college year in this country was the general disposition to relax every other general activity in the Summer and early Fall months so that labor could be concentrated on the cultivation and harvesting of the crops. When cities and towns were small and our population was overwhelmingly agricultural, when man-power was often inadequate for gathering the abundant yields of a soil of almost virgin richness, the sons of farmers and planters were urgently needed at home in summer. Even the wealthiest did their share in the work upon which the success of large farming operations largely depended.

Those elemental conditions of America-in-the-making are gone, and with them is gone much of the argument which then might have been held to justify the long college vacation. The sons of farmers form a much smaller proportion of our student population than they once did. In

increasing numbers the sons of the poor from the industrial masses of the cities are crowding to the halls of education, especially since the colleges have added technical instruction, business preparation, and many other forms of direct training for daily remunerative work to the old standard courses.

There is another large and doubtless growing class in all of our older colleges. This is the class of rich or well-to-do youth, city-bred, who accept college life as a social tradition, and welcome the long vacation for recreational and social purposes. This class has been moved to a deeper seriousness by the war. A great proportion of them enlisted as soon as possible after war was declared. They have met its danger, discipline, and privation in the finest spirit. And they will not readily go back to a life of leisurely triviality.

The war has indeed opened the way for a general decision on the abolition of the long vacation; it has practically forced this question upon us with a demand for a " yes " or " no." It has produced a chain of developments which began with the acceptance by a number of engineering schools—the School of Applied Science of New York University was the first of the number—of contracts with the War Department to give a course of two months of intensive training to the so-called vocational army student. These men, selected from those summoned in the first draft, received instruction in the details of technical army service, such as radio work, concrete construction, and the use of machinery, so that at the end of the required period of preparation they were able to do specialized tasks involved in military operations. At the close of the first two months, a new group was sent to us by the War Department, and thus we came to possess a unit of students whose cycle kept part of the university organization going forward on the basis of a year divided into short terms of swift and vigorous training without intervening vacations.

There followed the establishment of the Students' Army Training Corps, which caused a number of institutions to change definitely to a twelve-months' schedule for the college year. The students of this corps, being regularly enlisted in the army, could no more take vacations than their brethren fighting in France, whom they hoped soon to join.

The signing of the armistice only a little more than two months after the Students' Army Training Corps was instituted in the universities and colleges, and the subsequent disbanding of this corps, forced us to establish a status for the large number of young men released from national service who wished to return to their studies on January 1st. At New York University we adjusted this situation by allowing credits for studies pursued by the members of the corps while it was in existence, and also by extending the period of instruction in the present university year to September 1, in order that students entering on January 1 might complete the work of their classes for the session and enter the next higher classes at the beginning of the session of 1919-1920.

Thus we are actually on a temporary twelve-months' basis by force of circumstances; and a committee of our faculty is considering the question whether we shall continue on that basis for an indefinite period.

What are the considerations that move American educators to contemplate the possibility of dispensing permanently with the long vacation, as a few institutions in the West have already done?

One of these, which is admitted by all to be of high importance, is the fact that under the proposed arrangement the great plants of our leading educational institutions will be fully utilized for the benefit of the public. These plants represent an expenditure of millions of dollars by the principal American institutions of higher education. They include buildings amply equipped with apparatus for scientific work and study and immense libraries, as well as large bodies of men trained for instruction.

The war has caused us to realize more vividly the value of these things in public service, although there was by no means any lack of endeavor to use them for such service before the war. We have, however, come to understand better the place in the structure of our nation which universities and colleges occupy as direct adjuncts of the Government.

Hitherto, in most of our educational institutions these plants have been idle approximately one-fourth or one-third of each year. There is the same reason for making continuous use of them as is urged for the use of public school buildings at night and during the vacation season,

for the benefit of the communities in which they exist and from which they draw their support. A trace of the sense of this necessity has been shown in past years in the increasing development of summer schools at the universities, in which teachers and others who are not able to attend the regular sessions have found a means of adding to their educational equipment.

An argument tending in the same direction is that where students are enabled to compress their university work into a shorter period, there will not be so much delay to many of them in beginning their life occupations. The preparation now required of a professional man rarely enables him to start the real work of his profession below the age of twenty-five years, if his educational equipment is at all thorough. After his four years in college he must spend three or four years in the professional school, if he goes to one of the schools having the highest requirements, and the tendency is to lengthen this last-named period.

By means of the four-term college year, each term consisting of three months, it will be possible to graduate students in three years instead of four, with precisely the same degree of thoroughness in preparation, provided they can stand the strain of continuous study. This saving of time is a vital concern to young men of scanty means, who wish to prepare themselves for scientific and professional careers. Students of this class are now attending our universities in great numbers and would welcome the opportunity of gaining the full number of months of preparation within a less number of years. For them, university life is a period of intense work, on which they are concentrating all of their resources and energies, and they cannot afford long, vacant periods in which time goes forward while their course of training is at a stand-still.

It is further urged in behalf of the four-term university year that students will do better work if their studies are not interrupted for long periods in the summer, when they forget a good part of what they have learned during the previous eight or nine months. There is no doubt that students " get rusty " during each long vacation and return to college in that condition.

Objection to the four-term session is based to a great extent upon the belief that intellectual processes cannot be forced. It is asserted that students whose application is

almost continuous will lose the mental elasticity which is vital if a maximum benefit is to be derived from their training. They may go "stale," like over-trained athletes.

The same argument applies to the professors. If almost their entire time is spent in the strenuous duties of oversight and instruction of students, they will not have the intervals for research of which they customarily make such excellent use. It is supposed, too, that just as during the summer term the interest of the student body will fall below normal, there will perhaps be a similar decline in the interest of their instructors.

A third point is a question of administration. It might be difficult to adjust the extensive and complex organization of one of our greater universities to the conditions of a summer term, and a considerable increase of expense would be involved.

At the same time it should be understood that the work of universities and colleges under the four-term session will be by no means lacking in opportunities for rest and recreation. It is planned that, at the end of each term of twelve weeks, the thirteenth week shall be an interlude of rest. This would amount to a total of four weeks' rest in the course of the year, besides the incidental holidays at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter. The mature young men who form the bulk of our university and college student body might be found to be amply satisfied with this arrangement.

Whatever may be the general decision of our universities and colleges as to putting this programme, or something like it, definitely into operation, I believe that American educators generally have received a stimulus from war conditions which will result in a more thrifty and less wasteful use of these great establishments for the instruction of youth. They have been developed by the public and private liberality of our people, and they are to be made to yield a larger return in public service.

ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN.

IN MEMORY OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

FALLEN IN FRANCE IN THE GLORIOUS YEAR 1918

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

He went singing down to death;
And the high Gods, who heard him,
Gave something of their breath
To the melodies that stirred him;
Lending some accents to his dying song
That only to abiding things belong.

His boyish heart had laughed
For joy of life's completeness—
Life had so brimmed the draught
It held for him with sweetness;
But when, unlooked for, came the suppliant cry
From tortured Lands, he put the full cup by.

Happy whose soul has wings
And has the strength to spread them!
Happy whose heart still brings
Its dreams where truth first led them!
Though he give all, his fellow men to save,
He has a tryst with Life, beyond the grave!

Blithely he took the path
Appointed him by Duty,
Whose face, viewed nearer, hath
Such deeps undreamed of beauty,—
Love, hope, ambition—he put all aside,
And for the things that do not perish, died.

. . . . . .

Soul, was it tragedy to fall like this?
Oh, lovely, lovely, lovely, courage is!
And death itself may be most sweet,
Though the lips thirst, and empty be the cup,
If won in climbing—climbing up—and up,
To heights where vision and fulfilment meet:
If won at last, by deeds that glorify
Our lowly dust, where 'neath an alien sky,
Their service unforgot,
They sleep who, loving greatly, faltered not,—
The happy brave, who never knew defeat!

A VOLUNTEER'S GRAVE

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

Not long ago, it was a bird
  In vacant lilac skies
Could stir the sleep that hardly closed
  His laughing eyes.

But here where murdering thunders rock
  The lintels of the dawn,
Altho they shake his shallow bed,
  Yet he sleeps on.

Another spring with rain and leaf
  And buds serenely red,
And this field will have forgot
  Its youthful dead.

And, wise of heart, who loved him best
  Will be forgetting, too,
Even before their own beds gleam
  With heedless dew.

Yet what have all the centuries
  Of purpose, pain, and joy
Bequeathed us lovelier to recall
  Than this dead boy?

THE PATH TO PEACE

BY CHARLES KELSEY GAINES

The roads whose goal is peace, now as of yore,
Are trodden first by armies, and they lead
Athwart the field of battle; where the roar
Of cannon calls the reapers; and the seed
Which in the harvest yields the richest meed
Is watered by the life-blood of the sower.
The plough comes last; the axe still goes before.

POETS IN THE WAR

BY L. B. GILLET

THE war has stirred the world into poetry. As early as the fall of 1917 Mr. Gosse pointed out that more than five hundred volumes of original verse had been published since the beginning of the war, and the number must be double or treble that now. The output of war verse in Germany by civilians alone is reported to be upwards of a million pieces! This year's unprecedently large Christmas sales in books of poetry indicate the response of the readers. Do we really care more for poetry? Is the quality of the current poetry better? Or is it mere curiosity to see what the poetry of war can be like?

There would seem slim chance enough for poetry in a business in which man's chief object is to kill his fellow. In warfare itself, especially as it is conducted in modern times with all the refinements of invention for assuring the end of the enemy, if not of the race, and for minimizing to the uttermost the self-respect and glory of the individual fighter, even a born poet could find no inspiration. Experience of it has turned life black for many a poor lad, and sapped the very springs of joy. And the greater and more distinctive part of this verse has been written not by the onlookers but by the soldiers themselves. In this circumstance lies its chief significance. Four years' trial of it has tended to make their presentation more and more uncompromisingly realistic. Many a poet who started with the vision of aspiration has ended with the lampblack and lightening of grim reality. The glamor of war is from henceforth utterly dispelled.

And yet the war has meant the regeneration of all the nations that have taken part in it. Mr. Masefield said last year:

> I know what England was, before the war. She was a nation which had outgrown her machine, a nation which had forgotten her

soul, a nation which had destroyed Jerusalem among her dark Satanic mills.

And then, at a day's notice, at the blowing of a horn, at the cry from a little people in distress, all that was changed, and she remade her machine, and she remembered her soul, . . . and she cried, "I will rebuild Jerusalem in this green and pleasant land or die in the attempt."

. . . This was due to something kindling and alive in the nation's soul.

And this was but a reflection in large of what was going on among the individual soldiers. For as go the individuals, so go the nations. To lose self in working together for a great common end, to find a cause to dedicate oneself to large enough to satisfy even the most ambitious, to expend one's whole energy in standing up for others and laboring out their good, that was to truly live, that was to find one's soul. In this rediscovery of soul through the war is the true well-spring of its poetry.

Mr. Arthur Waugh, in a masterly article in the *Quarterly* for October, 1918, summarizes the spiritual evolution reflected in the course of this poetry as follows:

Springing from various and diverse temperaments, these poems illustrate in turn the honest soldier's fear of fear, his pilgrimage from self-consciousness to altruism, his absorption into the machinery of the war, and his gradual appreciation of the complex machinery as a collection of human characters, each individual and all interacting, combining at last into a unity in which self is merged absolutely in a sense of common purpose and general obligation.

That states very nicely the effect of the development evidenced in this poetry taken as a whole. But the most interesting thing of all is what it reveals about the men themselves.

Many of these poets were very young when they fell, and their verse, as one of their sympathetic readers remarked, is like a blossom just opening to the light. Among such perhaps young Captain Sorley is the shining example. Apparently even in his schooldays Sorley had an almost Rooseveltian enthusiasm for action as his *Call to Action* shows. His *Expectans Expectavi* has a deeper note. It is one of the simplest, manliest of the war poems of self-dedication. Sorley has written, too, in loving reminiscence of the country about Marlborough where he went to school. That was the land of his heart's desire. These poems of his are representative of quite a large number by others in

which longing transfigures the beauty of the country of home. Sorley's *Sonnet to Germany* is distinguished by its broad-minded and charitable attitude toward the enemy, not seldom appearing in this poetry, but perhaps the more remarkable in one so young.

> You are blind like us. Your hurt no man designed,
> And no man claimed the conquest of your land.
> But, gropers both through fields of thought confined,
> We stumble and we do not understand.
> You only saw your future bigly planned,
> And we, the tapering paths of our own mind,
> And in each other's ways we stand,
> And hiss and hate. And the blind fight the blind.
>
> When it is peace, then we may view again
> With new-won eyes each other's truer form,
> And wonder. Grown more loving-kind and warm,
> We'll grasp firm hands and laugh at the old pain,
> When it is peace. But until peace, the storm,
> The darkness, and the thunder and the rain.

Unless exception be made in favor of Robert Hillyer, who has himself served in a double capacity in the war but whose very beautiful sonnets do not directly concern it, and of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, the attractiveness and nobility of whose life found but one of its many expressions in a handful of fine poems, Alan Seeger seems the only true poet America has produced in this war. Seeger had a spirit singularly intense, intrepid, and a little terrible, because of certain limitations in its humanity. No man in whom there was very nimble play of the sense of humor could, I think, in these times quite have lived his life. His nature had the striking simplicity of many a strong man's. He himself epitomized his life-story in the well-known sonnet addressed to Sidney.

A rich sensuous endowment he was enabled by the smile of circumstances to cultivate to the full. He seems to have been born with an instinct for the harmony as well as the color of words, and very carefully practiced his gift. At Harvard he went deep into mediaeval romance. His college chums write of him as rather disturbingly careless of what such fellows expect of a man. Before the war he seemed indifferent even to the publication of his verse, and drifted without business or anchoring interest in life. He seems to have been one of those rare cases where a man's latent power and ability warrant his taking himself so

seriously. For once in the war there was no doubt in his own mind as to his course nor in the mind of his comrades as to his ability. There he found and gave himself completely. In a very special sense he had come into his own.

In this way of so convincingly finding himself, of gaining through the war " the sense of the job " that is so wholesome, he is representative, I think, of the experience of a great many young men in the war. His spirit and enthusiasm never flagged, and this despite the price of sickening misery and discomfort, back-laden marches that felled many a man stronger than he, standing inactive against all the dangers of battle without any of its exhilaration,—the hardest thing, as he said, of all. The exercise of his physical strength to the fullest in a cause that satisfied his whole heart thrilled him. " Be sure," he writes his mother, " that I shall play the part well for I was never in better health nor *felt my manhood more keenly.*" To do that was peculiarly satisfying to him. As he got nearer and nearer to the great testing moments of " advance," his spirits mounted higher and higher. He became *élan* incarnate. He is very representative, too, of many of the fighting poets in that his eye for beauty did not fail him, no matter what the circumstances in which he was placed. The frost-kindled foliage and frost-sparkled air are a part of all his account of that first glorious autumn in France. When opportunity offers he goes out of his way to enjoy the scenery. No beauty that comes in the way of his daily life escapes him. Seeger felt, too, very profoundly the sense of fatalism that creeps over so many men in the army. He, I think, is the best spokesman of this widely prevalent mood because by force of imagination he connects this submergence of the individual in the movement of the whole with the grander phenomena of nature, cosmic forces. This is best illustrated in the stirring poem called *The Hosts,* and in prose, toward the end of a letter he wrote for the New York *Sun*:

> Alone under the stars, war in its cosmic rather than its moral aspect reveals itself to him. Regarded from this more abstract plane the question of right and wrong disappears. Peoples war because strife is the law of nature and force the ultimate arbitrament among humanity no less than the rest of the universe. He is on the side he is fighting for, not in the last analysis from ethical motives at all, but because destiny has set him in such a constellation. The sense of his responsibility is strong upon him. Playing a part in the life of nations he is taking part in the largest movement his planet allows him.

He thrills with the sense of filling an appointed necessary place in the conflict of hosts, and facing the enemy's crest above which the Great Bear wheels upward to the zenith, he feels, with a sublimity of enthusiasm that he has never before known, a kind of companionship with the stars!

It is granted few to live out so completely their true and inner selves. Alan Seeger put his dreams and loves and aspiration all into burning practice. He surely attained to the experience he once said he especially sought.

My interest in life was passion, my object to experience it in all rare and refined, in all intense and violent forms.

He lived his poet's vision. To realize what a deepening of spirit the experience of war meant to him one has only to read the earlier sonnets, richly harmonious as they are, beside the last, or any typical poem of Juvenilia side by side with the noble ode, *For the American Volunteers Fallen for France.* Seeger, solitary as he was, valued and enjoyed to the full "the bond of common dangers shared, common sufferings borne, common glories achieved, which knits men together in real comradeship." It is significant that the associates in the Foreign Legion he especially mentions in his letters, and the comrade who so vividly described his splendid heroic end, are foreigners, Serb, Arab and Egyptian. He speaks repeatedly about the special privilege and honor he feels it to march side by side with the Frenchman,—"the admiration of all who love liberty and heroism in its defence." The rendezvous with Death that was his lot must have been quite after the heart of him whose poem presaged it.

One or two lesser poets illustrate in a certain sense Milton's characterization of a book as "the precious life-blood of a master spirit," for their poems will live by virtue of the personality they express. Eminent among these are Captain Robert Graves and Captain Julian Grenfell. All I know about Graves is that he has a jolly little house in Wales and is the father of a couple of lively kids,—dream children most likely,—who romp into *Fairies and Fusiliers,* teasing their daddy. He is also the vivacious friend of Sorley, Nichols, and Sassoon, for they all write one another merry letters in verse. But reading only so few of his poems as are included in *Georgian Poetry* will impress you with his spirit. He carries everything off with a jaunty air. War may be tedious and hard and grim, but good fellowship

can do much. To match fortune with high spirits is a man's game, and if a man's, how much more a poet's. For a poet, long before the war, Graves had resolved to be. His poems are the outcome of animal spirits, whimsies of fancy, mirth, and fun. To even an underlyingly deep-felt poem on the death of a friend, *David and Goliath,* he must give a humoristic cast. In the heaven of his conception there must be found place for hunting. All life's to be taken with a joke. Even when you can't keep the tears back, it's to be played with the spirit of the game. To keep one's spirits on tiptoe and to find sport in everything is a service to literature as well as to one's comrades in arms. One can rest assured of Robert Graves' popularity in the ranks. Even his readers inevitably think of him as "Bobbie," the high-hearted and jovial, and they like his verse because in it there's so much of him.

Julian Grenfell will always be remembered for his versatility. He was one of those rare young fellows who do everything from hunting to writing a poem, and who do everything well. The balance of his many-sided life would have delighted a Greek, as Mr. Gosse remarked, the passionate energy with which he threw himself into whatever he did, an Italian Renaissance prince. Though he had ever been as eager in the pursuit of knowledge as of proficiency in manly games, it was the war that turned him poet. His most famous poem, *Into Battle,* he wrote upon hearing the news of Rupert Brooke's death and but a month before his own. "His lips must have been touched when he wrote it," was Mr. Kipling's verdict, and it is reported that a young officer has already fallen at the head of his charging men repeating,

> The thundering line of battle stands
> While in the air Death moans and sings.

The poem's intimate union of nature with the soldier's life and death is illustrative of a very marked characteristic of this war poetry.[1]

> The fighting man shall from the sun
> Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
> Speed with the light-foot winds to run,

[1] Masefield's *August 1914* is the great poem of the war for associating the beauty o the home country with the going forth of its men, century after century, to fight for it

And with the trees to newer birth;
And find when fighting shall be done,
Great rest and fulness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sister Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.
The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing."

The figure of Rupert Brooke is the fairest immortalized by the war. Every one who had any association with him in life, or even once saw him, seems to have been struck by his beauty and the charm of his ways. It's not quite a "flaming glory" he left behind him. His attraction was too still and balanced and steady for that. He was more like a star than a comet. Mr. Marsh's *Memoir* gives one the impression rather of a strong personality as capable as it was beautiful, and one most fortunately circumstanced and befriended. For Brooke lifelong commanded the friends that bring such a nature out and are best able to appreciate it. No poet at his death was more fitly comraded. The beautiful letters his friends, especially the young musician, Denis Browne, wrote home from Scyros prove that. For once such letters are just as they should be. In his biographer and his critics Brooke was again most fortunate. Remarks of his friends help us to understand how he won them and something of the secret of his charm. To begin with, "he was the incarnation of the spirit of youth, wearing the glamour and glory of youth like a shining garment." "When he entered a room," writes Mr. Gosse, "he seemed to bring sunshine with him, although he was usually rather silent, and pointedly immobile. He lived in a fascinated

state, bewitched with wonder and appreciation." A true and constant eye to the spirit of things was probably most tributary to the impression of radiance he made. He was observant, perceptive, sympathetic, and as Mr. Drinkwater says, "It is intensity in perception that creates poetry." That, I take it, was Rupert Brooke's special genius.

The early perfection of his art, so far as technique goes, critics have already commented upon, and also the philosophic background before which all the detailed vividness of his imagery moves. This early mastery of technique together with his pronounced intellectuality might have made for a certain hard brilliance of style had not the life-content quickly matched it. From excess of abstraction the young poet was saved partly by grace of humor, which in his whole personality harmonized vivacity and culture to a degree especially rare in youth, partly by the fine balance his literary sense enabled him to preserve between the abstract and the concrete. The last is beautifully exemplified in *The Funeral of Youth.* He started with the two fairy gifts, invaluable to poets, a love for words in themselves, and a nimbleness of imagination that could run into ecstasy.

One wouldn't have to read ten lines of a typical poem of his without realizing what a fine feeling he had for words and for running them simply together and yet as if in instinctive accord with the harmony that was himself.

The clean-cut and delightfully sly expression of his humor is seen at its best in the poem called Heaven.

> Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond;
> But is there anything Beyond?
> This life cannot be All, they swear,
> For how unpleasant, if it were!
> One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
> Shall come of Water and of Mud;
> And sure, the reverent eye must see
> A Purpose in Liquidity.
> We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
> The future is not Wholly Dry.

The *Voice* is a very illuminating poem to be read in connection with Brooke's so-called "shocking" poems the effect of which upon his readers doubtless gave the young reactionary no little glee. Brooke was always just enough of an idealist, seeker after the veritably true, to be shocked

in just the way he vividly pictures there by any sense of shortcoming or divergence. In the first great 1914 sonnet the emphasis is often put on the wrong word in the line,

> And all the little emptiness of love

It was just because true love was to him anything but empty that he wrote so many poems exposing its counterfeits. Superb rhetoric never rang truer than in his early poem, *The Call,* which was no hyperbole to his conception of what real love means. This strain in his poetry is but an outward sign of a moral fiber within him all ready for the deepening experience of the war and to be wrung into as fine and high a poetry as the idealism of the war called forth. Perhaps as telling as Mr. Churchill's much-quoted and eloquent words on the significance of the *1914 Sonnets* is the simple testimony of a V. A. D. nurse:

> More than any other poet of the time, Rupert Brooke, interpreted and embodied the spirit in which our men have gone to this fight—not from blind lust of battle or desire of conquest, not as slaves driven to the slaughter by a military tyrant, but with clear eyes and steady hands keenly conscious of the joy of life, of all that they are relinquishing, yet willing and unafraid.

But *The Great Lover* and *Grantchester* are in their way as characteristic poems of Brooke. Their power consists in his quiet but contagious perception of the beauty and joy of simple things, of the deeper, spiritual significance of life. Owing to this insight he had, life was ever rich, wonderful, and alluring to him. To live life truly was to radiate happiness, to express it truly, poetry. No wonder Rupert Brooke lives in men's memories as the ideal of a young poet, for in his short life he yet achieved all three of the things he said made up the world for him, "one, to read poetry, another, to write poetry, and best of all, to live poetry." And the best was his in fullest measure.

The poetry written after the war had dragged on a year or more is very different in mood from that written at first. This change, conspicuous in the poetry as a whole, is pronounced in the course of the work of Captain Robert Nichols and Captain Siegfried Sassoon.

Mr. Nichols' poems of the war will be very dear to all who went out from college. And I think especially so to Americans, for in many ways Nichols' experience was like theirs. It was of just such lads as he that Miss Letts was

thinking in her unforgettable poem, *The Spires of Oxford*. Young Nichols had known nothing of war, probably little intimately of army life; once in, he felt the strain and terror and preying despondency of it with all the sensitiveness of his fine unhardened nature. And in a succession of poems arranged something in the order of occurrence he has dared to tell the truth about what he felt and saw. Terror changing into confidence and trust, grim endurance, heart-breaking incidents of life in the trenches, the sense of the officer's responsibility and his deep love for his men banishing all other love, the assault itself, are all there. No one, except perhaps Lieutenant E. A. Mackintosh, has excelled Nichols in the expression of the regard and affection of the officer for his men. In two of the manliest and most deeply felt of soldier elegies he pays beautiful tribute to friends that had fallen. He himself was severely wounded at Loos, and doomed to the harrowing memories of a tedious convalescence, to which I fancy we owe some of his best poems. Of the sorrow-laden emotions of his slow emergence he has told us in a series of candid poems called *Aftermath*. Many a young fellow, akin to Nichols in feeling and experience but without his gift of word, will clutch these poems to his heart as the voice of his own soul. In that Nichols usually sticks to the scene and action immediately before him, has nothing to say of the great purpose of the war, of enthusiasm for the cause, of hatred for the enemy, I think he is also representative of the experience of many in this war. What the ardors of war have been to him and to spirits like him, his poems also show,—the making of manhood, that is, through perseverance, hardship, and the seeing and doing of deeds that are at once savagery and heroism. In reading them you feel very close to a manly spirit in its hours of sorest trial. One looks forward with eagerness to the future work of a soul so awakened and of a faith come of such an ordeal.

A special sense of relief comes over one with the thought that Captain Sassoon was spared to live through and out of the war. His unusually long experience of it has wrought so complete a change in his temper. He is another of those big, all round men who, according to Nichols' account, wrote poetry before the war much as he dashed off of an early morning to the hunt. He divided his time be-

tween field sports and art. He loved music and tennis and books. Above all he had the poet's eye for the finer essence of truth which in poetry means beauty, and he soon learned the command of a magic of expression which is perhaps the first thing that strikes you in his earliest publicly printed volume. Lines you come upon there that seem to have taken some beauty of nature into the poet's heart and given it back illumined and fairly "drenched with the dews of human emotion."

> Blindly I sought the woods that I had known
> So beautiful with morning when I came
> Amazed with spring that wove the hazel copse
> With misty raiment of awakening green.
> I found a holy dimness, and the peace
> Of sanctuary, austerely built of trees,
> And wonder stooping from a tranquil sky.

Such witchery and enchantment of expression mark Sassoon as unmistakably of the tradition of magic in English poetry. Wonder is born anew in the heart of every poet. In such passages we feel that Sassoon is himself of the wise about whom he writes,

> Who gazed in breathing wonderment,
> And left us their brave eyes,
> To light the ways they went.

But after reading his last volume, *Counter-Attack,* and indeed many of the poems in *The Old Huntsman,* one wonders whether he can ever quite walk in those ways again. One wonders if, after all this haunting familiarity with killing and its attendant circumstances he will ever have the heart for even "the angry, eager feeling, a huntsman ought to have." He invokes the old spell of "paradise," the name playfully given to some of his earlier poems, but the fairy gift of speech seems for the time denied him. The curse of war has bitten into his very soul. Sassoon once exclaimed after commending Nichols for his success in voicing the manly discipline of war:

> Now let us nevermore say another word of whatever little may be good in war for the individual who has a heart to be steeled.
>
> Let no one ever from henceforth say a word in any way countenancing war. It is dangerous even to speak of how here and there the individual may gain some hardihood of soul by it. For war is hell and those who institute it are criminals. Were there anything to say for

it, it should not be said for its spiritual disasters far outweigh any of its advantages.

And it is to the enforcing of this earnest and deep-seated conviction that all his later poems are addressed. In *Conscripts* he tells us with grim humor how the experience of war gradually put into constraint the various elements of poetry within him. One cannot but hope though that there are deep enough springs of happiness within the author

Whose heart *was* a haunted woodland murmuring,

to in time win him out again of the shadow of war.

I sometimes think what is suppressed in some of the poets of lesser volume is more impressive than the most outspoken and glaring realism. This is true of the last poem I have read of Sergeant Leslie Coulson. He was in the war by September, 1914, having declined a commission, and for two long years he served in Egypt, Malta, Gallipoli, and France. How a sense of the tears in things had fleeted like the shadow of a cloud across his naturally sunny, carefree disposition he had sung in *But a Short Time to Live* with the winning music and spontaneity of phrase that always characterize the best song. That the joys of home-coming would make up for all he had undergone was the thought he cheered himself with in a later song but those he himself was never to know. No wonder after those unfurloughed years of hard service in a poem in another mood called *Judgment* he insists when all is over and known that he is to be the judge of God and not God of him. And yet he could write *The Rainbow* within a month of his death:

I watch the white dawn gleam,
To the thunder of hidden guns.
I hear the hot shells scream
Through skies as sweet as a dream
Where the silver dawn-break runs.
And stabbing of light
Scorches the virginal white.
But I feel in my being the old, high, sanctified thrill,
And I thank the gods that the dawn is beautiful still.

From death that hurtles by
I crouch in the trench day-long,
But up to a cloudless sky
From the ground where our dead men lie

A brown lark soars in song.
Through the tortured air,
Rent by shrapnel's flare,
Over the troubleless dead he carols his fill,
And I thank the gods that the birds are beautiful still.

Where the parapet is low
And level with the eye
Poppies and cornflowers glow
And the corn sways to and fro
In a pattern against the sky.
The gold stalks hide
Bodies of men who died
Charging at dawn through the dew to be killed or to kill.
I thank the gods that the flowers are beautiful still.

When night falls dark we creep
In silence to our dead.
We dig a few feet deep
And leave them there to sleep—
But blood at night is red,
Yea, even at night,
And a dead man's face is white.
And I dry my hands, that are also trained to kill,
And I look at the stars—for the stars are beautiful still.

To make the record of even the poets who have written of this war with distinction in any wise complete one would have to add a great many other names. I should like particularly to speak of some of the very interesting lesser verse, for example, the sailor song of Mr. C. Fox-Smith or the simple lyrics of Sergeant Patrick MacGill that touch the heart and are much nearer the song stuff Tommy Atkins and Poilu and Yank would make for themselves than most of the more highly wrought literary pieces I have been considering. I should like to quote some of the lovely, fancy-quick lyrics of Francis Ledwidge. But I may only speak of two other poets, Lieutenants Robert Ernest Vernède and William Noel Hodgson, very different in age but similar in manly spirit and heroic consecration.

Such poems as Vernède's *Little Sergeant, Before the Assault,* and *A Petition* are not only the work by which he will be longest remembered, but memorial, because of their author, of a small group of volunteers in the war not often thought of and to whom great honor is due. I mean the men beyond what is usually considered the fighting age whose patriotic ardor steeled them to overcome hard-

ships greater for them even than for their younger comrades. What a thrilling satisfaction it must have been to such brave hearts to feel that they were proving themselves the worthy comrades of those younger fellows whom they envied and loved! To Vernède belongs especial credit. He was thirty-nine, when after two futile attempts he succeeded in enlisting. Nothing in his previous life, except his athletic prowess at Oxford, had fitted him for the life of a soldier. Since leaving college he had devoted himself to literature and to the care of his beautiful flower-garden. That his resolve to enlist was determined with the writing of *The Call* probably accounts for the peculiar force and attraction of that poem, and *A Petition* is himself in the high lights of his life and in his bearing toward the soldier's death.

Lieutenant Hodgson, on the other hand, was but twenty-three when he fell, thoughtful and old enough, however, to write a prayer just before engaging in his last action, which grips the heart. Strength of serious, manly character,—the moral fibre in the English strain which literature long ago recognized in the application of that epithet "moral" to one of Chaucer's contemporaries,—is the source of the compelling power of Hodgson's little group of poems. As you might expect, Hodgson had what he himself called a "passionate allegiance" for the grand old school of his education. In the poem called *Durham,* and especially in *The Master-Smiths* (the smiths are the masters of the school) and *Ave Mater-atque Vale,* he has paid noble tribute to the ideals for which a school should stand and for which it will be loved, and to the part that they play in the making of men. The event in his case proved how well-grounded was his faith that the old school sent her sons forth well-armored in manhood for the battle of life. His sonnet to a friend killed early in the war gives indirect expression to his own devotion to "things above the common run of duty." And he acted his ideals. On the way back to rest camp after furious fighting at Loos he dwells upon the thought of the divinity brought out in his fellow man:

> We that have seen the strongest
> Cry like a beaten child,
> The sanest eyes unholy,
> The cleanest hands defiled;

We that have known the heart blood
  Less than the lees of wine,
We that have seen men broken,
  We know man is divine.

Before Action, fortunately the most familiar of his poems, is the poem of his life:

By all the glories of the day,
  And the cool evening's benison:
By the last sunset touch that lay
  Upon the hills when day was done:
By beauty lavishly outpoured,
  And blessings carelessly received,
  By all the days that I have lived,
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all men's hopes and fears
  By all the wonders poets sing,
The laughter of unclouded years,
  And every sad and lovely thing:
By the romantic ages stored
  With high endeavor that was his,
  By all his mad catastrophes,
Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill
  Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of thy sunsets spill
  Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
  May say good-bye to all of this:—
  By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.

Such is the manliness of the songs that have come out of the resolution and courage of youth. Such are the lives that the winning of the war has cost us. The bravery of men's minds and deeds is proved as great, if not greater, than ever. And dreadful as the conditions and acts of war are, we can well believe such fellows as these when they say that the life of the spirit accompanying it has been the best they have ever known.

The essential nobility and loving kindness of man have triumphantly re-asserted themselves. These few poems are but one expression of the spirit that has dominated mankind and found expression in most diverse of ways. The bettering of society for which these men fought and which would be the only fit memorial to those who have fallen it is for us to assure.

L. B. GILLET.

TO TWO UNKNOWN LADIES[1]

BY AMY LOWELL

LADIES, I do not know you, and I think
I do not want to. And a strange beginning
I make with that. Admitted; there's the odds.
You live between the covers of a book,
At least for me, but then I've known a crowd
Of other people who do that. My mind
Is stuffed with phantoms out of poets' brains.
But you are out of nothing but the air,
Or were, rather, for one of you is dead.
Dead or alive, it is the same to me,
Since all our contact lies in printer's ink.

But even this, peculiar as it is,
Is but a thread of singularity.
Here is another, that I see you double,
Each one beheld in profile, as it were.
And yet the full-face view is not composite,
But shows two totally specific halves
Which do not blend and still are not distinct.
And again why should I perplex my eyes
With trying so hard to draw you both together
As though you were a lighted candle, split
Upon an oculist's dissecting spectacles?

You see the thing is really not so simple
As A. B. C., or Keats, or "Christabel,"
And that is where the plague comes in for me.
For here, sitting quite calmly in my chair,
Settled down comfortably to an evening's reading,
I open up the queerest possibility,
Namely: the visitation of a ghost.
Suppose I throw you down the glove at once

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[1] The "Unknown Ladies" are the Misses Sommerville and Ross, whose writings on Irish Life and Character have captivated many readers besides Miss Lowell.—EDITOR.

And say I'm haunted, does that bring the answer?
If so, it blurs beyond what I can grasp
And foggy answers leave us where we were.

If either of you much attracted me
We could fall back upon phenomena
And make a pretty story out of psychic
Balances, but not to be too broad
In my discourtesy, nor prudish neither
(Since, really, I can hardly quite suppose
With all your ghostliness you follow me),
I feel no such attraction. Or if one
Bows to my sympathy for the briefest space,
Snap—it is gone! And, worst of all to tell,
What broke it is not in the least dislike
But utter boredom.

Now I acknowledge you are sensible,
And so I put it squarely; is there not
A strange absurdity in being haunted
By ghosts who crack one's jaws upon a yawn?
If that were all of it! But nothing's all.
For just as I am oozing into sleep,
See-sawing gently out of consciousness,
A phrase of yours will laugh out loud and clang
Me broad awake. And still there's more to come:
Sometimes I catch the faintest whiff of flutes.
And that I hold to be a paradox.

Did ever ladies lead so dull a life
As you? At least according to my taste
(I'll be polite enough to put it so).
You wrote, but, Great Saint Peter, tell me how!
With half a destiny. Now we, poor devils,
Fill our ink-wells with entrails, pour our veins
To wet a pencil point, and end at last
As shrivelled as a pod of money-wort,
And (let me say this in a neat aside)
We hope as shining. So do artists live,
And skulls are best when turned to flower-pots.

Now your way: Half a year, or more, or less;
A book tossed off between two sets of tennis,

Or jotted down some morning of hard frost
When the hounds could not run. Pale Jesus Christ,
Is this an effort worthy to be classed
Beyond the writing of cake recipes?
One of you painted. Well, you have no shame
To call such trash a picture. Years and years
You studied with the patient, stupid zeal
Of every amateur, and to this day
You never guess how badly you have done.

You speak of music, and my nerve-ends sting
Thinking of Chopin sentimentalized
By innocent young ladyhood; of Liszt
Doted upon, his tinsel rhodomontade
Held for high romance. And the ghastly nights
On cracked hotel pianos! It would be
Experience to read of washier stuff.
And yet—and yet—this clearly is not all.
Or why should I go back to you again,
Evening and evening, in a kind of thirst,
Surprising my tongue upon an almond taste.

A puzzling business. Everything comes back
And hooks upon a question. I suspect
Myself of cheating, stacking a full pack
With diamond Jacks extraordinary and Queens
Of Spades enough to make a declaration
Of quite superb inviolability.
But if the pack were dealt again, what then?
So what's the truth behind my set of it,
If I can keep my eyes clear long enough
To get a squint thereat? Almonds, I said,
Smooth, white, and bitter, wonderfully almonds.

Your fingers were unequal to the task
Of fashioning pictures, they were not enough.
For pictures take the whole and whip it round
To something out of you; and this you could
Contrive, but not as artists, since this thing
Was not your making. You were pigment, line.
I will not split you up to parts and parts,
Suffice it that the pictures here are you.
Double and single, like chrysanthemums,

Each of one family, but with just differences
Of color and habit and the arch of stem.

Two halves, I said, and here I patterned rightly.
A frail half and a virile, but both shoots
Of one straight mother tree. It is your nobleness
That shocks a fire across these photographs
And makes them a contentment for strained eyes
Hurt by the ugliness of crowds in streets,
Stumbling short-sighted in a group of gargoyles.
You might have posed for caryatides,
With wind-drawn garments sucking round your limbs,
Your beauty blushing through their flattened gauze,
Before a temple, on a sunny day.

I wonder I am Greek enough to feel
Such solace in mere outline. But again,
As always where I find you are concerned,
This does not finish your effect. For when
I write down Greek, it is inadequate.
Marble you are, but there's that jet of fire
Like a red sunset on a fall of snow.
I feel a wind blowing off heather hills,
Am vaguely conscious of the moan of waves,
And sea-weed fronds pulsating in a pool.
Now this, of course, is anything but Greek.

Horses and dogs! You say yourself that they
Are stuck with limpet-closeness to your life.
And there, I think, is more than parallel.
For dogs and horses have a wistfulness,
A pathos, in their bursts of gaiety
Which tears the heart, even when crinky-tail
Sets dogs in bundles racing round a lawn
Or snaps a horse's feet to jigging springs
Cat-dancing with a sudden twitch of ears.
And you are both like that, for your jokes bob
Under taut flags across a bay of tears.

That figure is so old, I feel a twinge
Of hot compunction at using it again.
But even artists stub their toes sometimes
Upon the fallen centuries, and Helen

Was much considered by the youth of Troy.
I think perhaps your prototypes in Sparta
Called forth that metaphor. But let it pass.
It is a fact that my eyes itch and burn
At this of you on horseback. Foolish! Oh,
Shall you call folly at this time of day,
You, who tell tales of banshees in a park!

Again a facet. Like a lapidary
I cut and cut in microscopic flakes,
But never get the gem for all these sides.
There's more to you than single flesh and blood
Though these be fine and clear as new-stripped almonds.
And more than tears; but what it is drifts out
Beyond the surf-line of my consciousness
And blurs in dazzle so I lose its edge.
The puzzle grows as I unravel it,
For all these feelings come out of a book
And you, who cannot write, have written it.

There's food for many solitary munchings,
And sticks to beat an artist's soul withal.
You cannot write and look what you have written:
Two lives which stare and twinkle on the page
So that I blind in looking. That's a glare
To put out farthing candles of professionals.
Had I not seen your drawings, I might almost
Have been bewitched by that hotel piano
And guessed you better understood your Chopin.
Now I am all at sea and clinging
To horses and a cat-leap at a fence.

Well, there it stands, and what I get is life,
And love held back and breaking up and out.
Your heart is never on your sleeve, you say;
But try your hardest, it is in your pen,
And death is nothing to vitality
Swinging across a second heart. At best
One sees a breeding like those draperies
Which cool my naked caryatides.
Why, I'm not dead, but merely gone in space
And that you slap away with easy hand
Drawing me closer much than you intend.

Perhaps the very queerest of these facts
Is that I feel apologies are due
For just this thing which wakes my admiration.
You do not want me crowding in behind
That carefully embroidered sleeve, and yet
What I behold mounts to a blazing altar,
And both are there before it, worshipping.
Will you forgive this little pinch of incense,
For one of you is dead and she will know,
Perhaps, at least, what magic brought me here.
And I will never seek to meet the other,
I only write to exorcise a ghost.

AMY LOWELL.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

ADAM, EVE, AND THE COSMOS [1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"MOST exquisite, most adorable, copper-crowned lily, eyes soft as water and hard as steel, mouth that Cupid might steal with which to make a bow, most exquisite, most adorable . . . I place in each of your palms a kiss so heavy that you shall carry the stigmata of Eros . . ." Do managers of munition factories make love like that? To be sure, this was no ordinary munition-maker. Cottenham, owner and manager of the Cottenham Works, had brilliant blue eyes, close-cropped curly brown hair that exhaled masculinity and taste for good living, and in moments of balked desire he rushed to the piano and sought to massage his complex by playing Debussy, having found Bach too much like a Cambridge don to suit his need. It is surprising to learn that he finally took refuge in a piano piece of Maurice Ravel's called *Gallows*. We know that piece. It is no piece for an erotic munition-maker, with its tonal evocations of cold winds sporting with dead men's locks, and staring eyes that the crows have pecked. But no doubt there was a lurking Freudian nigger in Cottenham's psychic wood-pile who could not have been placated by so obviously appropriate a piece as the Prelude to *Tristan and Isolde*—besides, Wagner does not come out well on the piano, and Cottenham, being a munition-maker of fine aesthetic responsiveness, knew enough not to put musical cordite into an ivory container.

A strange fellow, this amorous munitionist! But very deadly—a masculine "vamp." His erotic history had begun when he was fifteen, and now, within marching dis-

[1] *Blind Alley*, by W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1919.

tance of middle age, we find him still exerting the lethal charm of his close-cropped curls upon the undisciplined hearts of the girl workers in his plant. Monica, who did her bit as an upper-class Englishwoman by staining her hands with TNT in Cottenham's factory, yielded with amazing precipitateness when she met her boss strolling in the byways wearing a brown suit and smoking a pipe. Then it was that M. Bergson's justly celebrated Life Force awoke in Monica's breast and began to clamor for exercise.

We must confess that our heart sank when we learned that Monica was "passionately unawakened." We have known these unawakened ladies in the febrile pages of Mrs. Glyn—they walk in their sleep, and one must keep an eye on them, and a restraining hand on their fugacious nighties. True to type, Monica lost no time. Though unawakened, she not only walked in her sleep—she ran. This was made easy, first, by the fact that she was (as the fanciful Cottenham justly viewed her) a wood-nymph, tall and very slim, and enjoying, in the words of his poetizing imagination, a scamper through the thickets of birch, where a watcher might have glimpsed the flashing of a white flank among the shadowy tree trunks. She lost, we have said, no time: for though, on page 161 of Mr. George's veracious chronicle of contemporary England, she is still unawakened, it is only three pages further on that we find her "overwhelmed by a feeling of sweetest sin" and telling herself that she is "not moral."

She spoke quite sternly to herself: "Look here, my dear girl, do try and realize he's married to a woman who's much better looking than you. . . . He adores his children. That settles marriage, quite apart from the fact that he hasn't suggested it, but anyhow—it's unthinkable." She was facing something, she realized, "that was not done"—no indeed—but between which and herself stood only a traditional code without precise moral penalties. But what can you do with a blue-eyed munition-maker whose hair curls crisply and who makes love like an Old Testament amorist? Unawakened on page 161, it is disconcerting to be told on page 168 that "You are tall and slim like an ear of wheat in the moonlight." On page 171 it becomes crystal-clear that this rhapsodic munition-maker with the crisp curls Means No Good to Our Nellie. For at that point he takes her hand,—a hand that trembles,—turns

it palm upward, and presses into its hollow the "heavy kiss" described in our opening paragraph.

Thereafter, "as easily as one thing leads to another" (in Mr. Kipling's phrase) we find him sending her an envelope containing a Key and a note that reads as follows:

> This key will let you into Bull's Field as they call it, into the Garden of Eden if you like.

This delicate symbolism turns the trick, and in a deserted shanty, in a field shut away from the world by high palings and carpeted by shy blue speedwell and stitchwort, Monica and the munition-maker pass a pleasant evening—marred for the fastidious student of erotic processes, in the recounting, only by the fact that Cottenham's crisp locks were "rebellious" as Monica stroked them. We had thought that Mr. Robert W. Chambers held the international copyright on Rebellious Hair.

But it is, we are happy to say, nothing more consequential than this copyright that is violated. Mr. Chambers' other celebrated copyrights are left uninfringed. The most important of them all—the copyright on the Deciduous Kimona—is untouched. For Cottenham, after carefully examining the historic Apple and savoring its fragrance, decides to preserve it instead of eating it. In other words, by a graceful transit from the third to the thirty-ninth chapter of Genesis, this heedful Adam and his Eve are metamorphosed before our eyes into Joseph and the spouse of Potiphar.

And meanwhile, the war goes on. Cottenham "crushed her to him" (Mr. George's erotic vocabulary, as we have uneasily indicated, is strangely Chamberian) while the gallant Roumanians retreated before Mackensen; he makes love to Monica over the telephone in the same breath with which he tells her that the Somme offensive has begun. Venus cuddles in the lap of Mars.

* * * * *

Mr. George in this novel has grappled very energetically with his heart-breaking task—an attempt to transfix the England of 1916-1919. It is a brave attempt; but the canvas, for all its desperate contemporaneity, is curiously lifeless. There is no royal road to imaginative re-creation. Certainly Mr. George has not achieved actuality by the simple process of

sprinkling his pages with the names of Lloyd George, Trotzky and Lenine, the British Labor Party, Wilson, Carson, Raemakers, Clemenceau, Ian Hay, Kitchener, Gompers, and turning the reflections of his protagonists into admirably written leaders from the *Manchester Guardian*. The process by which Sir Hugh slides from the *Spectator* and the upper-class traditions of English country life, to the London *Nation* and radical speculations, has not been made credible merely by identifying Sir Hugh's meditations with the progressive pamphleteering of the war. The imaginative capture of an epoch involves a subtler and more difficult process than that.

Mr. George has not pulled off an artistic success. Monica and her abstemious lover; the woodland adulteries of Sylvia and other ladies; Cradoc the "C. O.;" the ferocities of Lady Oakley,—these are like the typical personifications of a cartoonist; if it were not for their labels, their significance would be lost. And it is amazing that so shrewd an observer, so excellent a realist as Mr. George (the George of *A Bed of Roses* and *The Second Blooming*) should be willing to stand for the absurdities of such mannikins as Cottenham and Monica. If Mr. George had been less anxious to put over his "cosmic attempt" (as he calls it) "to show a world society in the midst of a world movement," and had looked a bit more steadily and curiously into the hearts of his creatures, he would have written a better book. It is so easy *not* to be cosmic.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE HISTORY OF HENRY FIELDING. By Wilbur L. Cross. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Mr. Cross's three-volume biography of Fielding—a work by no means too extensive in view of the historic importance and the permanent human interest of its subject—is an attempt to get at the real man in the only possible way. That way implies not only intensive study, but comprehensive research. The character of the genius who wrote *Tom Jones* cannot be adequately epitomized, any more than can that of his hero: in fact, *The History of Tom Jones* and *The History of Henry Felding* contain about the same number of words. Author and hero alike are, indeed, especially liable to unconscious misrepresentation not only by hostile critics but by admiring friends. It is an open question, whether Henley, for example, did not do Fielding and *Tom Jones* almost as much harm as good by his brilliant comments on that "buxom" book and his peppery defense of the author. But such one-sided interpretation is entirely natural. In judging a man of a nature so large, of a personality so strong, and of an adaptability so manifold as Fielding's, the temptation is great to accept a partial for a complete view. In the case of some men of genius, the two views are not, to be sure, far apart. The real Wordsworth, the real Coleridge, are not distinctly different men from the Wordsworth and the Coleridge of tradition; boil down the anecdotes, and you have something like the truth. Both these men had traits that may be caricatured but scarcely exaggerated, and these traits lay close to their inner natures. But the complete Fielding, as revealed by responsible biography, is a totally different man from the incomplete Fielding of anecdote and tradition; and this would remain true even if anecdote and tradition did not in regard to so many matters simply lie.

Fielding was unfortunate in his first biographer. Arthur Murphy was a man of moderate talents and of weak good will who rapidly—as such men sometimes do under stress of a hard life—went to seed. A sincere admirer of Fielding, he transferred his allegiance after the novelist's death to Dr. Johnson, whom he flattered. Ultimately, it is said, he "ate himself out of every tavern from the other side of Temple-Bar to the west side of the town." When "not yet in his full moral decline," he was employed by the publisher Millar, to select and edit the work of Fielding, with a memoir. Murphy, of course, botched the business. Puzzle-headed, a typical hack-writer in his willingness to use such materials as would seem most effective, he could not be expected to do otherwise. "It is to his honor," says Mr. Cross, "that

he removed several imputations against the character of Fielding. But by that peculiar psychology which, with rare exceptions, has always been applied to Fielding, he eventually turned most of his virtues into imperfections, follies, and vices."

Thus the Fielding legend—a legend that has always appealed to lovers of sensational biography, as to innocent-minded persons and to prudes—got its start. To give the proper touch of journalistic sympathy to the character of the penitent rake, Fielding had to be represented as chronically hard-up; though whenever we get a real glimpse into his household affairs, we find him living like a gentleman! The story about his writing a whole play on the wrappings of tobacco consumed in a single night has been repeated for the reason, doubtless, that anecdotes of this sort have to be attached to a man of note; otherwise they are in their gross exaggeration lamentably pointless.

Critics and biographers, while for the most part they acknowledged Fielding's greatness as a novelist, for a long time accepted and perpetuated the Fielding Paradox, because few materials for its solution lay ready to hand. Thackeray meant no harm to Fielding and touched the novelist's supposed vices lightly and humorously. Later and lesser critics did not in this respect altogether follow suit. E. P. Whipple in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January 1849 did indeed justly estimate not only the scope and power of Fielding's mind but also its "healthiness." He found a stumbling block, however, in Fielding's temperament, which he supposed to be that of "a rowdy." George Gilfillan in his *Literary Portraits* (1854) could write of the author of *Tom Jones* as a "sad scamp." The next year, the Reverend Whitwell Elwin, in the *Quarterly Review,* confessed his inability to understand how so great a novel could have been written by a "haunter of Taverns and squanderer of thousands," and referred to Fielding's study of the law as "profitless"! Southey, who might have done much to correct false impressions, left Fielding untouched, probably because, he could find no large body of the novelist's intimate correspondence, and because he shrank, like others, from the lengthy and difficult task of collecting the scattered materials on which a real life of Fielding would have to be based. The first life founded on thorough research was that written by Frederick Laurence in 1855. Laurence went over the whole of Fielding's career, corrected Murphy in many ways, and added some new details; he gave due attention to the literary and social background; but he was notably deficient in critical insight, and he was hypnotized by the view of Fielding's character set forth by Murphy and by Thackeray. A sane and searching examination of Laurence's work was published by Thomas Keightley in 1858, but Keightley's articles, hidden away in a magazine, attracted little attention, and in the following years "the old dissipated profligate was again and again tricked out anew by critics and reviewers." Leslie Stephen wrote wisely of Fielding's character on two occasions—in 1876 and in 1879—but in the biographical introduction which he composed for that edition of Fielding's works (published in 1882) which bears his name, he unfortunately fell into many of the old errors. The mischievous evil—lack of adequate research—which had blasted Fielding's character for a century and a half, did not begin to be cured until Austin Dobson took up the elucidation of the novelist's life in 1883.

Dobson's monograph in the "English Men of Letters" series has been until recently the best account of Fielding in existence. But scholars, stimulated by his example, have gone far deeper than he went into the details of Fielding's life. New facts have been discovered; new problems have been raised. The true Fielding has gradually been brought into a fuller light. Even Dobson adopted a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde theory of Fielding's personality—a theory not applicable to Fielding more than to other men, and partaking somewhat of the error of the old legend.

Without disparagement of Dobson's work it may be said that Mr. Cross was fully justified in undertaking a work on a larger scale; and that the *History of Henry Fielding* is not only longer and more comprehensive than any previous work on the same subject, but by the same token and in something like the same degree, juster and better balanced.

The background which the author has supplied for the story of Fielding's life is wonderfully complete. And it is needed. In order really to understand not only Fielding the novelist, but Fielding the playwright and theatrical manager, Fielding the journalist, Fielding the magistrate, it is necessary to get thoroughly in touch with the life of Eighteenth Century London. This is no easy task. The problem of description and analysis is complicated; generalities will not do; great frankness is called for and great common sense. The reader must not be misled into regarding the journalism of the time, for example, as merely such a carnival of mud-slinging as no self-respecting man could for a moment take part in. He must see in it all at least the possibility of honesty and of humor. Yet facts must not be concealed. Mr. Cross succeeds in giving his readers the right attitude. In his pages Fielding stands forth from the welter of political and personal bickerings, and against the background of low moral standards, quite a man of his time, but triumphantly human and triumphantly honest. Nothing is passed over in silence. Every farce of Fielding's is described, every pamphlet is noticed, every journalistic or literary quarrel is followed up. And Fielding stands every test. This is his truest vindication. Not one of his writings is negligible; not one is discreditable; all teach us something worth knowing about the forceful, right-minded, if impulsive, man who played the game of political journalism and semi-political play-writing, as understood in his day, with all his might, and with a better heart and a livelier genius than his rivals.

In comparison with this fulness and realism of the background, Mr. Cross's accuracy in matters of detail seems almost a minor virtue. Yet no small importance, surely, is to be attached to such matters as the identity of Fielding's contributions to *The Champion* (a point never before accurately determined) and the authorship of the numerous stray papers ascribed to Fielding. Among these latter is *Shamela,* in which, if Mr. Cross be right, Fielding first came into collision with Richardson. Such work as Mr. Cross has done in determining the minutest details and in contributing to the solution of disputed points entitles his work to be called for all practical purposes definitive.

But despite frequent preoccupation with details, the biographer is ever alert to show the continuity of Fielding's development and to emphasize the real character of his art. He shows for example the importance of *The Champion* as a link between Fielding's plays and his approaching work in prose fiction, pointing out that "in his contributions to this periodical lie imbedded the first draft of *A Journey from this World to the Next,* indications of the ironic point of view elaborated in *Jonathan Wild,* the first sketches, though lacking in narrative, for a Parson Adams and a Parson Trulliber, and the ethics on which was built the young man named Tom Jones." Just so one finds that the attitude assumed by Fielding in his *Jacobite's Journal* is "the irony of *Jonathan Wild* applied to the newspapers." And in the novels, Mr. Cross points out the nature of Fielding's realism in a manner that shows in a similar way the working of the novelist's mind.

Just as we see Fielding utilizing old ideas—but always with novel touches—as he passes from one form of literary activity to another, so we see him drawing upon old impressions and experiences. Mr. Cross here as elsewhere, is not content with probabilities; he follows things up as far as possible; and he speaks by the card when he says: "Test *Joseph Andrews* wherever you will, and you come face to face with real life."

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole work is the narrative of the war that Fielding as a Bow Street justice waged against robbery and murder in London and its environs—a story never before half told. That Fielding was an energetic J. P., every one knows. The value of his recommendations, the effectiveness of his reforms, it is surprising to learn. Of Fielding's pamphlet, *An Enquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers,* Mr. Cross says truly that "one is uncertain which to admire most—Fielding's knowledge of the law, his common sense, or that lofty idealism and faith in human nature which led him to believe that crime might some day have an end." Had Fielding's plans for building county houses throughout England been accepted by Parliament, a reform would have been achieved in 1753 which did not come, in fact, until nearly a century later.

Again, it was Fielding who organized the first detective force in English history. Altogether, so important appear the services to civilization which the Father of the English Novel rendered as a humble justice, that one really doubts which is most worthy of honor, the writer or the magistrate.

An all-around man, Fielding needs a full and detailed biography; an eminently sincere, manly man, he asks of his biographer like qualities; a man of the world, well versed in the life of his time, he requires the sensible judgment of a well-balanced, well-informed mind, rather than the apology of an enthusiast in love with his character; a man of fine nature, valuing virtue, no mere scoffer, though a slashing satirist, he can not be understood from the point of view of worldly wisdom alone. In no respect is Mr. Cross, his latest biographer, found wanting.

THE LETTERS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Edited by Edmund Gosse, C. B. and Thomas James Wise. New York: John Lane Company.

One of Swinburne's chief interests, as every one knows, was Elizabethan drama. On this subject he talked and wrote with enthusiasm that often seemed unmeasured and in a manner that usually seemed somewhat esoteric. In very minor playwrights he was accustomed to find marks of the highest inspiration, and for praise of the major dramatists he seemed to find the English language scarcely adequate. In some cases his judgments have appeared capricious, not to say inexplicable. In others the value of his "penetrating admirations" is obvious to all. Swinburne could, of course, find in a play for the most part poor and crude some real merit of a sort kindred to his own genius, where another could see little or nothing: it might sometimes happen indeed that the amount was microscopic. It is of no use to enter into the subtleties of purely subjective criticism—and Swinburne's criticism was almost wholly subjective. One can say only that to an uninspired reader, Swinburne appears to pour out his own personality lavishly over the plays that he loves.

It is this interest of Swinburne's that is chiefly emphasized in his recently published correspondence. Remarkably well informed, capable of discussing the minutest points with the greatest eagerness, the poet, when he gives up his mind to such matters, lives in a world much narrower than that of his poetry—a world into which few will ever fully enter. Those parts of the letters that deal with Elizabethan plays are for the reader with a special flair for that subject, and for no one else. They are not of a sort to awaken enthusiasm; rather they discourage honest zeal by causing the reader to suspect himself of truly pitiable ignorance and want of appreciation. It is to less esoteric matter that the general reader will turn, and he will be rewarded.

To begin with, the letters, while they are not remarkably self-revealing, do bring one more convincingly in contact with the everyday working mood of the man, than do previously published letters of his, or than does most that has been written about him. One gets from them a sense, not so clearly apprehended before, of an essentially clear, logical mind and a simple straightforward personality. The letters are in general less controversial than one might fear that they would be: except occasionally, the controversial tone when it occurs is more moderate than might have been expected. The letters are friendly letters, unguarded letters—in the main, one would think, very representative letters.

It is refreshing to find that Swinburne in a chaffing mood could write a letter to Lady Trevelyan in (very bad) Yankee dialect. That Yankee dialect is intended, seems to be placed beyond doubt by the use of the word "Wal." Indulgence in this humble form of mental relaxation certainly seems to make an ecstatic poet seem more human. Nor is even Swinburne's chaff very reckless. To be sure, his malicious delight in something to inflame the wrath of the Philistine comes out in his plan for "a sort of étude à la Balzac *plus* the poetry, which I flatter myself will be more offensive and objectionable to Britannia than anything I have yet done." But on the other hand his remark *à propos*

of Carlyle—"A 'God-intoxicated man' of course can fight but I prefer a man who fights sober"— is little more than the irony of common sense opposed to the bluster of religiosity.

Whenever Swinburne refers to his own work, one senses in him an honest delight in craftsmanship not at all of the nature of esoteric rapture. Nothing could be simpler and more comprehensive or sounder, than his dictum, expressed in a letter to Stedman, that "nothing which can possibly be *as well* said in prose ought ever to be said in verse." Again in a letter to the same friend he confesses quite simply the delight he takes "in the metrical forms of any language of which I know anything whatever, simply for the metre's sake, as a new musical instrument." Here are no secrets of art or criticism to be sure, but valuable confidences as to the attitude toward his art of a great artist. That the poet knew the possibility of faults of which he was sometimes supposed to be unconscious, is shown more than once. Of his poem on Gautier he wrote: "The metrical effect is, I think, not bad, but the danger of such metres is diffuseness and flaccidity; I perceive this one to have a tendency to the dulcet and luscious form of verbosity, which was to be guarded against, lest the poem should lose its foothold and be swept off its legs, sense and all, down a flood of effeminate and monotonous music; or lost and split in a maze of what I call draggle-tailed melody."

Swinburne's prose has been much criticized. "At least," he said in 1875, "I can write better prose than I could at twenty or so!" What he really required of a poet, is clearly expressed in his estimate of Poe—"the complete man of genius (however flawed and clouded at time) who always worked out his ideas thoroughly, and made something solid, rounded, and durable of them—not a mist-wreath or a waterfall."

In general it may be said that Swinburne's criticisms of other poets—and there are many of them in these letters—are shrewd and sensible, the honest comments of a fellow-craftsman, not the superior dicta of a man with an exclusive, personal ideal of poetry. To some of Swinburne's admirers it would seem absurd to mention Whitman in the same breath with him as a melodist. But Swinburne praised Whitman's melody—though he distinguished between Walt at his best and at his worst.

As one reads these letters, not only does one feel more and more the integrity of Swinburne's workmanship, but one is continually more impressed with the simplicity and honesty of his beliefs. If he was pagan, if he was anti-Christian, this mental attitude represented no mere prostration of the mind before artistic idols. There was a great moral fervor and a great simplicity in his rebellion.

For the rest, his personal traits—his sensitive chivalry, his hero-worship, his warm friendship, his almost fantastic idolatry of babies, above all his resplendent candor—are in these letters agreeably and convincingly expressed. The effect of a consistent, vigorous personality is strong.

CLEMENCEAU, THE MAN AND HIS TIME. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

It is seldom that so good a biography is written of a man during

his own lifetime as is that of the Tiger of France by H. M. Hyndman. By no means a mere eulogy, or journalistic sketch, but the careful work of a student of European history, a man singularly well informed about the inner political history of France since 1870, a friend of Clemenceau, sharing his confidence though not always agreeing with him, a foreigner, sympathetic but not actually involved in French party struggles, the biography gives a view of Clemenceau's career that seems remarkably unbiased, critical, and historic.

Mr. Hyndman is an old and convinced Socialist, but he is not an extremist. Nor is he by any means a pacifist. "A sound, sober and constructive Socialist policy" is what he has hoped for and worked for; and he recognizes that "Pacifism and Bolshevism together—that is to say, an unholy combination between anti-nationalism and anarchism—have shaken the influence of democratic socialism to its foundations." As a Socialist, Mr. Hyndman has been in general sympathy, all along, with Clemenceau, the radical; but as a Socialist he has differed from the French statesman on many points—notably in regard to the treatment of striking workmen,—and his disagreement has helped to give him a sharply defined point of view. In the biography, whenever he disagrees, he states his views, and the grounds for them, frankly and moderately; and one feels that the same honest, straightforward, and critical way of thinking is applied even in those cases in which no difference of doctrine exists between Clemenceau and his biographer.

The author's account of Clemenceau's early life is thoughtful and lively. Georges Benjamin Clemenceau was born in 1841 at the village of Mouilleron-en-Pareds, in La Vendee. His father belonged to an old land-owning family of the region. The elder Clemenceau was a convinced Republican, a leader of the local extreme Radicals, a thorough-going materialist, and, even before the publication of *The Origin of Species,* an Evolutionist. His son had the advantage of country life—no small asset to a man who is to subject his constitution to great strains in the course of an active career,—and what is more he grew up in an atmosphere of free thought and of practical humanity. Clemenceau *père* was a physician as well as a landowner, and used to practice gratuitously among the peasants. Later Georges Clemenceau did as much for the poor of Paris. After studying medicine, the young man went to Paris, when he was nineteen years old, to "walk the hospitals." Under Napoleon III he was imprisoned for two months for the crime of celebrating in speech and writing the date "February 24." In 1865 he obtained his M. D. and in the following year he visited America, where he was for some time a Professor of French in a young ladies' college at Stamford, Connecticut.

On his return Clemenceau practised medicine in the working-class district of Montmartre, where by his charity and his democratic principles he gained considerable influence. After the collapse of the Second Empire following Sedan, and after the proclamation of the Republic in Paris, he was elected Mayor of Montmartre, becoming a sort of municipal dictator. Thus upon the conclusion of the armistice in 1871 he was sent by the voters of his district to represent them in the assembly at Bordeaux. At a stirring time, at the age of thirty, with

already a considerable experience of men and affairs, he was drawn into national politics.

In Mr. Hyndman's narrative, Clemenceau's public life is made a part of the history of the times in which it has lain, and the author's account of the political events possesses an independent interest. Almost always Mr. Hyndman has something original to say. He throws new light on the Commune. He gives freshly interesting accounts of such episodes as the rise and fall of Boulanger, the Panama scandals that wrecked so many political careers, the Dreyfus case, the Caillaux affair. His description of conditions in France during the war, showing the extent of the menace from "the enemy within," is eye-opening.

Throughout, the man who between 1877 and 1893 destroyed no fewer than eighteen more or less reactionary administrations, who "more than any other man prevented the Republic from altogether deteriorating and kept alive the spirit of the great French Revolution in the minds and hearts of men;" who, when nearly eighty years of age, "became democratic dictator of France as no man has been for more than a century,"—this great fighter and leader is portrayed mostly by his acts, with a minimum of analysis. Mr. Hyndman's remarks, however, supply just the needed interpretations. They enable one to see, for example, just what Clemenceau's position was when he opposed Thiers in the national assembly; how well he understood both sides of the problem on that occasion—the attitude of the country people and that of the Parisians. His comments make evident the disinterested courage that led Clemenceau to speak in favor of the release of the indefatigable Communist Blanqui in 1879. They reveal the nature and extent of Clemenceau's labors in procuring a retrial for Dreyfus. The man's acts, properly emphasized, placed in their setting, and just sufficiently explained, give one a convincing picture of him.

In this book of Mr. Hyndman's there is not a single perfunctory word. Nor is there any reason to think that sympathy with radical opinions has biased the author's opinion. All is told from a radical point of view, but all is told truly; and whatever difference of emphasis might be given to the narrative by another historian in another time, the essential facts, the elements of greatness, here so vigorously set forth, cannot be other than Mr. Hyndman has represented them to be.

DRAMATIC TECHNIQUE. By George Pierce Baker. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A statement of Dr. Baker's in the preface to his work so well defines the proper limitations of a book on dramatic technique that one can not better indicate the essentially sound charcter of the author's treatment of this subject than by quoting his words. "I have written," says Professor Baker, "for persons who cannot be content except when writing plays. I wish it distinctly understood that I have not written for the person seeking methods of conducting a course in dramatic technique. I view with some alarm the recent mushroom growth of such courses throughout the country. I gravely doubt the advisability of such courses. Dramatic technique is the means of expressing, for the stage, one's ideas and emotions. Except in rare

instances, undergraduates are better employed in filling their minds with general knowledge than in trying to phrase for the stage thoughts or emotions not yet mature."

So sane a pronouncement is reassuring in this day of pretentious courses, and of text-books that profess to do everything, even to supplying the undergraduate with a substitute for experience of life. And, coming from the head of the very successful "47 Workshop" the words have an authority that should carry weight.

To have a correct conception of one's purpose is half the battle always. That Professor Baker knows how to carry on the task to a practical end, no one who is familiar with the productions of the "47 Workshop," can doubt. A teacher under whose direction so original and entertaining a farce as *Free Speech*—to name but one out of a number of real plays—was written, ought to know what it is good for the budding dramatist to study.

In method of presentation, the author has not striven for new theory or for undue simplification of the old. He has stuck to the organic processes of play-writing—to the processes that the masters of the craft really pursue. He has formulated the problems as they actually present themselves to the worker. Notably he is not content with the mere analysis that so often seems the all in all to the pedagogic mind. As revealing his point of view, his chapter headings are illuminating: "From Subject to Plot—Clearing the Way;" "From Subject through Story to Plot"; "From Subject to Plot: Proportioning the Material." In each, the dynamic character of the process is emphasized: it is made plain that the dramatist must get somewhere. This thinking in dramatic terms, this adapting of means to end before a line of dialogue is written, is, of course, the heart of the subject. Four chapters are given to these organic processes, one to dialogue, and one to characterization.

A book constructed on the broadest lines, which are, when all is said, the most practical, yet a book exceedingly clear in definition and exceedingly definite as to rules established by long experience, Professor Baker's treatise throws the burden of play-writing, at last, where it belongs, and where every one truly interested in the art would wish to have it, upon the inventiveness, the patience, and the experimental skill of the playwright.

So excellent are the varied materials used by the author for illustration, so effective are often his comments in the way of arousing interest, that his book is well worth reading even by those who have no designs on the stage.

Socialism and American Ideals. By William Starr Meyers, Ph. D., Professor of Politics in Princeton University. Princeton: Princeton University Press,

Is Socialism the name of a definite, hidebound system or the name of a tendency? As John Spargo has pointed out, the classic socialism has never taken any deep hold upon America. Indeed, before Marxian socialism got far along the road of its professed aims in any country, Bolshevism—the rule of the under-dog—raised its head. What we have to deal with in America seems to be not so much socialism as a socialistic tendency that seems to threaten a gradual undermining of

democracy. A certain body of socialists have already realized that the old dogmas—including that of the inevitable class war—will not easily take root in America. They are abandoning doctrinaire principles and aiming at measures. Here the danger, if danger it is, would seem to lie.

Against the simple socialistic argument, Professor Meyers brings the old convincing refutations very effectively. But one could wish that in putting the case vigorously for unalloyed Americanism he had been able, even in a very brief and essentially popular treatise, to devote more attention to the subtler phases of the question. To say that "nothing could be more inconsistent with a sound democracy than the distribution of the material results of productive activity applied to the resources of nature regardless of the merits or just claims of those engaged in the work," is to state a self-evident truth. But is it just this that socialists—most socialists—really intend? If so, it is difficult to pin them down to the admission, and the pinning down is what most needs to be done in order to counteract socialistic influence. Again, it seems almost a waste of time to prove that socialism is not, as some of its defenders assert it to be, a doctrine taught in the Bible. Obviously it is not. But no less obviously, socialism would be Christian enough if it would really accomplish what its advocates claim for it. The mere refutation of the baseless assumption does not much advance the argument. The only practical application of socialism to which Professor Meyers devotes much space is government ownership of railroads, and this he treats rather summarily, conveying perhaps too much the impression that this complicated question may be decided on very few and simple grounds.

Professor Meyers' treatise is good polemically, and it has essential truths to support it; but query—does it quite hit the mark? Has not the author perhaps slightly underrated the enemy?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IN DEFENSE OF LINCOLN

SIR,—

That genial philosopher, Josh Billings, once said that it is "better not to know so many things than to know so many things that ain't not so."

One is reminded of this bit of wisdom on reading John Jay Chapman's paper on "Lincoln and Hamlet" in the March REVIEW. According to Mr. Chapman, Lincoln lived in a most "benighted age," and while "he threw into political life as much as that life could carry of liberal thought," he was not profound, and was unable to see the deeper issues behind the politics of his time. Instead of being a clear-eyed, prophetic minded statesman, he was a mere builder of a political machine, and even as a politician he was only able to "see a political idea when it was above the political horizon—or was just nearly about to rise"; "he was caged and controlled by the conviction that there must be a United States"; an honest, painstaking plodder, he reminds the author of a "very knowing mountain mule"; "caged in his problems of tangible politics, he was obtuse to the meaning of John Brown's Raid." He "never understood the slavery question." "He was always bent on preserving the Union, with or without slavery," because the Constitution accorded slavery certain rights, but "the notion of preserving slavery because it was provided for in the Constitution of the United States was the thought of illiterate men." Lincoln never saw "the problem in the larger light"; never saw "that slavery was doomed"; and employed "his enormous mental powers in bolstering up a thesis that was essentially false." His brain was so cramped by the poison of slavery, that "he could not see that the Constitution of the United States was a fetish and that he himself was like a superstitious woman who was clinging to a rag doll during a tempest at sea." He "had moments of illumination," but "his habits of self-suppression and his belief in his doctrine besieged him, and the light would flicker and go out." Mr. Chapman deplores the fact that "Lincoln's timidity has had an evil influence upon American character from his day to our own"; that it has been a deterrent force operating against every "American reform movement"; and he even gravely informs us that "it is quite certain that the precedent of 1860 had a powerful influence in preventing our administration from preparing for war in 1914." From which it would seem that Mr. Lincoln is in some way held accountable for the timidity and inefficiency of his predecessor, James Buchanan, who was President in 1860, and it doubtless led to the re-

election of Mr. Wilson in 1916, because *his* timidity had "kept us out of war." As an evidence of Mr. Lincoln's "inability to see the deeper issues behind the politics of his time," Mr. Chapman misstates his position concerning a Constitutional amendment referred to in the First Inaugural, which Mr. Lincoln had never seen, and as a conclusive evidence of his inefficiency as an executive he quotes the closing lines of the First Inaugural, which he characterizes as "flat" if intended as a call to patriotism, as "ludicrous" if intended as a threat, and as "tending to incite any manly revolutionist to unusual activity."

Hamlet is an inconspicuous figure in this indictment. He simply serves as a screen upon which Mr. Chapman would have us see pictures of a man who, as he patronizingly concedes, might have been great—a man of "enormous mental powers," a man of such "gigantic natural powers" that he could single-handed and alone "have brought the brains of Europe to our rescue," and with Europe's brains (*and war?*) would have settled the slavery question in short order; but who, instead, wasted his powers and sunk to the level of a mere "John A-Dreams," without ability to comprehend the great issues of his day. Just what use Mr. Lincoln could have made of Europe's brains in this summary suppression of rebellion and extinction of slavery, Mr. Chapman does not explain.

I do not write this in defense of Lincoln. He needs none. But, as one of the illiterates who lived in that "benighted age," and had the honor to serve as a member of his Body Guard or mounted escort from 1863 until his assassination, and bore a very humble part in that struggle for national life, I write only to give some faint expression to my indignation. To one who lived through the period of the Civil War, and was also in touch with the events of the ten years which preceded it, Mr. Chapman's superficial interpretation, or misinterpretation, of Mr. Lincoln's character and of his course as President, is unpleasant reading.

It is in a way curious, as well as exasperating, in this day and in the light of events, when the whole world knows that our great Republic was saved from destruction by the wisdom of Mr. Lincoln and the valor of its loyal sons who answered his call, to see this recrudescence of discredited ideas of ante bellum days. *Who's Who* tells us that Mr. Chapman was born in 1862. His information concerning the events of that "illiterate" and "benighted" time is necessarily second-hand. Where did he get it, and upon what intellectual provender has he fed, to give rise to this product of mental dyspepsia? In what school was he taught, that the Constitution of the United States is to him a mere "fetish" for which a superstitious woman's rag doll is a fitting simile? He tells us that his paper was inspired by "reading all one day about Lincoln, and going to see Hamlet on the next." It is a fairly good guess that his day's reading must have been devoted to the products of those zealous, brilliant and honest, but intemperate and impractical reformers of that day, who had adopted as their motto—"The Constitution of the United States is a covenant with death and an agreement with Hell"; who, in 1845, had seriously proposed that Massachusetts should secede from the Union because of slavery, and whose statesmanship suggests the physician who, when called to treat a sick man, instead of trying to save the patient would

advise putting him to death, because some of his children had the seven-year itch.

It is true that Mr. Lincoln was a politician,—but a politician in the highest and best sense of that term. He was also a statesman, in the highest and best sense of *that* term. When he succeeded to the Presidency, while several of the States had attempted to secede, from his point of view (which was the only logical point of view) they could not secede. By the adoption of the Constitution, a nation had been created—the States had been merged into an indissoluble Union, and the Constitution was that which bound them together. Therefore, while the Constitution stood unchanged, the attempted secession was ineffectual. Those States were not out of the Union, they were still integral parts of it, but were in a state of insurrection. The only logical course was to stand by the Constitution and maintain the Union thus created. It is well for the world that Mr. Lincoln held to his conviction that there must be a United States—well for the world was his determination that the Union should be preserved even if in saving it slavery survived for a time—well for the world that Mr. Lincoln was wise enough to see that the Constitution was the one and only thing which held the States bound in an indivisible unity, and that instead of being a mere fetish it was rather the stanch bulkhead that saved the ship of state from sinking when it was torpedoed by a slaveholders' insurrection. Mr. Lincoln was called to serve the nation at a time when it was suffering from grave internal disorder. As the humane physician knows that the ethics of his profession make it his duty to save the life and restore the health of his patient if possible, so Mr. Lincoln knew that his oath of office bound him to save the Union which made us a nation, if that were possible. The 1,866,000 who had voted for him for President, had by that act declared their opposition to the extension of slavery into the territories, as that was the issue upon which he was elected; but 1,375,000 other voters who had voted for Mr. Douglas, had thereby declared their indifference as to that issue, and were willing that slavery should be thus extended; while 845,000 who voted for Mr. Breckinridge had declared with equal emphasis in favor of giving the slaveholders everything they asked for. Only 589,000 who voted for Mr. Bell, had indicated their wish to see slavery abolished. The nation was hopelessly divided on the slavery question. If the nation was to be saved, it was necessary to find a common ground upon which its friends could stand, and a rallying cry to which enough would respond to defeat the insurrection. That rallying cry was Union, and that common ground was its maintenance. Thousands, even of those who had voted for Mr. Breckinridge, stood firmly for the maintenance of the Union, and the closing lines of that First Inaugural made the most subtle and effective appeal to tens of thousands who would have been deaf to an appeal to take up arms for the abolition of slavery.

Mr. Lincoln's stand, without doubt, held the border States. Premature action for the abolition of slavery would have caused them to join the secession movement, and as Mr. Lincoln suggested to a delegation from Chicago in 1862, there were fifty thousand bayonets from those States in our armies, which would be turned against us by acting too soon. In addition, such action would have greatly augmented the ranks of the Knights of the Golden Circle, the Sons of Liberty, and

other disloyal organizations in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, and thus have caused serious embarrassment, and would have rendered the outcome uncertain.

Mr. Lincoln was as much opposed to slavery as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, or Horace Greeley. He believed in its eventual extirpation, and his method of dealing with it was the clear-headed method of a statesman, who could see beyond the immediate present and visualize something of the great and entirely free nation that was to be. He believed in government of the people and by the people. The end of slavery must come through action by the people, changing the fundamental law. With slavery excluded from the territories, and with those territories growing up into free States, the time was not far distant when the people who were opposed to it would be strong enough to end it by the methods prescribed by the Constitution. That end could be accomplished only by saving the Union. Hence, whether the Union was saved either with or without slavery, was secondary. In fact, it *was* saved *with* slavery, for the emancipation proclamation being solely a war measure, was effectual only in the revolting States, and was by its terms expressly thus limited. The Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution only became effective as a part of that instrument with the Proclamation of December 18, 1865,—after the war was ended.

Mr. Lincoln's so-called timidity was only that calm, clear-headed deliberation which prevents premature and ill-considered action; that saving grace of combined coolness and common sense, that enabled him to steer safely between the Scylla of extreme pro-slaveryism and the Charybdis of extreme abolitionism; that saving grace which has on still other occasions preserved us from grave and disastrous blunders, —such as, the repudiation of our national debt,—the twin crazes of greenbackism and free silverism, and has thus far stayed the hands of those who in the name of reform through the overruling or recall of judicial decisions by popular vote, would have destroyed the one thing which distinguishes our Government from all others and makes it indeed a government for all the people, in the protection it affords to the individual and to the minority, as against an intolerant and passion-ruled majority. That so-called timidity furnishes no precedent for the pusillanimity which denied and still denies to our citizens protection from and reparation for Mexican outrages, and which held the manhood of our country in leash for two years while German barbarism insolently raged in its ghastly riot.

ROBERT W. MCBRIDE.

Indianapolis, Ind.

INVESTING IN THE PHILIPPINES

SIR,—One thing which the members of the Philippine Mission now visiting America are not saying much about, but which is very near their hearts and perhaps the paramount reason for their visit, is the Philippine Land Title Act.

This is a measure recently passed by the Philippine Legislature, but which President Wilson has not approved. The President deeply disappointed the Filipinos and sacrificed much of the halo of high

opinion in which they had held him. Briefly, the act in question sought to provide that title to real estate in the Philippine Islands could be acquired only by Americans and Filipinos, and that real estate now held under title by others than Americans or Filipinos could not be bequeathed, save to heirs acknowledging American sovereignty.

Naturally the proposal stirred foreigners in the Islands to hasty appeal to diplomatic influence, with results as noted above.

There are still many Spanish subjects in the Philippine Islands. Many of them own real estate and quite a number are wealthy—as wealth goes in the Archipelago. These made vehement protest against what they deemed, or declared they deemed, practical confiscation of their property. They said that the law if approved would be a clear violation of moral principle and an abrogation of their fundamental and treaty rights; and that under forced sale—which the provisions of the law would naturally entail—their holdings would go at ruinous figures,—only Filipinos and Americans, of course, being possible bidders.

The tacit answer of the Filipinos to all this is, that if the Spaniards living in the Islands are truly interested in the welfare of the country and truly loyal to the principles of democracy upon which the Philippine state is to be erected, they can foreswear their allegiance to monarchial Spain and swear allegiance to America and the Philippine government—a thing many Spanish nationals did do at the inception of American rule in the Islands, when the opportunity was offered them. The majority, however, renewed their allegiance to Spain. Not a small number showed a decided German leaning during the recent war.

Englishmen in the Philippine Islands do not own a great deal of real estate, but German nationals held considerable property before the war, and they were rapidly acquiring more. The Japanese are acquiring more from day to day, even against certain obstacles which it is possible under the law to place in their way. (For instance, "reservations" of public lands may be made, at points cutting into a region over which the Mikado's subjects are extending their interests; and it is possible to do something along the same line in the classification of public lands—agricultural, forest, mining, etc.)

What alarms Filipino statesmen in the acquistion of real holdings by the subjects of foreign Powers is, obviously, the menace such a condition creates against their national development.

The whole policy of America in the Philippine Islands looks toward the ultimate independence of the Archipelago, a thing expected to come within a period of thirty years. The policy of none of the other countries mentioned, concerning colonies, accords with our own. Our exploitation of Philippine resources is and has been from the first mutually beneficial to Filipinos and Americans, and the policy of the Government has placed Filipino interests first. Filipinos see no danger in citizens of the United States acquiring large interests in real property, or in other things, in the Islands; but they can not, naturally, hold the same view toward the subjects of certain other Powers.

There is a movement in the Philippine Islands toward the manufacture of raw materials. This is a part of the new nationalism and flourishes under our policy, where once the sole expectation was that the Islands should produce hemp, sugar, tobacco, copra, and the like—for factories established elsewhere. The battle is now on, in a manner

of speaking, between the representatives of the older interests and those accepting the newer order of things. Americans are finding it more and more to their advantage to establish manufactures in the Islands, where materials may be selected and where labor, though better remunerated than any other Oriental labor, is still cheap and certainly very dependable.

The proposed land-title law will without doubt come up in the next session of the Philippine Legislature, for amendment. The session will open in October. The effort will be to frame the law in such a way as will quiet all reasonable objections from foreigners—it may very probably provide for naturalization—*i. e.*, acquisition of Philippine, not American, citizenship—while at the same time insuring that the fifteen million acres of first-class agricultural public lands still lying fallow, and the 40,000 square miles of forest lands, to say nothing of promising mine projects in copper, iron and gold, shall not fall to the ownership of those whose sympathies are imperialistic rather than democratic.

Far more than Filipino appeal for independence, the next American Administration will have to face this issue, which the present Administration, because of President Wilson's disapproval of the land-title Act, has for the moment evaded. Filipinos realize that to be politically independent they must be economically independent, and that for this end they must own, and continue to own, the bulk of Philippine lands.

The point lies in the fact that the greater portion of the Islands, extremely fertile and potentially rich in harvests, is still undeveloped, while every one—every one, apparently, but the general American public, the investing element of which should concern itself—realizes the profits to be taken in acquiring this land and bringing it under cultivation. If the proposed land-title law might be approved, the opportunity would await development by Filipino-American interests, which are felt not to be incompatible with Philippine national life.

WALTER ROBB.

Philippine Islands.

INSTRUCTION FOR GERMANS

SIR,—Your editorial, "The Spots of the Leopard," in the April issue, interested me greatly, as it sounded the warning note against that most insidious danger, the lack of signs of contrition in Germany.

What is needed is a constructive plan to bring home to the average German just why he is held in abhorrence by the rest of the world, and I believe that the Germans have unwittingly shown us the way to accomplish this.

Germany put great faith in propaganda. Therefore I think that it is a fair assumption that she is peculiarly susceptible to its influence. In consequence, I would suggest the following: that pamphlets be published in the German language and distributed widely throughout Germany (couched in simple language so that the man in the street can understand) to prove the following:—

First. That Germany deliberately brought on the war. Quotations from Lichnowsky, Muehlon and Harden would be invaluable.

Second. That the German atrocities were facts, and not mere figments of their enemy's imagination, and that they were enacted in

pursuance of an avowed plan of Frightfulness. Quotations from the Bryce report giving chapter and verse would aid greatly.

Third. That the German people have been consistently lied to by their leaders. Their present loss of faith in the invincibility of their leaders may make the soil fertile for this.

Fourth. Quotations from Heine, who is really beloved in Germany, showing the true character of the German leaders. Even Nietzsche might be quoted.

I fully realize the difficulty of such a scheme of re-education of the German, but I believe the difficulties could be overcome. I also realize that all this would cost a great deal of money, but if even moderately successful, it would pay huge dividends in eradicating the revenge idea which must be universally held in Germany. In the last analysis, the peace terms rest on force for their execution. A real change of heart in Germany would make the world breathe easier.

ARTHUR H. SHORE.

New York City.

FROM A FRIEND.

April 2, 1919.

SIR.—Permit a word of commendation from a reader who can not remember when she first became acquainted with the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Under the tutorship of a wise father, I was reading it regularly and appreciatively before I was twelve years old. As it was the first periodical of my acquaintance, it is now, and always has been, first in my regard. It is easily the premier among American periodical publications. Should the time ever come to me—as it came to my father—when I can afford only one periodical, his choice shall be my choice. Thanks to his correct sense of values, he continued to take the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW even during those lean years of Reconstruction when its subscription price represented a real sacrifice in a Southern home. The enforced economies of those days, in our home, at least were not permitted to circumscribe the intellectual outlook of its inmates.

As I remember it the REVIEW was then, as it still is, a keen and discerning interpreter of the mighty currents of world-thought. But never has it performed that function more ably, efficiently and patriotically than in the present world crisis, into which our country has been swept by the recent war. Its editorials seem all but prophetic in their timely utterances so full of wisdom and warning. I wish they might be proclaimed from some mountain-top, in tones so loud, so far-reaching and convincing that not a hamlet nor rural community in the United States, be it never so remote, could remain asleep or indifferent to the tremendous issues now at stake. Issues profoundly affecting, if not changing forever, the destiny of our beloved Republic, are trembling in the balance of Internationalism at the Paris Peace Conference. God has given you the wisdom to see the hidden import, the full significance of these issues, Mr. Editor; as He has also given you extraordinary powers of language and logic with which to explain and set them forth. Continue to use these gifts as did the seers of old to warn and save the people from imminent, but often unseen perils. Break, if possible, the spell of hypnotism which seems to possess our

countrymen, body, mind and soul. Cause them to see the real dangers which a blindly partisan press is either concealing or minimizing. Keep up your splendid defence of American interests, traditions and institutions. Thousands of us are looking to you to arouse the public to lead men to think for themselves and to weigh well the possible consequences of sacrificing American independence, even in answer to "the voice of humanity," as our idealist President seems bent upon doing. Can we not best serve humanity, in the future, as in the past, by keeping our independence inviolable? In the light of past history and the present world situation, how can any one urge so radical a change of our national policy, without the fullest, frankest discussion and investigation; not only by the treaty-making powers of our Government, but by the people at large?

Continue to turn on the white light of "pitiless publicity," Mr. Editor. Thousands of patriotic Americans are bidding you "God-speed."

M. G. W.

Shelby, Mississippi.

LOST—AN AMERICAN SOUL.

SIR,—Many of us who can say "Thank God, I—I also—am an American," believe that our birthrights and privileges can be preserved only through the courageous utterances of patriots like yourself. Most of us are sadly confused by the attitude of our self-appointed leader who, tempted by the lure of gaining the applause of the whole foreign world, seems to have lost his American soul. We thank you, Colonel Harvey, for your clearness of vision and fixedness of purpose, which will yet save America for Americans. May God speed the day!

C. H. BAYLESS.

Tucson, Ariz.

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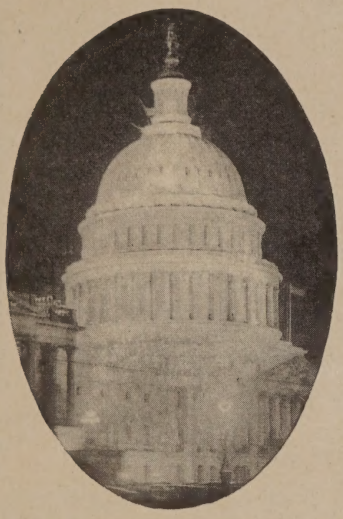

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